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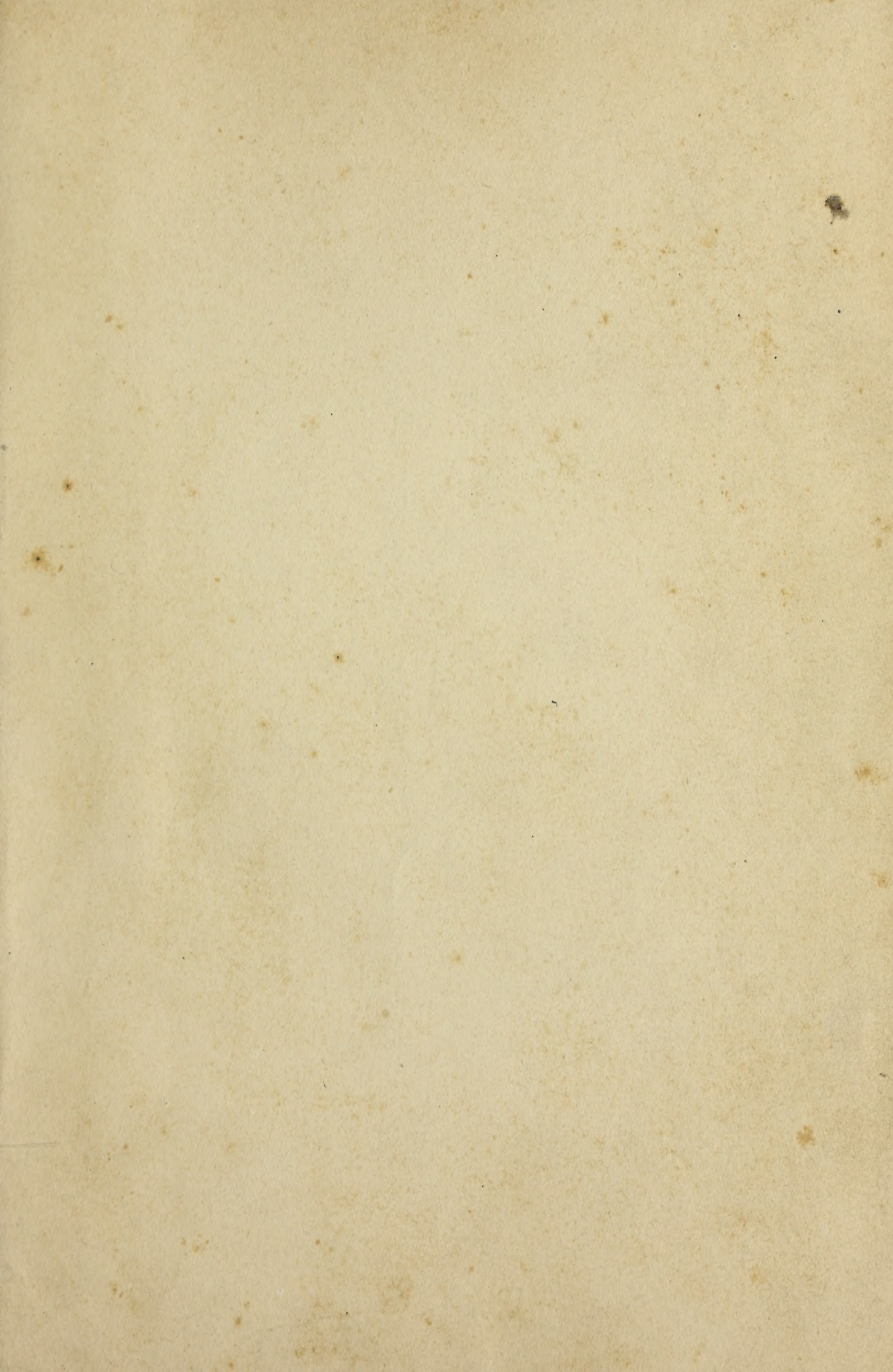


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NELLIE MELBA

The greatest Australian prima donna. She began her study of music in the Presbyterian College, Melbourne, where she was born in 1865, and made her debut in Brussels, 1877. She has since toured the world in opera. Her popular encore is "Annie Laurie"—Heart Songs, p. 301.



GERALDINE FARRAR

A famous young American prima donna. She was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, and while in her teens made her debut at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, as *Marguerite* in "Faust." Since 1906 she has been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York. Her popular encore is "Kathleen Mavourneen"—*Heart Songs*, p. 376.

Contributed by 25,000 People

HEART SONGS



Dear to the American People

And by them Contributed in the Search for Treasured Songs
Initiated by the

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



Published by

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE
BOSTON, MASS.
EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Heartily congratulating you upon having your favorite selection included in the splendid book of "HEART SONGS," I am pleased to announce that you have been awarded a prize for your contribution to this unrivalled collection of popular "melodies of today, and the days gone by."

Yours sincerely,

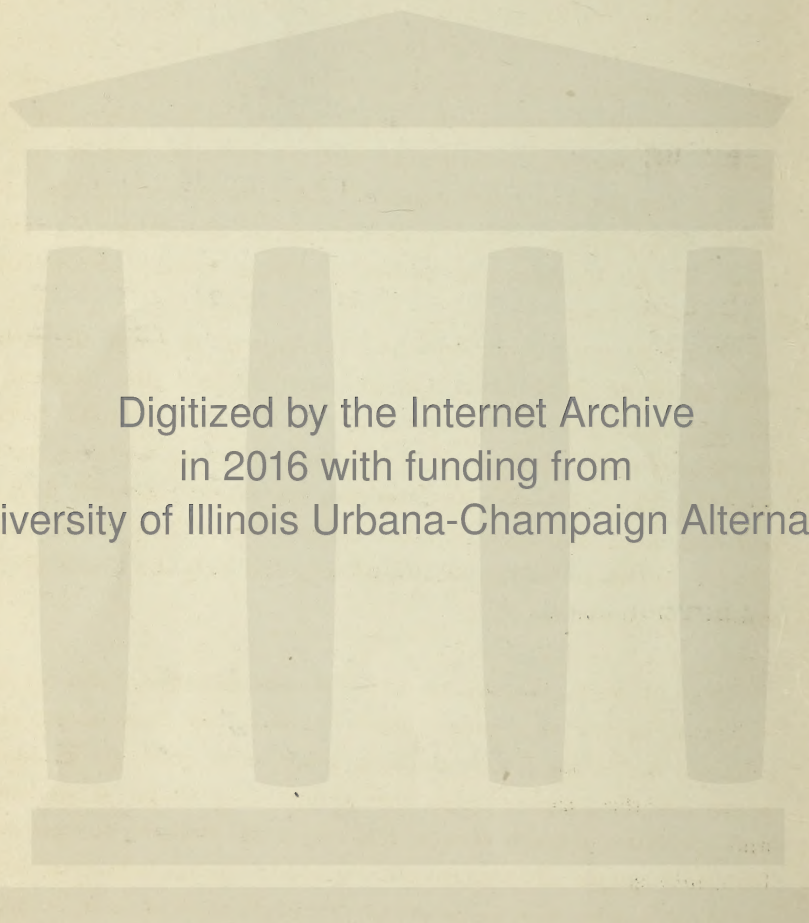
Joe Mitchell Chapple

We take pleasure in conferring the above award.

G. W. Chadwick
Victor Herbert

For the Committee.

Fac-simile of the letter sent out to those awarded prizes by the Committee, signed by Mr. George W. Chadwick, Director of the New England Conservatory of Music, one of the foremost American musicians and composers, and by Mr. Victor Herbert, the eminent composer and conductor whose varied compositions so well combine musical art and popular melody.



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FOREWORD

HEART SONGS is more than a collection of music—it is a book compiled directly by twenty thousand people, who not only sent in their favorite songs, but in accompanying letters told how these songs had been interwoven with the story of their own lives. All have been sent in by men and women who loved them; who cared little for the prizes, but desired to add a truly worthy contribution to the collection of Heart Songs. The personal associations of these melodies add to the familiar words a new thrill of heart interest. Each song recalls to the individual reader some tender, sad, joyous or martial association. It is a book which will be to American musical literature what “Heart Throbs” is to prose and verse.

For four years contributions have poured in from all parts of the republic—from neighboring Canada and Mexico; from distant isles of the sea and almost every continent on the globe—yet the harvest was overwhelmingly American, and although sectional features have added much to the variety of songs and to some extent represent days of strife and dissension, the mass of heart tributes shows how nearly and closely all true American hearts beat in unison, and how the bonds of music are strong and universal.

The original plan was to divide the contributions into ten classes as indicated in the announcements:—Patriotic and war songs; sea songs; lullabies and child songs; dancing songs, lilts and jigs; plantation and negro melodies; sacred songs and hymns; love songs; songs from operas and operettas; popular concert hall songs and ballads; college, school and fraternity songs. It was soon discovered that no balanced classification could be made—the tremendous preponderance of love songs, hymns, college songs, ballads, operatic and patriotic airs, any one of which might have been adjudged correctly to two or more classes, soon convinced the judges that to make the book a true reflection of the contributors’ tastes and feelings—a Heart Song book in the true sense—some classes would

have to be abridged, and selections made with a view to securing those songs about which cluster personal and heartfelt associations.

In the mails came the yellow, ragged, timeworn music that had been on "mother's" piano when as a young man "father" timidly turned the music and with a glance silently responded to love's message. Old songs and hymns came in, betwixt covers that were familiar thirty, forty and fifty years ago. The old-time singing school was represented, and many a stirring strain that had made the crisp winter air ring, as the refrain was sung on a sleigh ride.

Contributors in the far West sent in songs that have the breezy "go" and dash of the intrepid pioneer. Eastern readers preserved for us songs that have been factors in history-making, and the consensus of opinion on patriotic songs reveals "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Dixie" and "America" as the standard all over the land.

The old-time sea songs, the chanteys and stirring airs, sung at capstan and halyard, were sent in by those whose memories of old days were kindled when a request came for music having in it the tang of salt air, the rush of sharp bows against crested seas, and the vikings of forgotten voyages and old wars. "A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew," "Blow, Boys, Blow," "A Life On The Ocean Wave" came in side by side with "Sailing," "Nancy Lee" and many others which suggest the scud of the white foam and the careening deck.

The lullabies include some rare gems—plaintive minor airs of the past century, rich with sacred memories of mothers crooning over old wooden cradles, but modern selections, Emmet's "Lullaby" and the sweet refrain from "Erminie" were not overlooked. "Rock-a-bye, Baby" is a very popular favorite.

Many of the lilts and dancing tunes are full of suggestions of a remote past, and martial events possess a close kinship to love songs because of romantic memories of festal nights when dainty feet kept time to the strains of "Old Dan Tucker," as the couples mustered reluctantly for "the last dance."

Southern contributors brought to light stirring and plaintive melodies that swayed the hearts of millions during the dark days of the Lost Cause, nor did the North forget songs that were sung with heartache and tearful eyes, or cheered march and bivouac. The remarkable interest centering

in the old darkey songs—the melodies of the Jubilee singers, breathing of old plantation days, show that the folk songs of America and even our national music of the future must bear the impress of the race that gave us this class of music. This is already indicated in the popularity of “rag time,” which has already found its way into well-known symphonies, reflecting the *motif* that rings through such an air as “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.”

Strange to relate, the chief difficulty was in the selection of love songs. While a wide range of selection was offered, the contributors were more insistent on the merit of these particular songs than on any other music sent in, because these melodies had meant so much to them in the days of “love’s young dream.” The man or woman who had found a thrill in singing “Bonny Eloise” could not understand how “Sweet Genevieve” and more modern songs could mean so much to others. Consequently the judges reduced them all to the common denominator of heart interest and found that the old, old story is ever new, and always bewitching, no matter how the melody may vary. “Annie Laurie” is the one great international favorite ballad of all English-speaking people.

There was remarkable unanimity in the choice of hymns. The universal selection seemed to turn to “mother’s favorite,” which had meant so much at the turning point of life’s highway. The choice of “Lead, Kindly Light” and “Come, Thou Fount,” “Rock of Ages,” “Nearer, My God, to Thee” and other hymns loved by many celebrated men, proved these songs to be also the favorites of people all over the world.

In operatic selections the familiar arias of Verdi, echoed around the world, were most in favor. The song of Manrico in the tower appeared to touch more hearts than any other aria sung behind American operatic footlights. Popular opera airs were mingled through the other classes.

The long list of concert songs submitted contained many beautiful and rare selections, but the greater number were songs that have been household words for many a day, and some are still largely sold after nearly a half century of publication. These contributions throw an interesting light on national character. The popularity of “Old Folks at Home” and “My Old Kentucky Home” was emphasized, and “Massa’s in de Cold, Cold Ground” was a strong universal favorite. The melody and senti-

ment of the songs of Stephen C. Foster come close to the affections of the American people, and Dan Emmet, Henry C. Work, Root and other composers who flourished between 1840 and 1880 are well represented. "Old Black Joe," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" and many other sweetly human songs were sent in by large numbers.

The choice of college songs proved to be a matter of location. There were prime old favorites that have been inherited from the halcyon days of early schools, and are full of patriotic sentiment; many of these are almost classics, being standard tunes with only a variation in the words. "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" and "The Quilting Party" appeared equally attractive to various alma maters.

Like "Heart Throbs," this book represents the history, the sentiment of the American people of today, as well as of the various European races who, in this new world, have been moulded into a great and powerful nation. "Heart Songs" is a valuable and striking gauge and indicator of the popular taste of the people now comprising the republic of the United States of America. Few "rag time" songs were sent in; operatic selections were not largely in favor. Love ballads, patriotic, sacred and concert melodies were the most popular.

Songs that have entertained thousands from childhood to the grave and have voiced the pleasure and pain, the love and longing, the despair and delight, the sorrow and resignation, and the consolation of the plain people—who found in these an utterance for emotions which they felt but could not express—came in by the thousands. The yellow sheets of music bear evidence of constant use; in times of war and peace, victory and defeat, good and evil fortune, these sweet strains have blended with the coarser thread of human life and offered to the joyful or saddened soul a suggestion of uplift, sympathy and hope.

It is not unlikely that a second volume of "Heart Songs" will be demanded by the American public if the publishers can judge by the orders already received for the first. There is ample material not drawn upon, and still more contributions indicate that the mine has only begun to yield its treasury of heart songs.

BOSTON, 1909

For Mitchell Chapple

HEART SONGS

'Tis All That I Can Say

TOM HOOD

HOPE TEMPLE

Moderato

legato

- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| 1. I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say; | It is my vis-ion |
| 2. I love thee, I love thee, is ev - er on my tongue; | In all my proud-est |
| 3. I love thee, I love thee, thy bright and ha-zel glance; | The mel-low lute up - |

rall.

in the night, My dream - ing in the day. . . The ve - ry ech - o of my heart, The
po - e - sy That cho - rus still is sung. . . It is the ver - dict of my eyes, A -
on those lips Whose ten - der tones en - trance; . . But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs That

rall.

f

'Tis All That I Can Say

ff con slancia ff *pp*

bless - ing when I pray, . . I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say.
 midst the gay and young, . . I love thee, I love thee, a thousand maids a-mong.
 still these words enhance, . . I love thee, I love thee, what - ev - er be thy chance.

ff *pp col canto*

The Dearest Spot on Earth

W. T. WRIGHTON

W. T. WRIGHTON

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fai - ry-land I
 2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learn'd to look with

FINE

long to see Is home, sweet home; There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There, where love is
 lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home; There, where vows were truly plighted, There, where hearts are

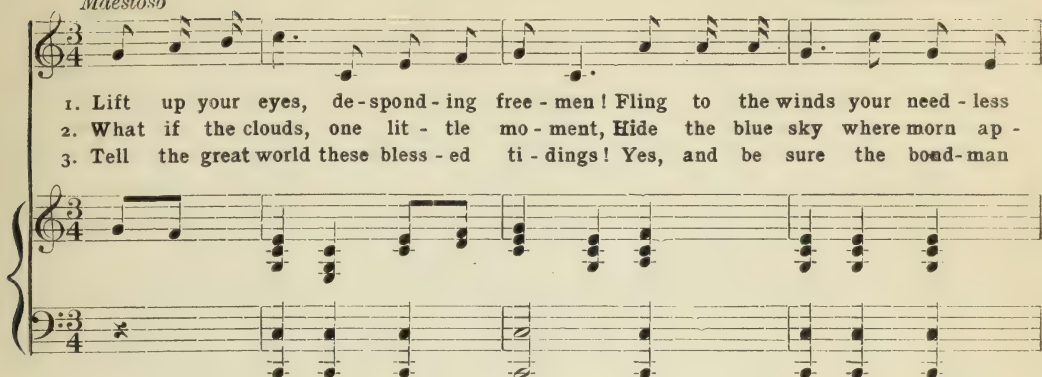
D.C.

so en - dear - ing! All the world is not so cheer - ing As home, sweet home.
 so u - nit - ed! All the world be - side I've slight - ed For home, sweet home.

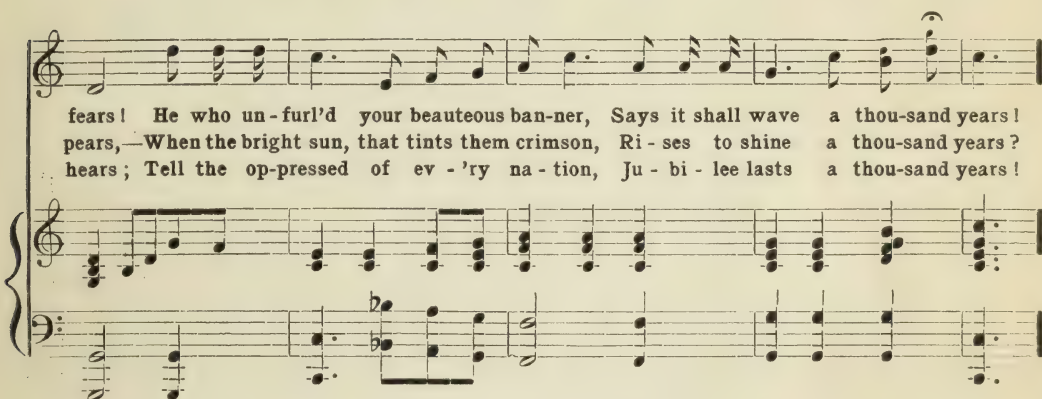
Song of a Thousand Years

HENRY C. WORK

Maestoso

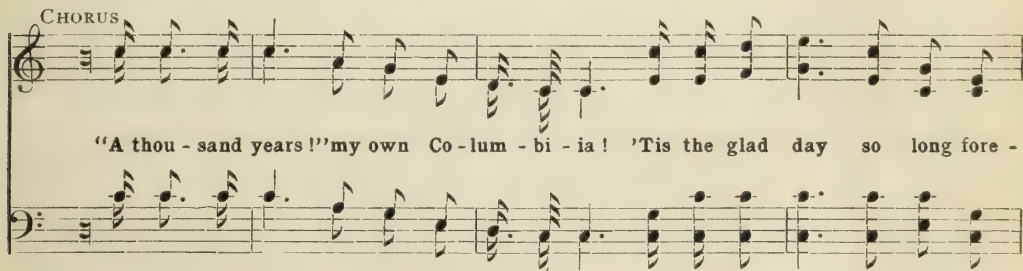


1. Lift up your eyes, de-spond-ing free-men! Fling to the winds your need-less
 2. What if the clouds, one lit-tle mo-moment, Hide the blue sky where morn ap-
 3. Tell the great world these bless-ed ti-dings! Yes, and be sure the board-man

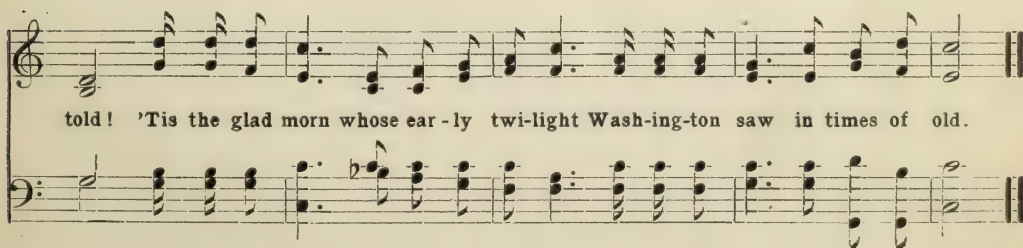


fears! He who un-furl'd your beau-teous ban-ner, Says it shall wave a thou-sand years!
 pears,—When the bright sun, that tints them crimson, Ri-ses to shine a thou-sand years?
 hears; Tell the op-pressed of ev-'ry na-tion, Ju-bi-lee lasts a thou-sand years!

CHORUS



"A thou-sand years!" my own Co-lum-bi-a! 'Tis the glad day so long fore-



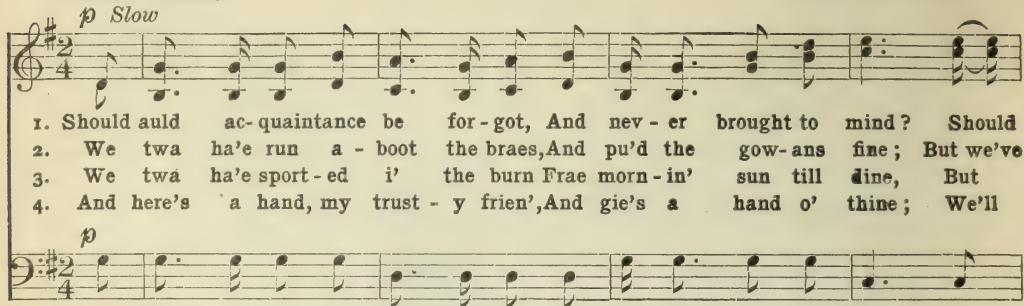
told! 'Tis the glad morn whose ear-ly twi-light Wash-ing-ton saw in times of old.

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

Scotch Folk Song

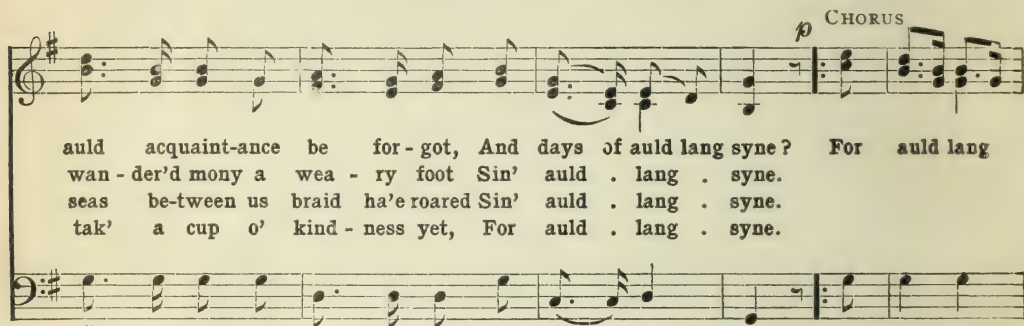
p *Slow*



1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
 2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
 4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

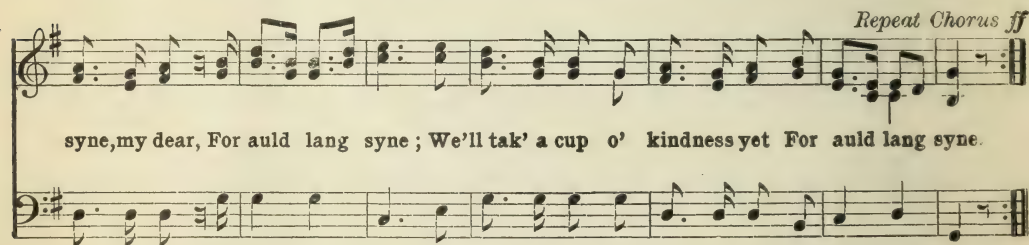
p

p CHORUS



auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang
 wan-der'd mony a wea-ry foot Sin' auld . lang . syne.
 seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld . lang . syne.
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld . lang . syne.

Repeat Chorus ff

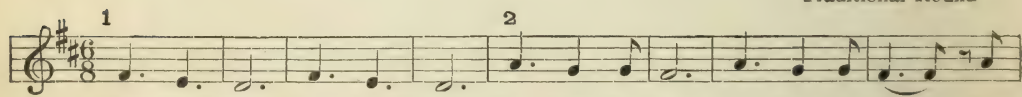


syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

Three Blind Mice

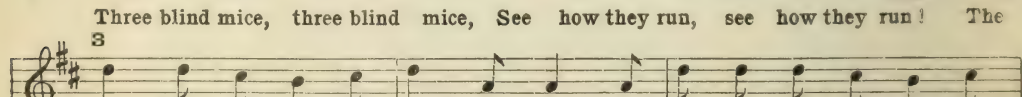
Traditional Round

1 2



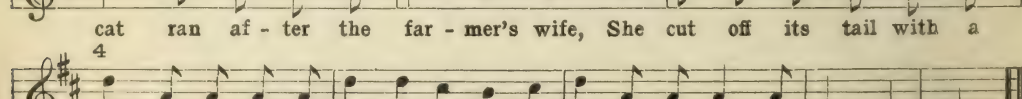
Three blind mice, three blind mice, See how they run, see how they run! The

3



cat ran af-ter the far-mer's wife, She cut off its tail with a

4

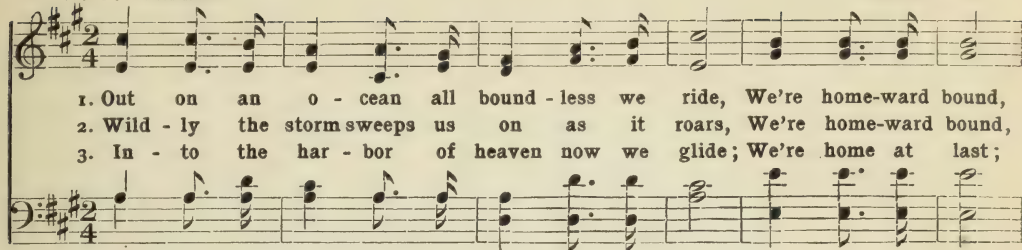


carv-ing knife! Did you ev-er see such a sight in your life As these blind mice?

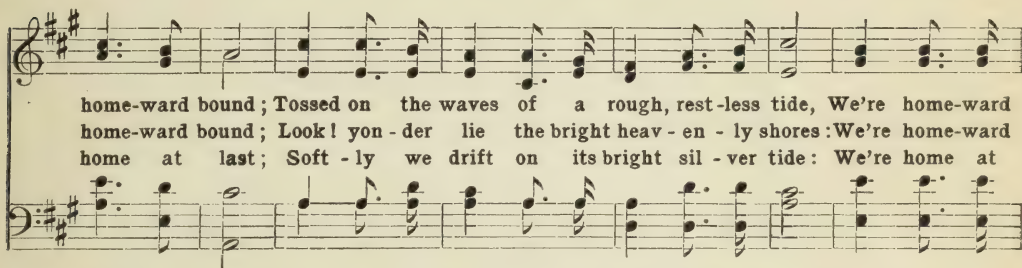
Homeward Bound

W. F. WARREN

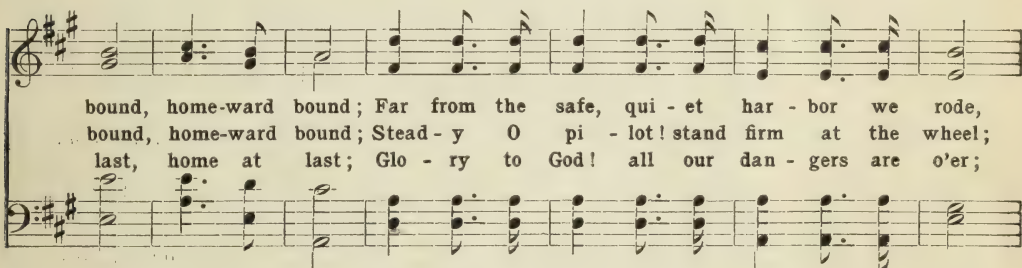
C. S. HARRINGTON



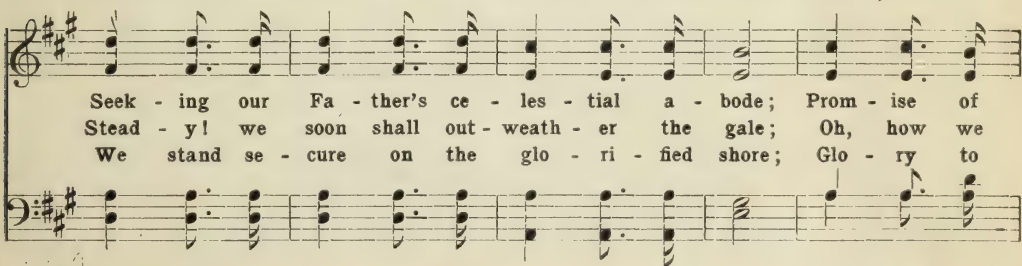
1. Out on an o - cean all bound - less we ride, We're home-ward bound,
2. Wild - ly the stormsweeps us on as it roars, We're home-ward bound,
3. In - to the har - bor of heaven now we glide; We're home at last;



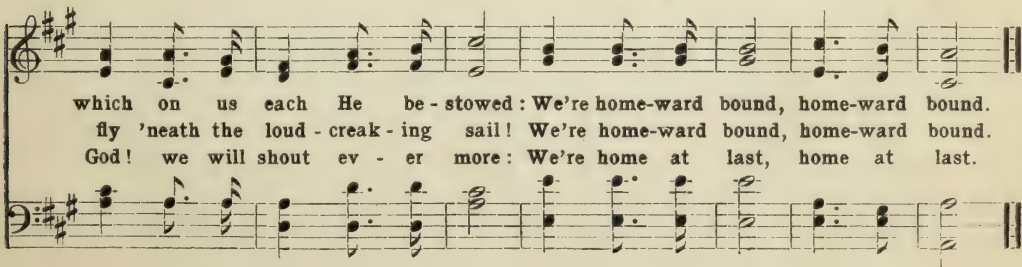
home-ward bound; Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're home-ward
home-ward bound; Look! yon - der lie the bright heav - en - ly shores: We're home-ward
home at last; Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide: We're home at



bound, home-ward bound; Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode,
bound, home-ward bound; Stead - y O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel;
last, home at last; Glo - ry to God! all our dan - gers are o'er;



Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode; Prom - ise of
Stead - y! we soon shall out - weath - er the gale; Oh, how we
We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore; Glo - ry to



which on us each He be - stowed: We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound.
fly 'neath the loud - creak - ing sail! We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound.
God! we will shout ev - er more: We're home at last, home at last.

Brother, Tell Me of the Battle

THOMAS MANAHAN

GEORGE F. ROOT

1. Broth - er, tell me of the bat - tle, How the sol - diers fought and
 2. Broth - er, tell me of the bat - tle, For they said your life was
 3. Broth - er, tell me of the bat - tle, I can bear to hear it

fell; Tell me of the wea-ry march-es, She who loves will lis-ten well.
 o'er; They all told me you had fall-en, That I'd nev - er see you more.
 now; Lay your head up-on my bo-som, Let me soothe your fe-vered brow.

FINE

Broth - er, draw thee close be-side me, Lay your head up-on my
 Oh, I've been so sad and lone - ly, Filled my breast has been with
 Tell me, are you bad - ly wound-ed? Did we win the dead - ly

D.C.

breast, While you're tell - ing of the bat - tle, Let your fe - vered fore-head rest.
 pain, Since they said my dear - est broth - er I should nev - er see a - gain.
 fight? Did the vic - t'ry crown our ban - ner? Did you put the foe to flight?

The Loreley

F. SILCHER

1. O tell me what it mean-eth, This gloom and tear-ful eye? 'Tis mem'-ry that re -
 2. A - bove, the maid-en sit - teth, A won-drous form and fair; With jew-els bright she
 3. The boat-man on the riv - er Lists to the song, spell-bound; Oh! what shall him de -

tain - eth The tale of years gone by; The fad-ing light grows dim-mer, The
 plait - eth Her shin-ing gold-en hair: With comb of gold pre-pares it, The
 liv - er From dan-ger threat'ning round? The wa-ters deep have caught them, Both

Rhine doth calmly flow, The loft-y hill-tops glim-mer Red with the sun-set glow.
 task with song be-guiled; A fit-ful bur-den bears it, That mel-o-dy so wild.
 boat and boatman brave; 'Tis Loreley's song hath brought them Beneath the foaming wave.

Strike the Harp Gently

I. B. WOODBURY

Andante affetuoso

1. Strike the harp gent-ly, To the mem-'ry of those Who ev - er loved fond-ly, Ere
 2. Strike the harp gent-ly, And breathe thy sweet strain For those that loved fond-ly, But
 3. Strike the harp gent-ly, Oh! mourn for them not; In the fold that is love-ly, The

call'd to re-pose; Be-neath the green turf, Where the wild flow-ers bloom,
 who ne'er a - gain Can meet to ca - ressthee, In all this lone world. The
 shep-herd has brought Per-haps a kind fa-ther, And moth - er most dear, A

Scent-ing the earth, And em - broid-'ring the tomb; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the
 dear ones are hap - py With ser - apts un - told; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the
 child or a broth-er Or sis - ter so near; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the

mem-'ry of those Who ev - er loved fond-ly, Ere call'd to re - pose.



JENNY LIND

The celebrated Swedish singer whose American appearance was arranged at enormous cost by P. T. Barnum of circus fame. She was born in Stockholm in 1821 and died in 1887. Her popular encore was "Home, Sweet Home"—Heart Songs, p. 374



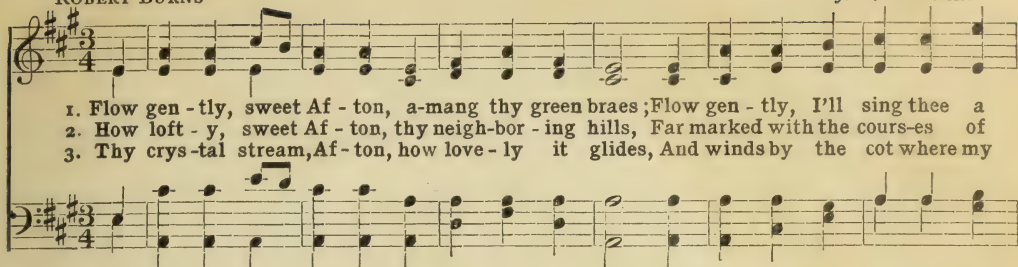
ADELINA PATTI

The famous operatic singer. She is of Italian extraction, born in Madrid, 1843, and sang in New York at an early age. Her career has been unusually successful. She has sung in all parts of Europe and America, and has been decorated by the Emperor of Russia. She now lives in retirement in Wales, as the wife of Baron Cedarstrom. Her popular encore was "The Last Rose of Summer"—Heart Songs, p. 146.

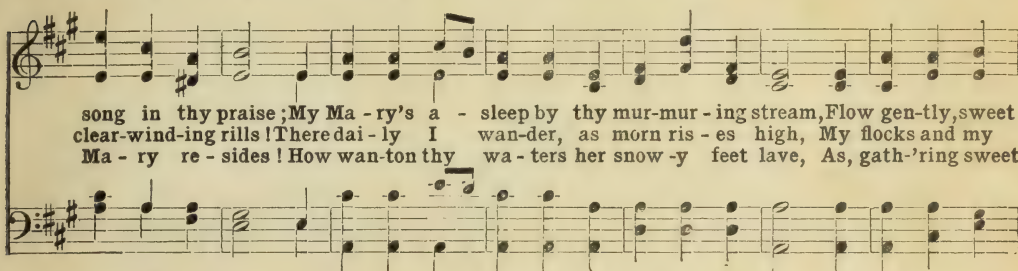
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

ROBERT BURNS

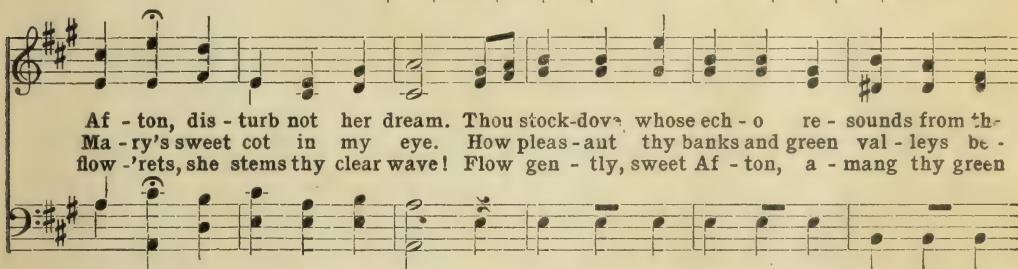
J. E. SPILMAN



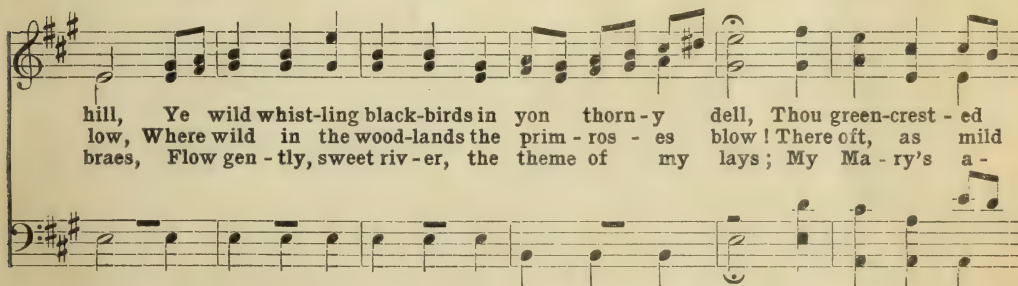
1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a
 2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours - es of
 3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my



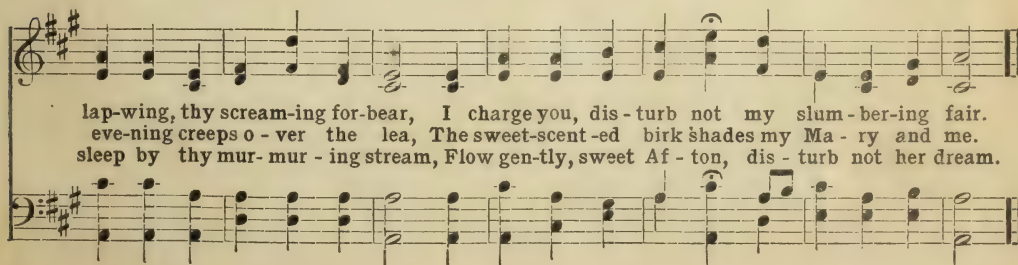
song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet
 clear - wind - ing rills! There dai - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my
 Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As, gath - 'ring sweet



Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from th -
 Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -
 flow - 'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green



hill, Ye wild whist - ling black - birds in yon thorn - y dell, Thou green - crest - ed
 low, Where wild in the wood - lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild
 braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma - ry's a -

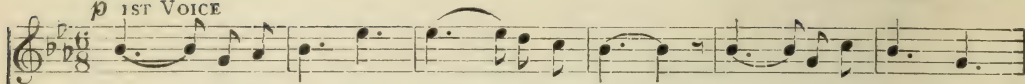


lap - wing, thy scream - ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
 eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet - scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
 sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

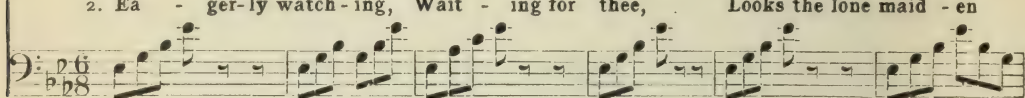
Star of the Twilight

L. O. EMERSON


p 1ST VOICE



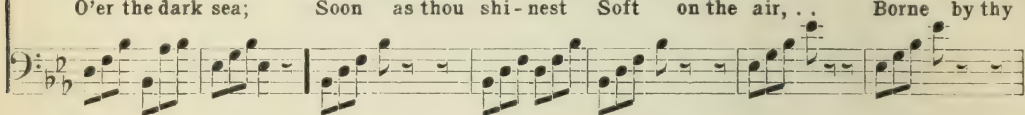
1. Star . . of the twi-light, Beau - ti-ful star, Glad - ly I hail thee,
2. Ea - ger-ly watch-ing, Wait - ing for thee, Looks the lone maid - en



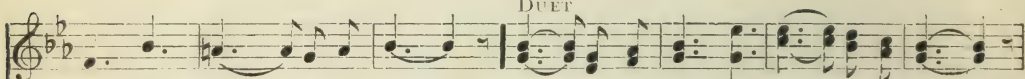
2D VOICE



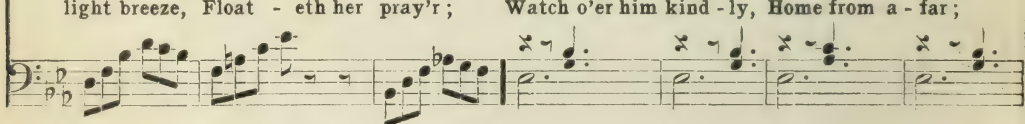
Shi-ning a - far; . Rest from your la - bors, Chil - dren of toil, . . Night clos-es
O'er the dark sea; Soon as thou shi-nest Soft on the air, . . Borne by thy




DUET




o'er ye, Rest . . ye a - while; This is thy greet-ing, Sig-nalled a - far;
light breeze, Float - eth her pray'r; Watch o'er him kind - ly, Home from a - far;




Star . . of the twi-light, Beau - ti-ful star; Star of the twi - light,
Light - thou his path - way, Beau - ti-ful star; Star of the twi - light,

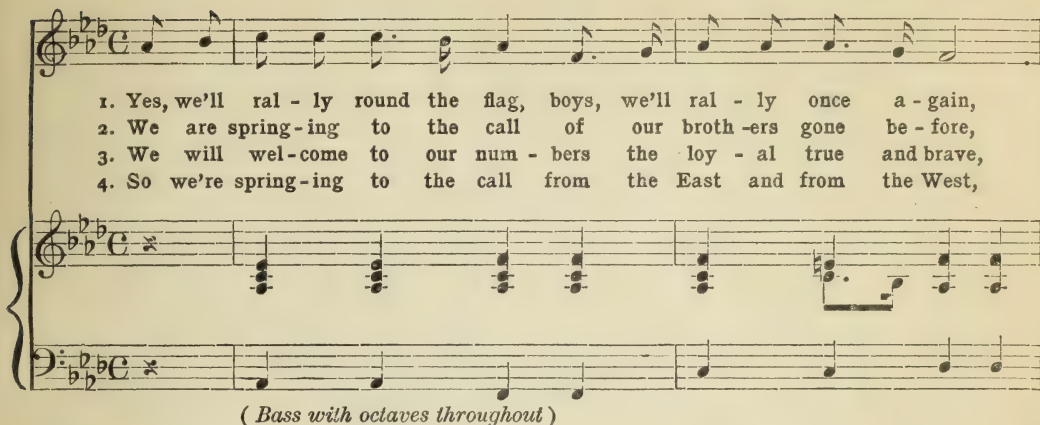
Beau - ti-ful star; . . Star . . of the twi-light, Beau-ti - ful star.



The Battle Cry of Freedom

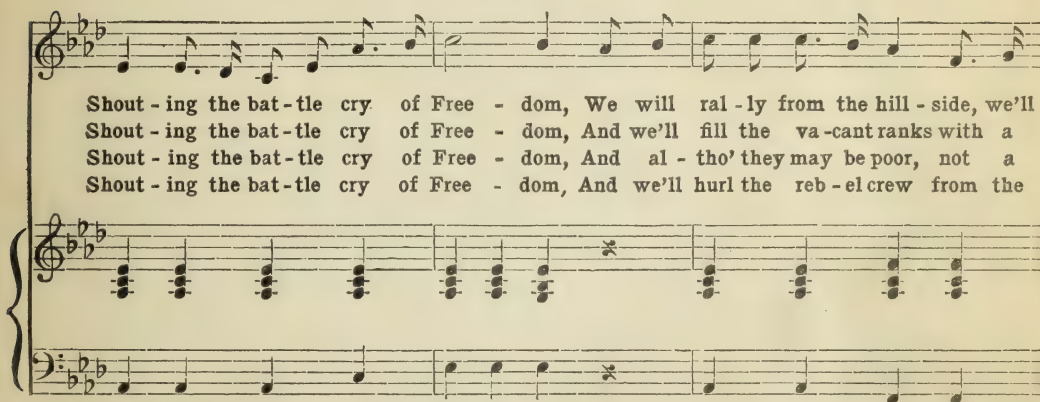
(RALLYING SONG)

GEORGE F. ROOT

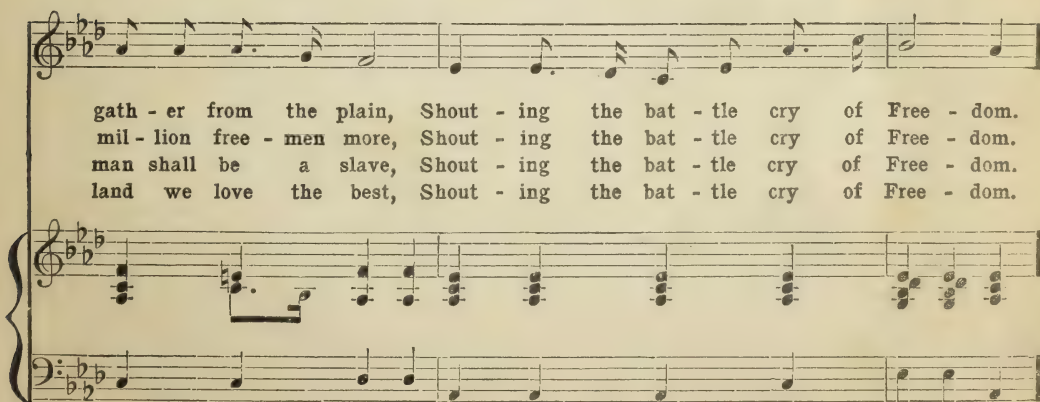


1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
 2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,
 3. We will wel - come to our num - bers the loy - al true and brave,
 4. So we're spring - ing to the call from the East and from the West,

(Bass with octaves throughout)



Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom, We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
 Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom, And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a
 Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom, And al - tho' they may be poor, not a
 Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom, And we'll hurl the reb - el crew from the



gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
 mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
 man shall be a slave, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
 land we love the best, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

The Battle Cry of Freedom

CHORUS
Fortissimo

The Un - ion for-ev - er, Hur - rah boys, Hur - rah! Down with the trai - tor,

Up with the star; While we ral - ly round the flag, boys,

Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

The Dying Volunteer

From the "New Orleans Times"

A. E. A. MUSE

1. Come moth-er, dear moth-er, oh! come to me now; My soul wings its flight, I would
2. Thou'lt hear, dearest moth-er, a - las! not from me, I hunt-ed the foe thro' green

The Dying Volunteer

19

see thee once more, A - gain I would feel thy dear hand on my brow One mo - ment on
val - ley and crag, For stamped on my brain were the last words from thee, "Tho' life be the

earth, ere the strug - gle is o'er. Ere life's pulse is stilled, and the cold chill of
for - feit, be true to thy flag!" Those words nerved my arm when I struck the bold

death Creeps o'er my heart I would see thee once more. Fond words of fare - well with my
blow For my country, my flag, For glo - ry, for thee. But now all is o - ver, I've

ver - y last breath I'd whis - per to thee from e - ter - ni - ty's shore.
done with earth's foe, For hea - ven's bright por - tals are op' - ning to me.

Take Me Home

RAYMOND

Andante affettuoso

1. Take me home to the place where I first saw the light, To the
 2. Take me home to the place where the or-ange trees grow, To my
 3. Take me home, let me see what is left that I know, Can it
 D. C. Take me home to the place where my lit-tle ones sleep, Poor

sweet sun-ny South take me home,
 cot in the ev - er - green shade,
 be that the old house is gone,
mas-sa lies bur-ied close by,

Where the mocking-bird sung me to
 Where the flow-ers on the riv - er's green
 The dear friends of my child-hood in -
O'er the grave of the loved ones I

rest ev - 'ry night, Ah! why was I tempt-ed to roam?
 mar - gin may blow Their sweets on the bank where we play'd.
 deed must be few, And I must la-ment all a - lone.
long to weep, And a-mong them to rest when I die.

FINE

FINE

I think with re-gret of the dear ones I left, Of the
The path to our cot - tage they say has grown green, And the
But yet I'll re-turn to the place of my birth, Where my

warm hearts that shelt-er'd me then; Of the wife and the dear ones of
place is quite lone - ly a - round; And I know that the smiles and the
chil - dren have play'd at the door; Where they pull'd the white blos - soms that

whom I'm be-reft, And I sigh for the old place a - gain.
forms I have seen, Now lie deep in the soft moss - y ground.
gar - nish'd the earth, Which will ech - o their foot - steps no more.

D.C.

To the Evening Star

From WAGNER'S "Tannhäuser"

Andante

The first system of the musical score. It features a piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time, marked *Andante*. The piano part consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a whole rest. The bass staff has a series of chords and eighth notes, with dynamics *p* and *piu p*. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

The second system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time, with lyrics: "O thou sub - lime sweet eve - ning star, Joy - ful I". The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a series of chords and eighth notes, with dynamics *p* and *pp*. The bass staff has a series of chords and eighth notes, with dynamics *pp* and *p*. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

The third system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time, with lyrics: "greet . . . thee from . . . a - far; With". The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a series of chords and eighth notes, with dynamics *p* and *pp*. The bass staff has a series of chords and eighth notes, with dynamics *pp* and *p*. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

The fourth system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time, with lyrics: "glow - ing heart, that ne'er . . . dis-clos'd, Greet her when". The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a series of chords and eighth notes, with dynamics *p* and *pp*. The bass staff has a series of chords and eighth notes, with dynamics *pp* and *p*. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

she in thy light . . re-posed, When part - ing from this

vale, a vi - sion, she ri - ses to an an - gel's mis - sion,

p un poco ritard. *piu p* *piu ritard.* *cres.*
When part - ing from this vale . a vi - sion, she ri - ses

dim. *pp*
to an . . an - gel's mis - - - sion. . .

Sweet Genevieve

GEORGE COOPER

HENRY TUCKER

1. O Gen - e - vieve I'd give the world To live a - gain the
 2. Fair Gen - e - vieve my ear - ly love, The years but make thee

love - ly past! The rose of youth was dew - im - pearled; But now it with - ers
 dear - er far! My heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove: Thou art my on - ly

in the blast. I see thy face in ev - 'ry dream, My wak - ing tho'ts are
 guid - ing star. For me the past has no re - gret, What - e'er the years may

full of thee; Thy glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long the
 bring to me; I bless the hour when first we met, — The hour that gave me

Sweet Genevieve

25

CHORUS

sum - mer sea.
love and thee!

O Gen - e - vieve, Sweet Gen - e - vieve, The

days may come, the days may go, But still the hands of

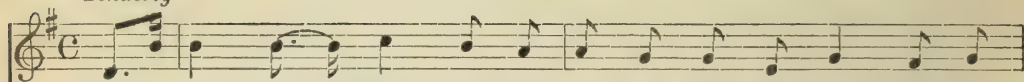
CODA *ad lib.*

mem - 'ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go O Gen - e - vieve!

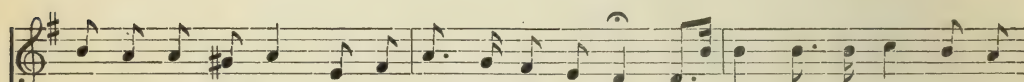
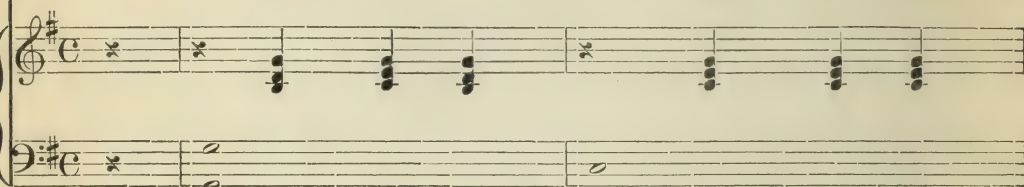
colla voce

The Faded Coat of Blue

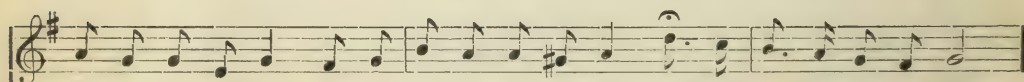
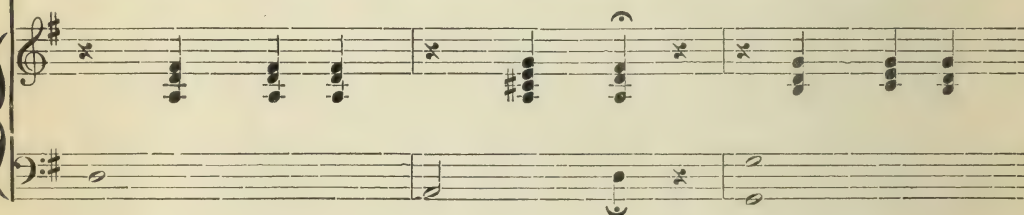
J. H. McNAUGHTON

Tenderly

1. My brave lad sleeps in his fad-ed coat of blue; In a
 2. He cried, "Give me wa-ter and just a lit-tle crumb, And my
 3. Long, long years have van-ished, and though he comes no more, Yet my



lone-ly grave un-known lies the heart that beat so true. He sank faint and hun-gry a -
 moth-er she will bless you thro' all the years to come; Oh! tell my sweet sis-ter, so
 heart will start-ling beat with each foot-fall at my door; I gaze o'er the hill where he



mong the fam-ish'd brave, And they laid him sad and lone-ly with-in his nameless grave.
 gen-tle, good and true, That I'll meet her up in heaven, in my fad-ed coat of blue."
 waved a last a-dieu, But no gal-lant lad I see, in his fad-ed coat of blue.



The Faded Coat of Blue

27

f CHORUS

No more the bu - gle calls the wea - ry one, Rest, no - ble spir - it,

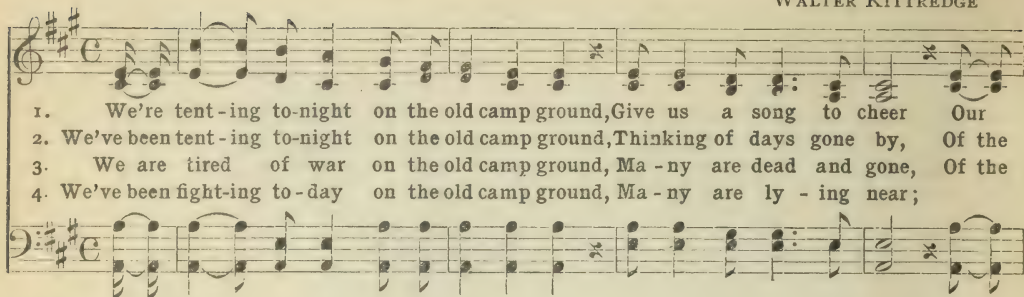
f *p*

in thy grave un-known! I'll find you, and know you, a - mong the good and true,

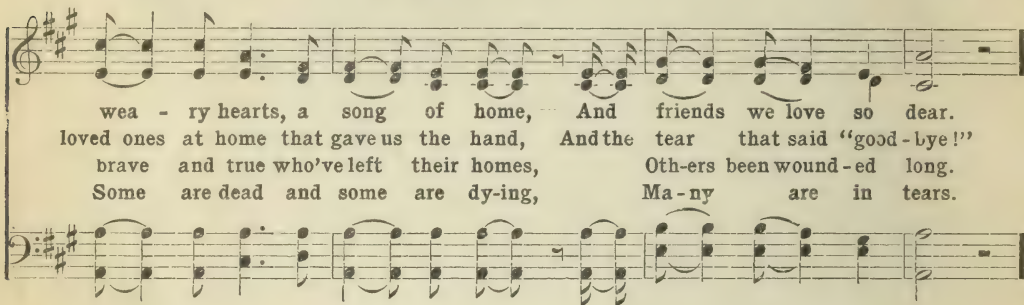
When a robe of white is giv'n for the fad - ed coat of blue.

We're Tenting To-Night

WALTER KITTREDGE

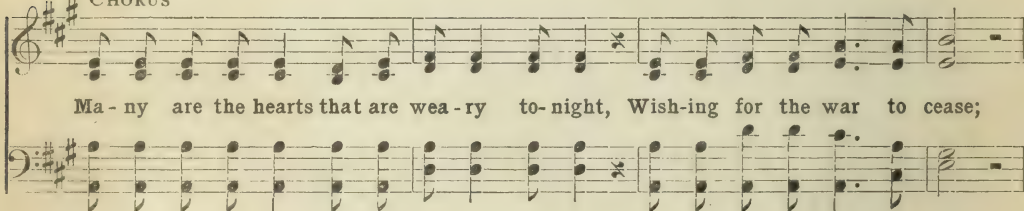


1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
 2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
 3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are dead and gone, Of the
 4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are ly-ing near;



wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
 loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
 brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.
 Some are dead and some are dy-ing, Ma-ny are in tears.

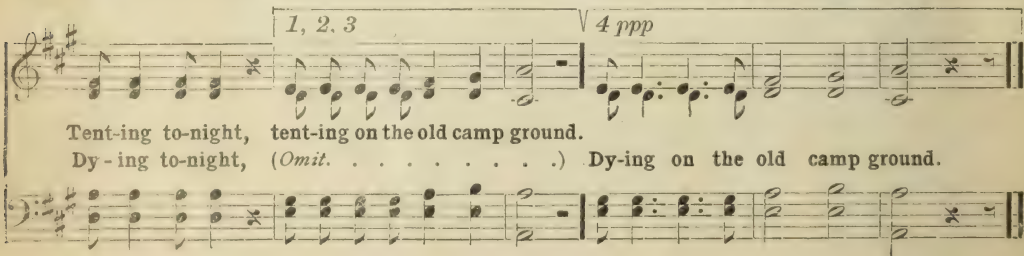
CHORUS



Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;



Ma-ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
Last verse. — Dy-ing to-night,



Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.
 Dy-ing to-night, (*Omit.*) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

The Switzer's Farewell

GEORGE LINLEY

Andante

1. A - dieu, dear land, With beau - ty teem - ing, Where first I rov'd a care - less
 2. Far from my home I soon must wan - der, In stran - ger land be doom'd to

legato.

child; Of thee my heart Will e'er be dream - ing, Thy snow-clad
 dwell. O! best be - loved! My heart grows fond - er, While thus I

peaks and moun - tains wild. Dear land! that I cher - ish, Oh! long may'st thou
 breathe my last fare - well. Re - ceive this sad to - ken, I leave thee, heart

rall.

ilour - ish; My mem - 'ry must per - ish, Ere I for - get . . . thee.
 bro - ken, Our part - ing is spo - ken, Be - loved one! fare - well.

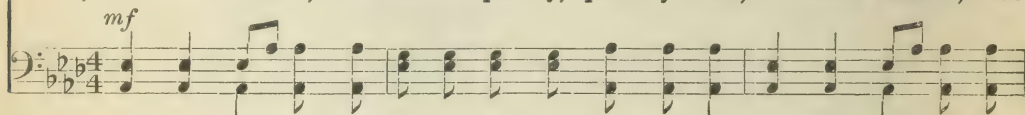
Nut Brown Maiden

Moderato

(MALE VOICES)



1. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
2. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru-by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
3. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen-der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
4. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast such pearl-y, pearl-y teeth, Nut brown maid-en, Thou

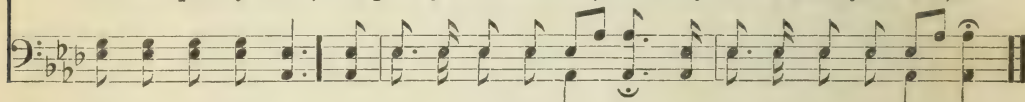


FINE

D.C.



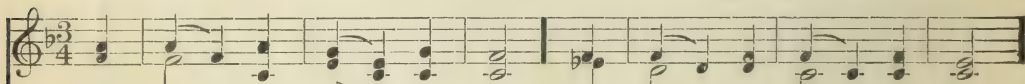
hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love!
 hast a ru-by lip; A ru-by lip is thine, love! The kiss-ing of it's mine, love!
 hast a slen-der waist; A slen-der waist is thine, love! The arm a-round it's mine, love!
 hast such pearl-y teeth; The pearl-y teeth are false, love! They rat-tle when you waltz, love!



How Gentle God's Commands

P. DODDRIDGE

H. G. NÄGELI



1. How gen-tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre-cepts are!
2. Be-neath His watch-ful eye His saints se-cure-ly dwell:
3. Why should this anx-ious load Press down your wea-ry mind?



Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust His con-stant care.
 That Hand which bears cre-a-tion up Shall guard His chil-dren well.
 Haste to your heav'n-ly Fa-ther's throne, And sweet re-fresh-ment find.



Kathleen Aroon

Words by MRS. CRAWFORD

Music by FRANZ ABT

mf Andante *p* *mf*

1. Why should we part - ed be, Kath - leen A - roon! When thy fond
 2. Give me thy gen - tle hand, Kath - leen A - roon! Come to the
 3. Why should we part - ed be, Kath - leen A - roon! When thy fond

molto legato

p *cres.*

heart's with me, Kath - leen A - roon! Come to those gold - en skies,
 hap - py land, Kath - leen A - roon! Come o'er the waves with me,
 heart's with me, Kath - leen A - roon! Oh! leave these weep - ing skies,

cres.

poco rit. *p*

Bright days for us may rise, Oh! dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath - leen A - roon.*
 These hands shall toil for thee, This heart will faith - ful be, Kath - leen A - roon.
 Where man a mar - tyr dies, Come dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath - leen A - roon.

marcato. *poco rit.* *p*

* Aroon means "secret treasure of my heart."

The Vacant Chair

GEO. F. ROOT

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant
 2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bo - som
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his
 D. C. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant

FINE.

chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning pray'r.
 swell At re - mem - brance of the sto - ry, How our no - ble Wil - lie fell;
 brow, But this soothes the an - guish on - ly Sweep - ing o'er our heart - strings now.
 chair, We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning pray'r.

When a year a - go we gath - ered, Joy was in his mild blue
 How he strove to bear our ban - ner Thro' the thick - est of the
 Sleep to - day, O ear - ly fall - en, In thy green and nar - row

D. C.

eye, But a gold - en cord is sev - ered, And our hopes in ru - in lie.
 fight, And up - hold our coun - try's hon - or, In the strength of man - hood's might.
 bed, Dir - ges from the pine and cy - press Min - gle with the tears we shed.

Cradle Song

33

(Sung by Jenny Lind)

Andante con espressione

SWEDISH

1. Light and ro - sy be thy slumbers, Rock'd up-on thy moth-er's breast,
2. When thy looks her care in - vi - teth, All the mother turns to thee,

She can lull thee with her numbers, To the cradled heav'n of rest.
And her in-most life de - light-eth, Drink-ing from thy cup of glee. *dim.*

In her heart is love re - volv-ing, Like the plan-ets round the moon; Hopes and
O'er thee now her spir - it bend-eth; Child of prom-ise, cher-ish'd well! With thine

dolce
pleas-ures fond-ly solving, Keep-ing ev - 'ry tho't in tune.
own, her be - ing blendeth, Ho - lied by af - fect-ion's spell.

A Warrior Bold

EDWIN THOMAS

STEPHEN ADAMS



1. In days of old, when knights were bold And barons held their sway, A war-rior bold, with
 2. So this brave knight, in ar-mor bright, Went gayly to the fray; He fought the fight, but



spurs of gold, Sang mer-ri - ly his lay, Sang mer-ri - ly his lay: "My love is young and
 ere the night, His soul had pass'd a-way, His soul had pass'd a-way. The plighted ring he



fair, My love hath gold - en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That
 wore Was crushed and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave - ly cried, "I've



none with her com-pare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or
kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and

f *colla voce*

die, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die." death be nigh, I've

f

ad lib. *molto.* *rallentando e dim.*

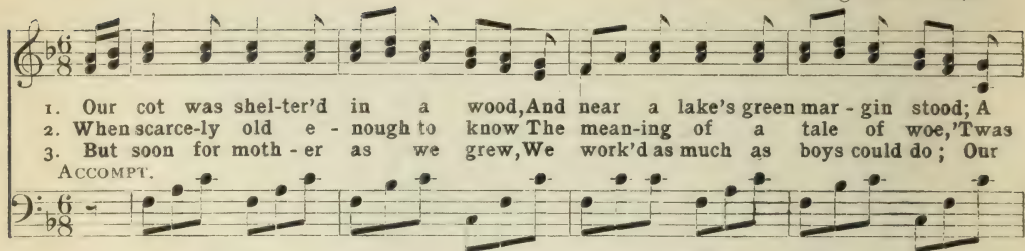
fought for love, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."

piu lento
cres. *f* *p* *colla voce.* *a tempo* *ff*
Ped.

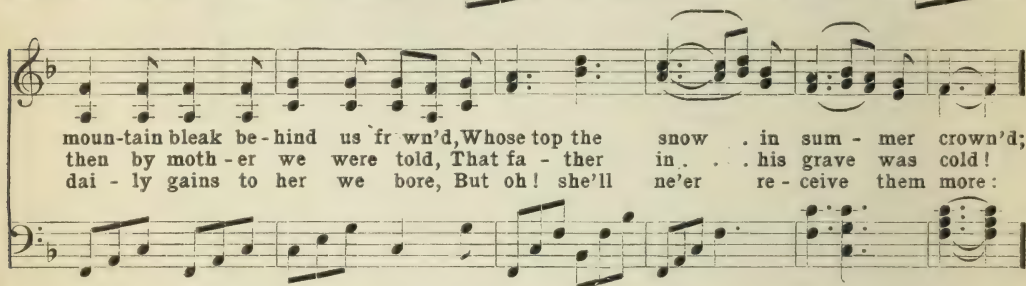
The Orphan Boys

DUET

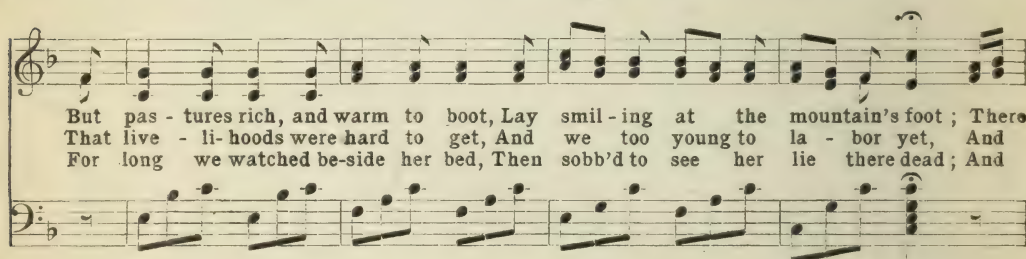
From "The Young Choir," 1840



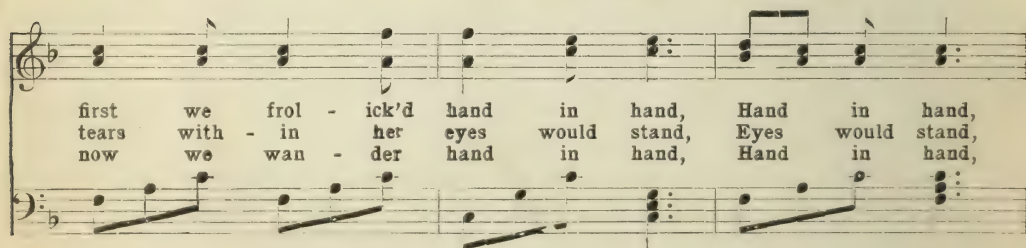
1. Our cot was shel-ter'd in a wood, And near a lake's green mar-gin stood; A
 2. When scarce-ly old e-nough to know The mean-ing of a tale of woe, 'Twas
 3. But soon for moth-er as we grew, We work'd as much as boys could do; Our
 ACCOMP.



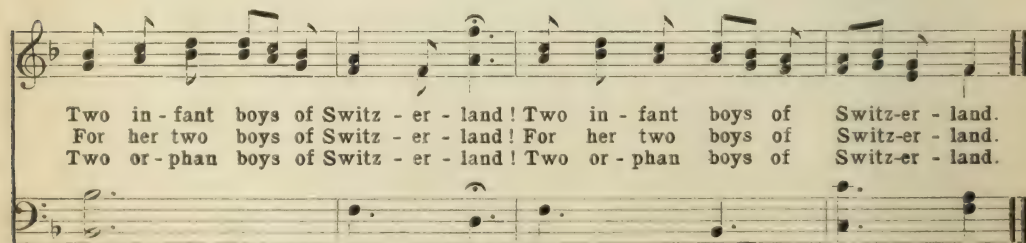
moun-tain bleak be-hind us fr-w'n'd, Whose top the snow in sum-mer crown'd;
 then by moth-er we were told, That fa-ther in his grave was cold!
 dai-ly gains to her we bore, But oh! she'll ne'er re-ceive them more:



But pas-tures rich, and warm to boot, Lay smil-ing at the mountain's foot; There
 That live-li-hoods were hard to get, And we too young to la-bor yet, And
 For long we watched be-side her bed, Then sobb'd to see her lie there dead; And



first we fro-lick'd hand in hand, Hand in hand,
 tears with-in her eyes would stand, Eyes would stand,
 now we wan-der hand in hand, Hand in hand,



Two in-fant boys of Switz-er-land! Two in-fant boys of Switz-er-land.
 For her two boys of Switz-er-land! For her two boys of Switz-er-land.
 Two or-phan boys of Switz-er-land! Two or-phan boys of Switz-er-land.

The Campbells are Coming

Old Scotch Air

Lively 8:

The Campbells are com - in', O ho, O ho, The Campbells are com - in', O

ho, O ho! The Camp-bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch - lev - en, The

Camp-bells are com - in', O ho, O ho! *FINE.*

1. Up - on the Lomonds I
2. The great Ar - gyle, he
3. The Camp - bells they are

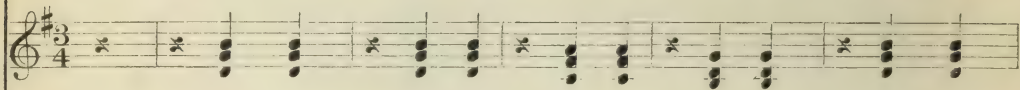
lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look'd down to
goes be - fore, He makes his can - non loud - ly roar; Wi' sound of trum-pet,
a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban - ners rat - tlin'

D.S. al Fine.
bon - nie Loch - lev - en And heard three bon - nie pi - pers play. The
pipe, and drum, The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The
in . . the wind, The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The

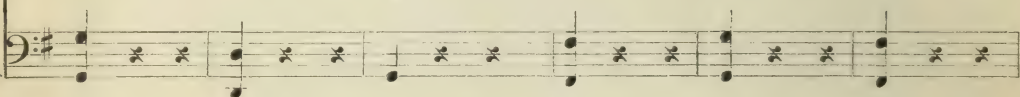
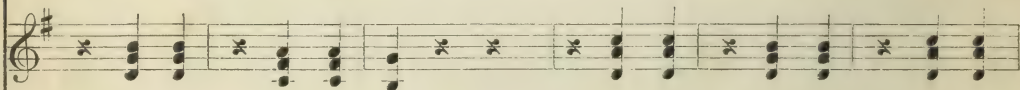
Buy a Broom



1. From Teutschland I come with my light wares all la - den, To the land where the
2. To brush a - way in - sects that sometimes an - noy you, You'll find it quite
3. Ere win - ter comes on, for sweet home soon de - part-ing, My toils for your



bless-ing of free-dom doth bloom; Then lis - ten, fair la - dy, and young pret - ty
 hand - y to use night and day; And what bet - ter ex - er - cise pray can em -
 fa - vor a - gain I'll re - sume; And while grat - i - tude's tear in my eye - lid is



maid-en, Oh, buy of the wand'ring Ba - va - rian a broom.
 ploy you, Than to sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru - ders a - way?
 start-ing, Bless the time that in England I cried, buy a broom.

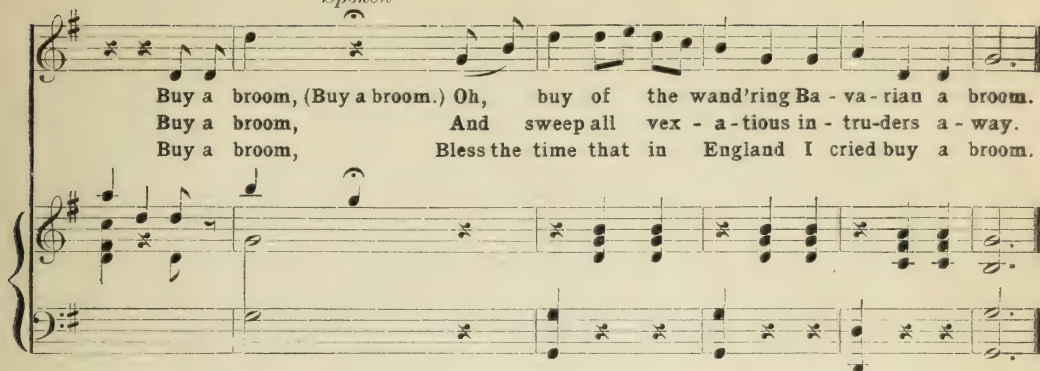
Buy a broom,
 Buy a broom,
 Buy a broom,



Buy a Broom

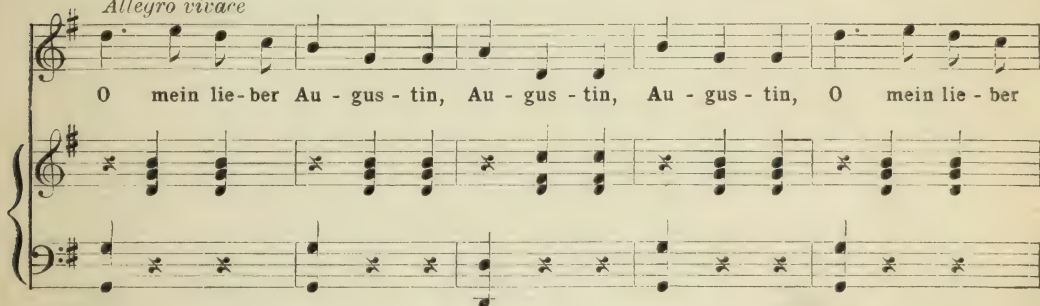
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Spoken

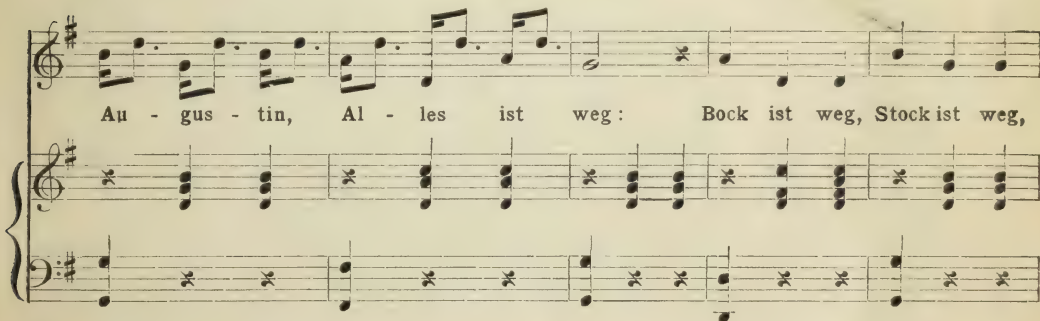


Buy a broom, (Buy a broom.) Oh, buy of the wand'ring Ba - va - rian a broom.
 Buy a broom, And sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru - ders a - way.
 Buy a broom, Bless the time that in England I cried buy a broom.

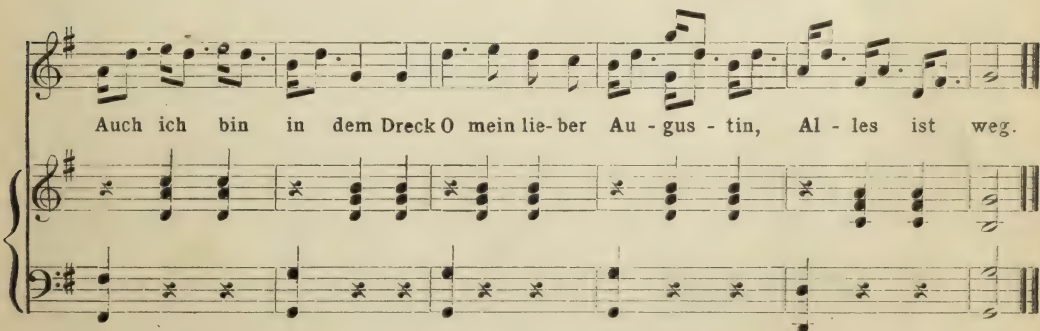
Allegro vivace



O mein lie - ber Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin, O mein lie - ber



Au - gus - tin, Al - les ist weg : Bock ist weg, Stock ist weg,



Auch ich bin in dem Dreck O mein lie - ber Au - gus - tin, Al - les ist weg.

O Ye Tears

FRANZ ABT

Andantino

1. O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long re-fus'd to flow, Ye are
 2. O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thank - ful that ye run, Tho' ye
 3. O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my cheek, I was

The first system of the musical score for 'O Ye Tears' by Franz Abt. It features a vocal melody in 3/4 time, marked 'Andantino'. The lyrics are presented in three parts. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of a treble and bass clef staff with chords and moving lines.

con espressione

wel - come to my heart, thaw-ing, thaw - ing like the snow; The
 come from cold and dark ye shall glit - ter in the sun: The
 self - ish in my sor - row; I was stub - born, I was weak; Ye have

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with a dynamic marking of *con espressione* and a piano (*p*) marking. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and arpeggiated figures.

ice-bound cloud has yield-ed, and the ear - ly snow-drops spring, And the
 rain-bow can - not cheer us if the show'rs re - fuse to fall, And the
 giv'n me strength to con-quer, and I stand e - rect and free, And

The third and final system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment ends with a series of chords. The lyrics conclude with 'And'.

heal - ing foun-tains gush, and the wil - der-ness shall sing.
 eyes that can - not weep are the sad - dest eyes of all.
 know that I am hu - man, by the light of sym - pa - thy.

O ye tears! O ye tears!
 O ye tears! O ye tears?
 O ye tears! O ye tears!

4 O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain,
 The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
 Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's burning sand,
 It yields the flowing water, to make gladness in the land.
 O ye tears! O ye tears!

5 There is light upon my path! there is sunshine in my heart,
 And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;
 Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago,
 O ye tears! O happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.
 O ye tears! happy tears!

Johnny Sands

JOHN SINCLAIR

1. A man whose name was Johnny Sands Had mar-ried Bet - ty Hague, And
 2. "For fear that I should courage lack And try to save my life, Pray

though she brought him gold and lands, She proved a ter - ri - ble plague; For
 tie my hands be - hind my back;" "I will" re - plied his wife. She

oh! she was a scold - ing wife, Full of ca - price and whim, He said, that he was
 tied them fast as you may think, And when se - cure - ly done, "Now stand" she says "up-

tired of life, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of
 on the brink And I'll prepare to run, And I'll pre - pare to run, And I'll prepare to

him. Says he "Then I will drown myself—The riv-er runs be-low," Says
run." All down the hill his lov-ing bride Now ran with all her force To

she, "Pray do, you sil-ly elf, I wished it long a-go." Says he "Up-on the
push him in;—he stepped a-side, And she fell in of course. Now splash-ing, dashing

brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And push me in with all your might," Says
like a fish, "Oh save me, John-ny Sands." "I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish, For

she "My love, I will," Says she "My love, I will," Says she "My love, I will."
you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands."

The British Grenadiers

16th Century

Allegro con spirito

1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu - les, Of
 2. When-e'er we are com-mand - ed To storm the pal - i - sades, Our
 3. Then let us fill a bump - er, And drink a health to those Who

p *cres.*

Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as these;
 lead - ers march with fu - sees, And we with hand - gre - nades;
 car - ry caps and pouch - es, And wear the loup - ed clothes:

p *cres.*

But of all the world's brave he - roes There's none that can com -
 We throw them from the gla - cis A - bout the en - e - mies'
 May they and their com - mand - ers Live hap - py all their

p

pare With a tow row row row row row, To the Brit-ish Gren - a - dier.
 ears, Sing tow row row row row row, The Brit-ish Gren - a - diers.
 years, With a tow row row row row row, For the Brit-ish Gren - a - diers.

Free America*

Tune—"BRITISH GRENADIERS"

- 1 That seat of science, Athens,
 And earth's proud mistress, Rome;
 Where now are all their glories?
 We scarce can find a tomb.
 Then guard your rights, Americans,
 Nor stoop to lawless sway,
 Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose
 For North America.
- 2 We led fair Franklin hither,
 And, lo! the desert smiled;
 A paradise of pleasure
 Was opened to the world!
 Your harvest, bold Americans,
 No power shall snatch away!
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
 For free America.
- 3 Torn from a world of tyrants,
 Beneath this western sky,
 We formed a new dominion,
 A land of liberty.
 The world shall own we're masters here;
 Then hasten on the day:
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
 For free America.
- 4 Proud Albion bowed to Cæsar,
 And numerous lords before;
 To Picts, to Danes, to Normans,
 And many masters more;
- 5 But we can boast, Americans,
 We've never fallen a prey;
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
 For free America.
- 6 God bless this maiden climate,
 And through its vast domain
 May hosts of heroes cluster,
 Who scorn to wear a chain:
 And blast the venal sycophant
 That dares our rights betray;
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
 For free America.
- 7 Lift up your heads, ye heroes,
 And swear with proud disdain
 The wretch that would ensnare you
 Shall lay his snares in vain;
 Should Europe empty all her force,
 We'll meet her in array,
 And fight and shout, and shout and fight
 For free America.
- 8 Some future day shall crown us
 The masters of the main.
 Our fleets shall speak in thunder
 To England, France and Spain;
 And the nations o'er the oceans spread
 Shall tremble and obey
 The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons
 Of brave America.

* By voice, sword and pen, Joseph Warren contributed to the cause of Independence. In 1772 and 1773, he delivered orations on the Boston Massacre. During the delivery of the second oration, the British soldiery lined the pulpit stairs, but nevertheless it was pronounced in defiance of their threats. Not long, it is thought, before his lamented death, he wrote the above ballad.

The Land o' the Leal

Lady NAIRNE
Adagio

1. I'm wear - in' a-wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear-in' a-wa' To the
2. Ye aye were leal and true, Jean, Your task's ended noo, Jean, And I'll wel-come you To the
3. Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean, My soul lings to be free, Jean, And an-gels wait on me To the

pp *legato*

land o' the leal. There's nae sor - row there, Jean, There's neither could nor care, Jean, The
land o' the leal. Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude and fair, Jean, And
land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This world's care is vain, Jean, We'll

mf *p*

day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
we grudged her sair To the land o' the leal.
meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

mf

The Mariner

1. Soft blew the air, and smooth flow'd the tide, And blue the heav'n's in its mirror smiled; The
 2. Eve yields to night, the breeze of wintry gales, In one vast head the seas and shores repose, He
 3. Oh! what avails the seaman's toiling care? The straining cords are burst, the mast are riv'n, Sad

white sail trembling and ex-panding wide, The bus-y sail-or at the an-chor toil'd. The
 turns his ach-ing eyes, his spir-its fail, The chill tear falls, sad to the deck he goes, The
 sounds of ter-ror groan a-long the air, Then from a-far, the bark on rock was driv'n; Fierce

last dread moment comes, the sail-or youth Hides the big drop and smiles a-mid his pain;
 storm of midnight swells, the sails are furled, Deep sounds the lead, but sounds a-las in vain,
 o'er the wreck, the whelming wa-ters passed, The help-less crew sunk in the roar-ing main.

Soothes his sad bride and vows e-ter-nal truth, "Fare-well. fare-well, fare-well,
 Then o'er the waves, the wretch-ed bark is hurled, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well,
 Hen-ry's faint ac-cents trem-bled in the blast, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well,

ad lib.

tr

well," he cries, "we soon shall
 well," he cries, "we ne'er shall
 well, my love, we ne'er shall

meet again."
 meet again."
 meet again."

mf

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

S. C. FOSTER

Come where my love lies dream - ing, Dreaming the hap-py hours a - way, . . In

vi-sions bright re-deem - ing The fleeting joys of day; . . .

Dream - ing the hap-py hours, . . Dream-ing the happy hours a - way. . .

Come, where my love lies dream - ing, so sweetly dreaming the happy hours a - way. . .

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

49

1ST SOPRANO
CHORUS. *a tempo*

mf

dim.

My own love is sweet-ly dreaming, Her beau-ty beaming;

2D SOPRANO

mf

Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, Come with a lute - ton'd lay;

TENOR AND BASS

mf

Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, . . Come with a lute - ton'd lay;

mf a tempo

dim.

cres.

dim.

My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours a - way. . .

mp cres.

dim.

Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dream-ing the happy hours a - way. . .

cres.

dim.

Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the happy hours a - way. . .

mp cres.

dim.

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

mf

My own love is sweet-ly dream-ing, Her beauty

f *p*

Come with a lute, come with a lay. Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

f *p*

Come with a lute, come with a lay. Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

beaming ;

dim.

My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours a-

mp *cres.* *dim.*

come, come, come, come, Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the happy hours a-

mp

come, come, come, come, Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the hap-py hours a-

mp *cres.* *dim.*

pp riten.

FINE

way, . . . Dream - ing the hap - py hours a - way.

pp riten.

way, . . . Dream - ing the hap - py hours a - way.

pp riten.

way, . . . Dream - ing the hap - py hours a - way.

FINE

pp riten.

Soft is her slumber, Tho'ts, bright and free, Dance thro' her dreams like gushing melo - dy,

*p**riten.*

D.S. al Fine

Light is her young heart, Light may it be, Come, where my love lies dream - ing.

riten.

Then You'll Remember Me

WEBB

M. W. BALFE

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall
cold - ness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they

tell, In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so
prize, And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with-in your

well, There may per - haps in such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be Of
eyes; When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to see, In

days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
such a mo - ment I but ask That you'll re - mem - ber

pp

me, . . . and you'll re-member, you'll re - mem - ber me. 2. When
me, . . . that you'll re-member, you'll re - mem - ber (Omit.) me.

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody with a fermata at the end of the first phrase, and a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line and chords. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Clime Beneath Whose Genial Sun

Old Scotch Folksong

1. Clime be-neath whose ge - nial sun Kings were quell'd and free - dom won:
2. Crown - less Ju - dah mourns in gloom; Greece lies slum - b'ring in the tomb;
3. Em - pire of the brave and free! Stretch thy sway from sea to sea,—

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody with a fermata at the end of the first phrase, and a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line and chords. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Where the dust of Washing-ton Sleeps in glo-ry's bed,— He-ros from thy syl-van shade
Rome hath shorn her ea-gle-plume, Lost her conqu'ring name. Youthful Na-tion of the West,
Who shall bid thee bend the knee To a tyrant's throne? Knowledge is thine armor bright,

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody with a fermata at the end of the first phrase, and a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line and chords. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Chang'd the plough for bat-tle blade; Ho - ly men for thee have pray'd, Pa - triot martyrs bled.
Rise! with tru - er greatness blest; Sainted bands from realms of rest Watch thy bright'ning fame.
Lib - er - ty thy bea-con - light, God Him-self thy shield of might, Bow to Him a - lone.

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody with a fermata at the end of the first phrase, and a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line and chords. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Captain Jinks

Arranged by CHARLES E. PRATT

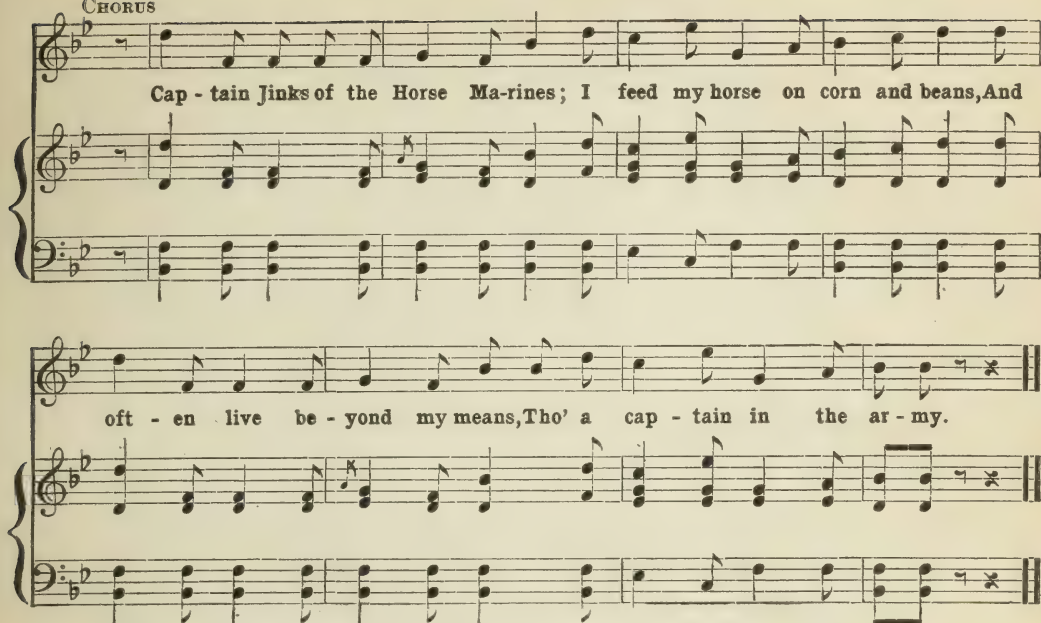
1. I'm Cap-tain Jinks, of the Horse Ma-rines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And
 2. I joined my corps when twen-ty-one, Of course I thought it cap-i-tal fun; When the
 3. The first time I went out to drill, The bu-gle sound-ing made me ill; Of the

sport young la - dies in their teens, Tho' a cap - tain in the
 en - e - my came, of course I run, For I'm not cut out for the
 bat - tle - field I'd had my fill, For I'm not cut out for the

ar - my. I teach young la - dies how to dance, How to dance,
 ar - my. When I left home, Ma - ma, she cried, Ma - ma, she cried, Ma -
 ar - my. The of - fi - cers, they all did shout, They all did shout, They

How to dance, I teach young la - dies how to dance, For I'm the pet of the ar-my.
 ma she cried, When I left home, Ma-ma she cried, He's not cut out for the ar-my.
 all did shout, The of - fi - cers they all did shout, Why! kick him out of the ar-my.

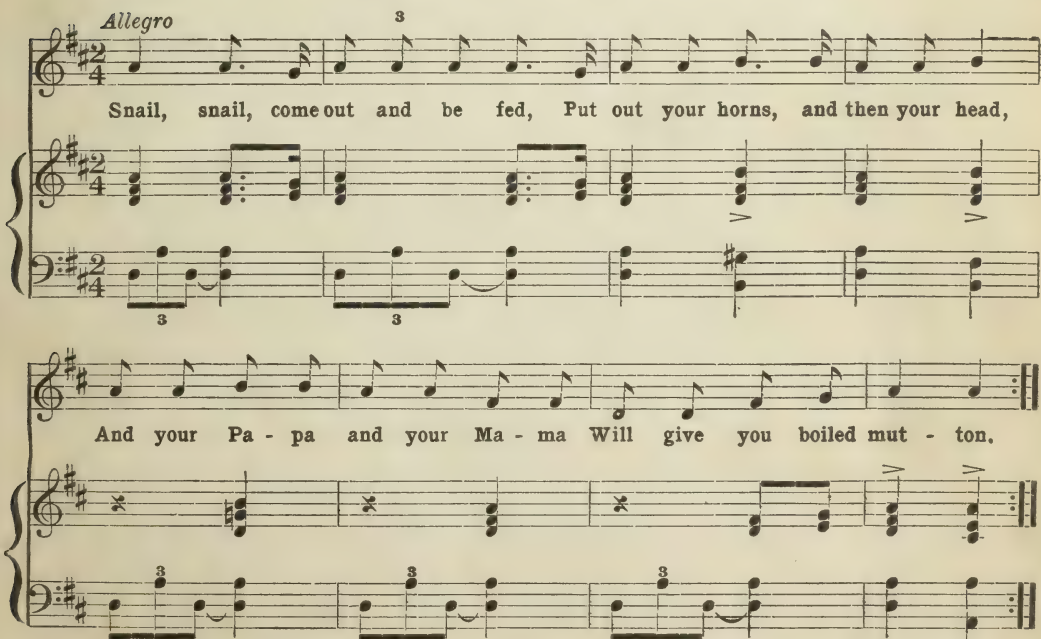
CHORUS



Cap - tain Jinks of the Horse Ma-rines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And
oft - en live be - yond my means, Tho' a cap - tain in the ar - my.

Chinese Baby-Song

Allegro



Snail, snail, come out and be fed, Put out your horns, and then your head,
And your Pa - pa and your Ma - ma Will give you boiled mut - ton.

Repeated ad infinitum.

Call Me Pet Names

Mrs. OSGOOD

Poco andante

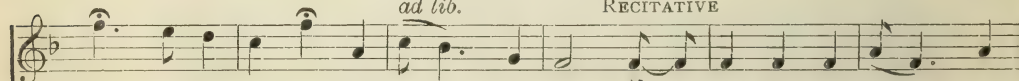
1. Call me pet names, dearest! Call me a bird, That flies to thy breast at one
2. Call me fond names, dearest! Call me a star, Whose smile's beaming welcome thou
3. Call me sweet names, darling! Call me a flow'r! That lives in the light of thy
4. Call me dear names, dar-ling! Call me thine own! Speak to me al-ways in

*sostenuto*

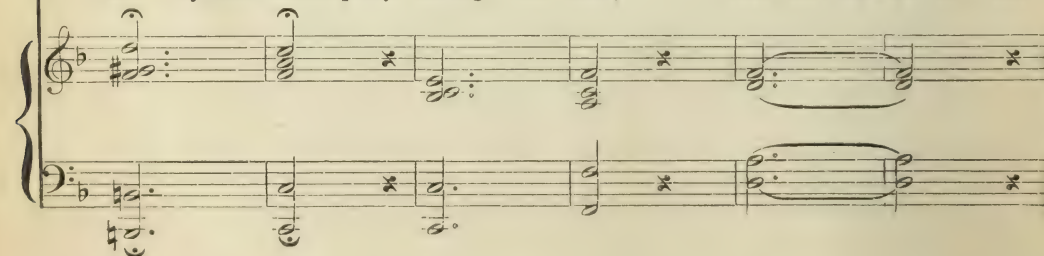
cher-ish-ing word; That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dream-ing of flight, That
 feel'st from a - far; Whose light is the clear-est, the tru-est to thee, When the
 smile each hour; That droops when its heav-en thy love . . . grows cold, That
 love's low tone; Let not thy look nor thy voice . . . grow cold,

*ad lib.*

RECITATIVE



ten-der-ly sings there in lov-ing de-light! Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for
 "night time of sor-row" steals o-ver life's sea. Oh! trust thy rich bark, where
 shrinks from the wick-ed, the false and bold, That blooms for thee on-ly, thro'
 Let my fond wor-ship thy be-ing en-fold; Love me for-ev-er, and



f Tempo

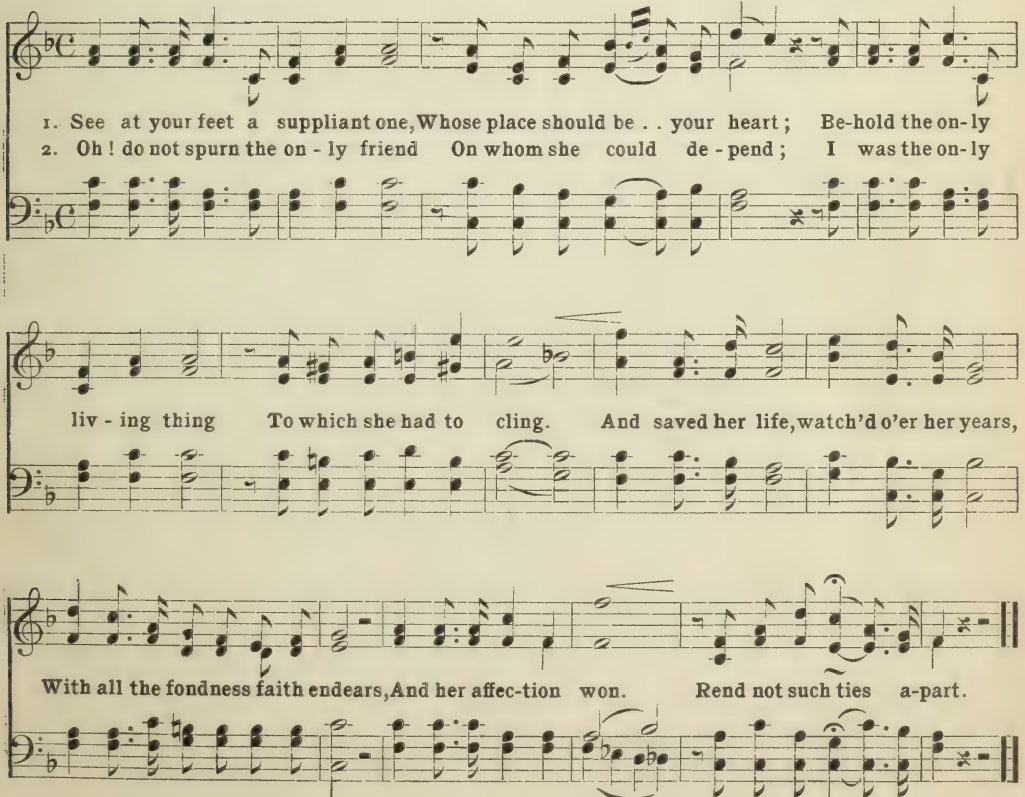


one fond word! Call me pet names, dear-est! Call me a bird!
 its warm rays are, Call me pet names, dar-ling! Call me thy star!
 sun-light and show'r. Call me pet names, dar-ling! Call me a flow'r!
 love me a-lone! Call me pet names, dar-ling! Call me thine own!

fp

See at Your Feet

M. W. BALFE
 From "Bohemian Girl"



1. See at your feet a suppliant one, Whose place should be . . your heart; Be-hold the on-ly
 2. Oh! do not spurn the on-ly friend On whom she could de-pend; I was the on-ly

liv-ing thing To which she had to cling. And saved her life, watch'd o'er her years,

With all the fondness faith endears, And her affec-tion won. Rend not such ties a-part.

"Vive La Compagnie"

As sung by the Maryland Cadets

1. Let Bac-chus to Ve-nus li-ba-tions pour fast, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie, And
 2. Let ev-'ry old bach-e-lor fill up his glass, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie, And
 3. Let ev-'ry old mar-ried mandrink to his wife, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie, The

let us make use of our time to the last, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie... Oh!
 drink to the health of his fav-o-rite lass, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie... Oh!
 friend of his bos-om and com-fort of life, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie... Oh!

CHORUS

Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour,
 Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour,

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Vi - ve l'a-mour, vi - ve l'a-mour, vi - ve la com - pa - gnie.

Vi - ve l'a-mour, vi - ve l'a-mour, vi - ve la com - pa - gnie.

ff

4 Come fill up your glasses — I'll give you a toast, 5 Since all, with good humor, I've toasted so free,
 Vive la compagnie. Vive la compagnie.
 Here's a health to our friend — our kind, worthy I hope it will please you to drink now with
 host, me,
 Vive la compagnie. Cho. Vive la compagnie. Cho

How Can I Leave Thee

Moderato

Thuringian Folksong

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
 2. Blue is a flow'r - et Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -
 3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor

hast my heart, Dear one, 'be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine
 on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - 'ret and hope may die,
 hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee. When by the fowl - er slain,

So close - ly bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
 Yet love with us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Dear one, be - lieve.
 I at thy feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst complain, Joy - ful I'd die.

The Bonnie Blue Flag

HARRY MACARTHY

1. We are a band of broth-ers, and na - tive to the soil, . . . Like
 2. As long as the old Un-ion was faith - ful to her trust, . . .

Fight - ing for the prop - er - ty we gain'd by hon - est toil; . . . And
 friends and like broth - ers, kind were we and just; . . . But

when our rights were threaten'd, the cry rose near and far, . . . Hur -
 now, when North-ern treach-ery at-tempts our rights to mar, . . . We

rah for the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star
 hoist on high the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star.

The Bonnie Blue Flag

61

CHORUS

1-6. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! for South - ern Rights, Hur - rah!
 7. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! for South - ern Rights, Hur - rah!
 Hur - rah! for the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star.
 Hur - rah! for the Bon - nie Blue Flag has gain'd th' E - lev - enth Star.

- 3 First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
 Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
 Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
 All rais'd on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. **Cho.**
- 4 Ye men of valor, gather round the Banner of the Right,
 Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
 Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
 Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. **Cho.**
- 5 And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State
 With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
 Impell'd by her example, now other states prepare
 To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. **Cho.**
- 6 Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
 Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
 And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
 So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. **Cho.**
- 7 Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,
 For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
 And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given —
 The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven. **Cho.**

Kiss Me Quick, and Go

F. BUCKLEY

Allegretto ma moderato

1. The oth - er night, while I was sparking Sweet Tar-li - na Spray, The more we whis-per'd
 2. Soon af - ter that I gave my love A moonlight prom-e - nade, At last we fetch'd up
 3. One Sun-day night we sat to-geth-er, Sigh-ing, side by side, Just like two win-ter

our love talk - ing, The more we had to say: . . The old folks and the
 to the door, just where the old folks stay'd; The clock struck twelve, her
 leaves of cab - bage, In the sun - shine fried. . My heart with love was

lit - tle folks, We tho't were fast in bed, We heard a foot-step on the stairs,
 heart struck too, And peep - ing o - ver head, We saw a night-cap raise the blind,
 nigh to split, To ask her for to wed, Said I, "Shall I go for the priest,

And what d'ye think she said? O! "Kiss me quick, and go! my hon-ey,

Kiss me quick and go! . . . To cheat surprise, and prying eyes, Why, kiss me quick and go!"

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

CHORUS

"Kiss me quick! and go! my hon-ey, Kiss me quick and go! . . . To cheat sur-prise, and
Sing one octave only

f

This system contains the chorus of the song. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The instruction "Sing one octave only" is written below the first line of the chorus.

dim. rall.
pry-ing eyes, Why, kiss me quick, and go!"

dim. rall.
mf
dim.

This system contains the second line of the song. It features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *dim.* (diminuendo), *rall.* (ritardando), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo).

A Thousand Leagues Away

W. C. BENNETT

J. BARNBY

Allegro con spirito

Allegro con spirito



- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| 1. The wind is blow-ing fresh,Kate,The boat rocks there for me ; | One kiss and I'm a - |
| 2. I half could be a landsman,While those dear eyes I see, | To hear the gale rave |
| 3. One kiss ; the tide ebbs fast,love ; I must not lag-gard be | Up-on the voy - age |

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The music is in common time and features a simple melody with a few notes and rests. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the bass staff.

way, Kate, For two long years to sea ; For two long years to
by with-out, While you sat snug with me ; But I must hear the
which, I hope, Will give my Kate to me. Pray for us, Kate ; such

think of you, Dream of you night and day, To long for you a -
storm howl by, The salt breeze whist - ling play Its weird sea - tune a -
pray'rs as yours God bids the winds o - bey, By for - tune heard, your

A handwritten musical score consisting of two staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef and contains several measures of music, including eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests, some grouped by slurs. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef and contains corresponding musical notation, including whole notes, half notes, and rests. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged paper.

dim. mezza voce

cross the sea, . . A thou-sand leagues a - way, A thou - sand leagues a -
 mong the shrouds, A thou-sand leagues a - way, A thou - sand leagues a -
 lov - ing word Will speed us far a - way, A thou - sand leagues a -

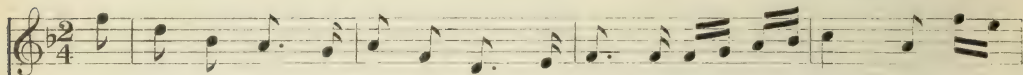
way, dear Kate, A thousand leagues a - way, While round the pole we toss and roll, . . A
 way, dear Kate, A thousand leagues a - way, While south we go, blow high, blow low, . . A
 way, my Kate, A thousand leagues a - way, God will be-friend the lad you send . . A

thou - sand leagues a - way.

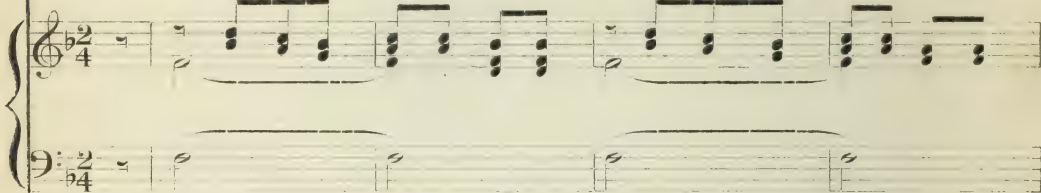
The Girl I Left Behind Me

Author Unknown

Old Irish Air



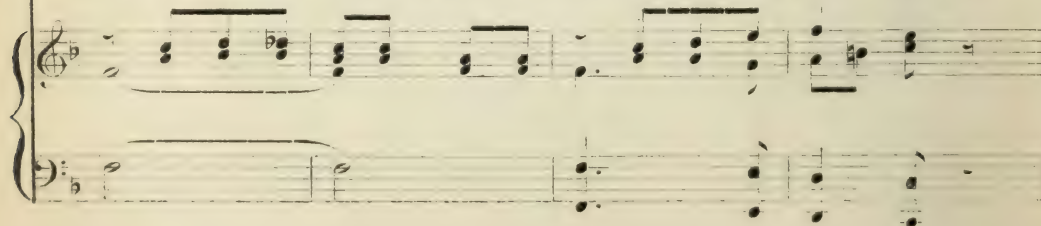
1. The dames of France are fond and free, And Flem-ish lips are will - ing, And
2. For she's as fair as Shannon's side, And pur - er than its wa - ter, But
3. She says, "My own dear love, come home, My friends are rich and ma - ny, Or
4. For nev - er shall my true love brave A life of war and toil - ing, And



soft the maids of I - ta - ly, And Span-ish eyes are thrill - ing; Still
 she re - fus'd to be my bride Though ma - ny a year I sought her; Yet,
 else a - broad with you I'll roam, A sol - dier stout as an - y; If
 nev - er as a skulk - ing slave I'll tread my na - tive soil on; But



though I bask be - neath their smile, Their charms fail to bind me, And my
 since to France I sail'd a - way, Her let - ters oft re - mind me, That I
 you'll not come, nor let me go, I'll think you have re - signed me," My
 were it free or to be freed, The bat - tle's close would find me To



heart falls back to E-rin's Isle, To the girl I left be-hind me.
 prom-is'd nev-er to gain-say The girl I left be-hind me.
 heart nigh broke when I an-swered "No" To the girl I left be-hind me.
 Ire-land bound, nor mes-sage need From the girl I left be-hind me.

A Song of the Sea

Written from memory, by Mrs. W. A. FISHER

Probably 100 years old

1. A sail-or's life is a rov-ing life, It robbed me of my heart's de-light,
 2. Go build me up some lit-tle boat, That I may on the o-cean float,
 3. I had not sailed far o'er the deep, Be-fore a large ship I chanced to meet.
 4. "A deep blue jack-et he used to wear, With ro-sy cheeks and coal black hair,

And caus-ed me to la-ment and mourn, And sad-ly wait for his re-turn.
 And ev-'ry ship that I do pass by, I will in-quire for my sail-or boy.
 I said "Bold Cap-tain, O tell me true, Does my sweet Wil-liam sail with you?
 His lips were of a vel-vet fine, And oft time used to meet with mine."

5 "Oh no, fair maid, he sails not here,
 He's drowned in the deep, I fear,
 Near that lone island, which you passed by,
 You've chanced to lose your sailor boy."

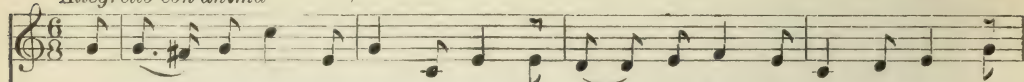
6 She wrung her hands, she tore her hair,
 Like some fair maid in deep despair,
 Her boat against the rocks she run,
 Crying, "Alas, I am undone.

7 "Now, I'll go home and write a song,
 I'll write it true, I'll write it long,
 On every line I'll shed a tear,
 On every verse, 'Fare you well, my dear.'"

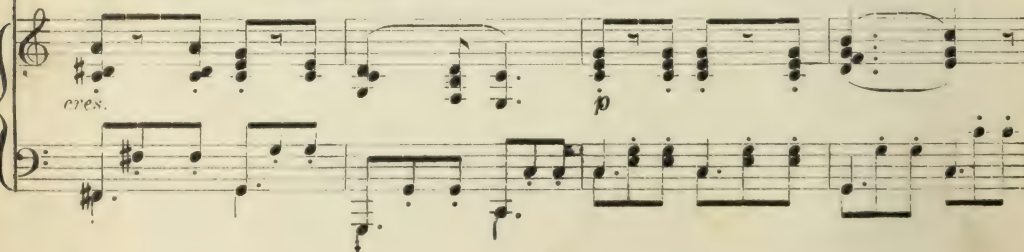
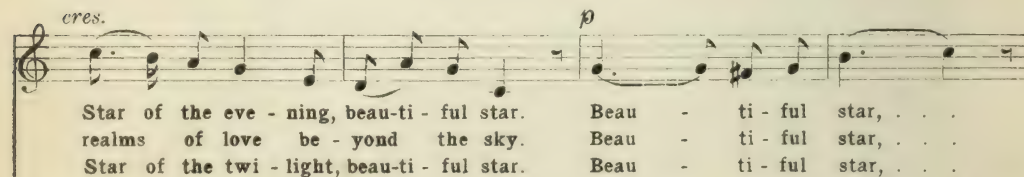
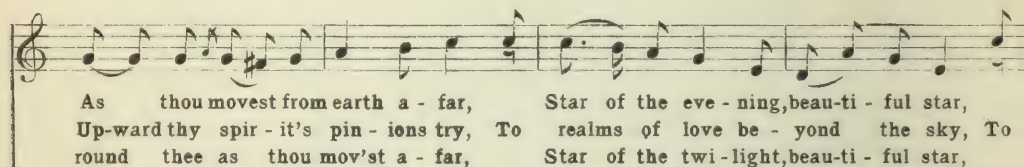
8 Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
 Place a marble stone at my head and feet,
 And, on my breast, a turtle dove,
 To show this world, I died for love.

Beautiful Star in Heaven so Bright

S. M. SAYLES

Allegretto con anima

1. Beau-ti-ful star, in heav'n so bright, Soft - ly falls thy sil - v'ry light,
 2. In fan - cy's eye thou seem'st to say, "Fol - low me, come, from earth a - way;"
 3. Shine on, oh! star of love di - vine, And may our souls' af - fec - tion twine A -



cres. *f* *dim.* *p* *rall.*

Beau - ti - ful star, . . Star . . of the eve - ning, Beautiful, beauti - ful star.

cres. *f* *dim.* *p* *rall.*

Arise, My Soul!

CHARLES WESLEY

LEWIS EDSON

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed - ing Sac - ri -

2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all - re - deem - ing

3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef - fect - ual

4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pardoning voice I hear: He owns me for His

fic In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be -

love, His pre - cious blood, to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race, His

prayers, They strong - ly plead for me: "For - give him, Oh, for - give," they cry, "For -

child; I can no lon - ger fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With

for the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands

blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace

give him, Oh, for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."

con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

Angels Ever Bright and Fair

HÄNDEL

Larghetto

mf

p

An - gels ev - er bright and fair,

tr

p

An - gels ev - er bright and fair, take, oh, take me, take, oh, take me to your

care, take me, take, oh, take me, An - gels

ev - er bright and fair, take, oh, take me to your care,

take, oh, take me to your care.

FINE

Speed to your own courts my flight, clad in robes of vir - gin

white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, take me,

D.S.

A Yankee Ship, and a Yankee Crew

C. M. KING

f *ff* *p*

1. A yan - kee ship and a yan - kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know; O'er the
 2. A yan - kee ship and a yan - kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know; With
 3. A yan - kee ship and a yan - kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know; The
 4. A yan - kee ship and a yan - kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know;

f *ff* *fz* *f*

bright blue waves like a sea - bird flew, Sing hey a - loft and a - low. Her
 hearts on board both gal-lant and true; The same a - loft, and a - low. The
 boats all clear, the wreck we now view, "All hands" a - loft and a - low. A
 Free-dom de - fends the land where it grew, We're free a - loft and a - low. Bearing

p *ff* *fz*

wings are spread to the fai - ry breeze The spray sparkling as thrown from her
 black - en'd sky, and the whist - ling wind, Fore - tell the ap - proach of the
 ship's his throne, the sea his world, He ne'er sheers from a ship-mate dis -
 down is a foe in re - gal pride, De - fi - ance at each mast -

p *fz*

prow, Her flag is the proudest that floats on the seas, Her way homeward she's steering
 gale; As home and its joys flit o'er each mind, Husbands! lovers! "on deck there, a
 tress'd; All's well; the reef'd sails a - gain unfurled, O'er the swell, he is cradled to
 head. One's a wreck and she bears, as she floats a - longside, Stars and stripes e'er to vic-to-ry

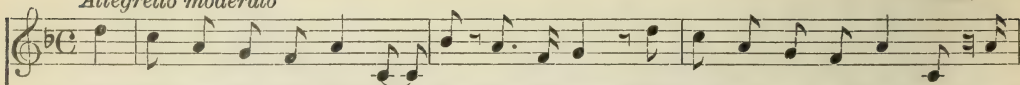
now. A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know, O'er the
 sail! " A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; Dis -
 rest. A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know, Storm past,
 wed, For a yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know, Ne'er

bright blue waves like a sea - bird flew, Sing hey a - loft and a - low.
 tress is the word, God speed them thro', Bear a hand, a - loft and a - low.
 drink to "wives and to sweethearts" too, All hands! a - loft and a - low.
 strike to a foe while the sky is blue, Or a tar's a - loft or a - low.

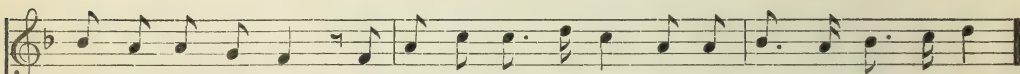
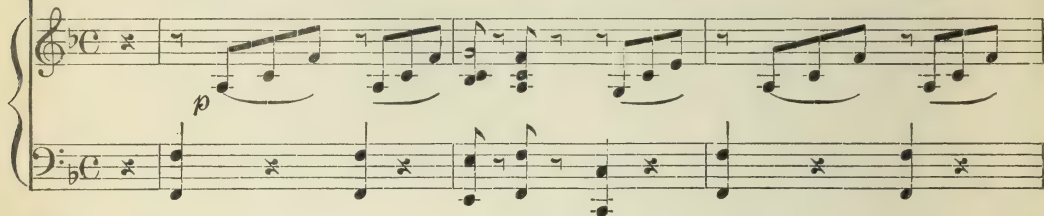
Oh! Willie, We Have Miss'd You

Allegretto moderato

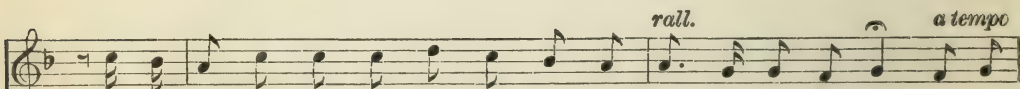
S. C. FOSTER



1. Oh! Wil-lie, is it you, dear, Safe, safe at home? They did not tell me true, dear, They
2. We've long'd to see you nightly, But this night of all; The fire was blaz-ing bright-ly, And
3. The days were sad without you, The nights long and drear; My dreams have been about you, Oh!



said you would not come. I heard you at the gate, And it made my heart re-joice,
lights were in the hall; The lit-tle ones were up Till 'twas ten o'-clock and past,
wel-come, Wil-lie dear! Last night I wept and watch'd By the moonlight's cheerless ray,



For I knew that wel-come foot-step, And that dear, fa-mil-iar voice, Mak-ing
Then their eyes be-gan to twin-kle, And they're gone to sleep at last; But they
Till I thought I heard your foot-step, Then I wip'd my tears a-way; But my



rall. *a tempo*

mu - sic on my ear, In the lone - ly mid - night gloom : Oh!
 lis - ten'd for your voice, Till they thought you'd nev - er come : Oh!
 heart grew sad a - gain, When I found you had not come : Oh!

p a tempo

rall.

Willie, we have miss'd you; Welcome, welcome home!

a tempo. cres. **Fin**

English Chanty

ff SOLO **CHORUS**

1. Come, ship - mates and broth - ers, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men,
 2. The wind it blows hard, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, Each
 3. Come, loose ev - 'ry sail, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, We'll
 4. Our hearts they are light, Ho yo Cheer - ly, men, Each

SOLO **CHORUS** **SOLO**

Haul all to - geth - er, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, Help one an - oth - er,
 tar knows his card, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, We'll soon man the yards,
 soon face the gale, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, Stout hearts which ne'er fail,
 eye it seems bright, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, We bid you good - night,

CHORUS

Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, O hau - ley, ho yo, Cheer - ly, men!

De Boatmen's Dance

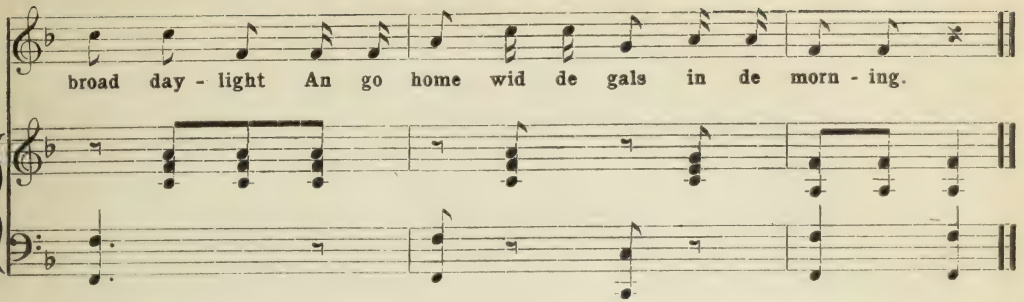
DAN D. SMITH

High row, de boat-men, row, float-in' down de rib-ber, de O - hi - o. 1. De
 2. Do
 3. I

boat-men dance, de boat-men sing, De boat-men up to eb-ry ting, An
 oys - ter boat should keep to de shore, De fish - in smack should ven-ture more. De
 went on board de od - der day To see what de boat-men had to say, An

when de boat-men gets on shore, He spends his cash an works for more, Den
 schoon-er sails be - fore de wind, De steam-boat leaves a streak be - hind. O
 dar I let my pas - sion loose, Andey cram me in de cal - la - boose. O

dance de boat-men dance, O dance de boat-men dance, O dance all night till



4 I've come dis time, I'll come no more,
 Let me loose, I'll go ashore;
 For dey whole hoss, an dey a bully crew
 Wid a hoosier mate an a captain too.
 O dance, etc.

6 De boatman is a thrifty man,
 Dar's none can do as de boatman can;
 I nebber see a putty gal in my life
 But dat she was a boatman's wife.
 O dance, etc.

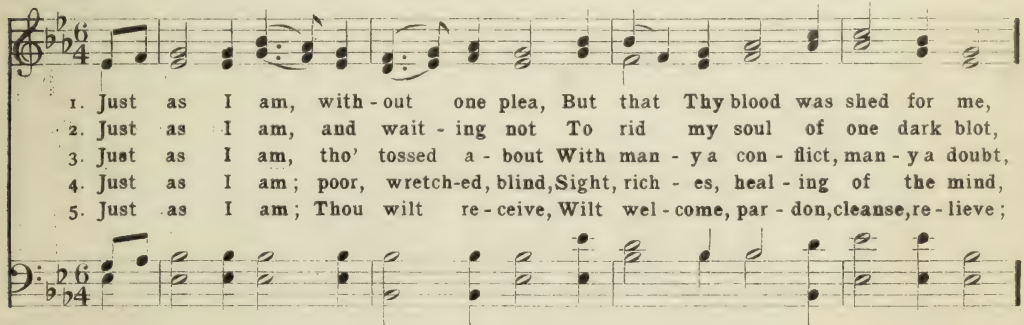
5 When you go to de boatmen's ball,
 Dance wid my wife, or don't dance at all;
 Sky blue jacket an tarpaulin hat,
 Look out, my boys, for de nine-tail cat.
 O dance, etc.

7 When de boatman blows his horn,
 Look out, old man, your hog is gone;
 He cotch my sheep, he cotch my shoat,
 Den put em in a bag an toat em to de boat.
 O dance, etc.

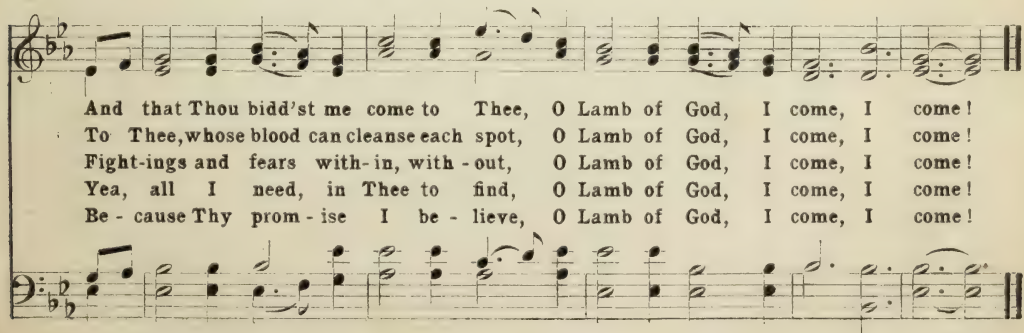
Just as I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

WM. B. BRADBURY



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With man - ya con - flict, man - ya doubt,
 4. Just as I am; poor, wretch-ed, blind, Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am; Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve;



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Larboard Watch

DUET

T. WILLIAMS

mf *p*

1. At drear - y mid - night's cheer - less hour, De - sert - ed e'en by
 2. With anx - ious care he eyes each wave, That swell - ing, threat-ens

mf *p*

f *p*

Cyn-thia's beams, When tempests beat and tor-rents pour, And twinkling stars no lon-ger gleam;
 to o'er-whelm, And his storm-beat-en bark to save, Di-rects with skill the faith-ful helm.

f *p*

The wea - ried sai - lor, spent with toil, Clings firm-ly to the weather shrouds And
 With joy he drinks the cheeringgrog, 'Mid storms that bellow loud and hoarse, With

p *p e dol.*

still the lengthen'd hour to guile, And still the lengthen'd hour to guile,
 joy he heaves the reel - ing log, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log,

Larboard Watch

79

Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds, Sings as he views the
And marks the lee - way and the course, And marks the lee - way

dol.

gath - 'ring clouds, "Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!"
and the course, "Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!"

f ad lib.

But who can speak the joy he feels While o'er the foam his ves-sel

Poco allegretto animato

f animato

reels, And his tir'd eye - lids slumb'ring fall, He rous-es at the welcome call Of

a tempo

rit.

Larboard Watch

adagio ad lib.

“Lar - board Watch, A-hoy! Lar-board Watch, Lar - board Watch, Larboard Watch, A-hoy!”

The musical score for 'Larboard Watch' is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score begins with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "Lar - board Watch, A-hoy! Lar-board Watch, Lar - board Watch, Larboard Watch, A-hoy!". The piano accompaniment features chords and single notes, with dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The tempo/style marking is *adagio ad lib.*

Bonnie Dundee

WALTER SCOTT

1. To the Lords of Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver - house spoke, "Ere the
 2. Dun - dee he is mount - ed, he rides up the street, The
 3. There are hills be - yond Pent - land, and lands be - yond Forth, If there's
 4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I

King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, So each Ca - va - lier who loves
 bells they ring back-ward, the drums they are beat, But the Pro - vost (douce man) said "Just
 lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north; There are brave Dunnie was - sels, three
 own a u - surp - er I'll crouch wi' the fox; And trem - ble, false Whigs, in the

The musical score for 'Bonnie Dundee' is written for voice and piano. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 6/8. The score begins with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "1. To the Lords of Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver - house spoke, 'Ere the 2. Dun - dee he is mount - ed, he rides up the street, The 3. There are hills be - yond Pent - land, and lands be - yond Forth, If there's 4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I". The piano accompaniment features chords and single notes, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The score continues with a second system of music, including the lyrics: "King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, So each Ca - va - lier who loves bells they ring back-ward, the drums they are beat, But the Pro - vost (douce man) said 'Just lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north; There are brave Dunnie was - sels, three own a u - surp - er I'll crouch wi' the fox; And trem - ble, false Whigs, in the".

hon - or and me, Let him fol - low the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun - dee."
e'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun - dee;"
thou - sand times three, Will cry "Hey for the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun - dee."
midst of your glee, Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bon-nets and me.

The first system of the musical score for 'Bonnie Dundee'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can, Come,

mf

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can, Come,' are written below the vocal line. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed below the piano part.

sad - dle my hors - es, and call out my men, Un - hook the west port and

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment continue. The lyrics 'sad - dle my hors - es, and call out my men, Un - hook the west port and' are written below the vocal line.

let us gae free, For it's up with the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun - dee.

p

The fourth system of the musical score, which concludes the piece. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment end with a double bar line. The lyrics 'let us gae free, For it's up with the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun - dee.' are written below the vocal line. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed below the piano part.

Hard Times Come Again No More

S. C. FOSTER

1. Let us pause in life's pleas-ures, and count its ma - ny tears, While we
 2. While we seek mirth and beau - ty, and mu - sic light and gay, There are
 3. 'Tis a sigh that is waft - ed a - cross the trou - bled wave, 'Tis a

all sup sor - row with the poor; . . There's a song that will lin - ger for
 frail forms faint - ing at the door: . . Tho' their voi - ces are si - lent, their
 wail that is heard up - on the shore; . . 'Tis a dirge that is mur - mur'd a -

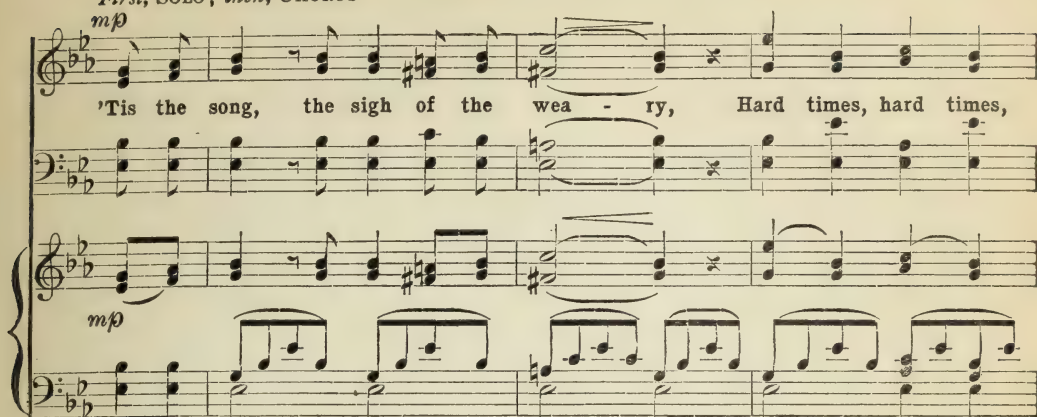
ev - er in our ears, "Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more."
 plead - ing looks will say, "Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more."
 round the low - ly grave, "Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more."

Hard Times Come Again No More

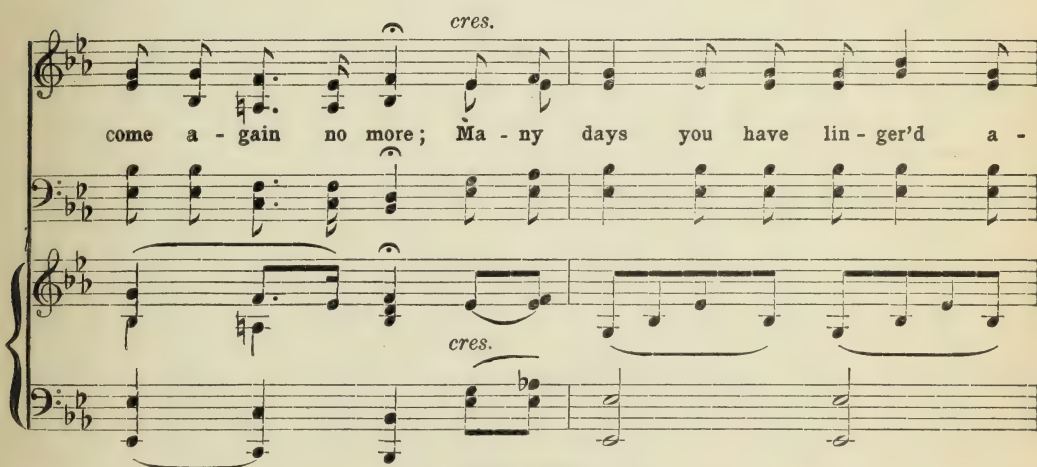
83

First, SOLO; then, CHORUS

mp



'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry, Hard times, hard times,



come a - gain no more; Ma - ny days you have lin - ger'd a -



round my cab - in door, Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more. . . .

Douglas! Tender and True

Author Unknown

Lady JOHN SCOTT

Soave

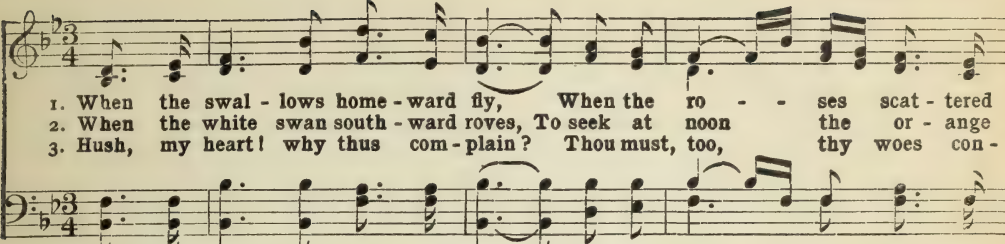
1. Could ye come back to me, Doug-las! Doug-las!
 2. Nev-er a scorn-ful word should pain you,
 3. I was not half wor-thy of you, Doug-las!
 4. Oh! to call back the days that are not;
 5. Stretch out your hand to me, Doug-las! Doug-las!

In the old like-ness that I knew, I would be so faith-ful, so lov-ing, Douglas!
 I'd smile as sweet as an-gels do; Sweet as your smile on me shone ev-er,
 Not half wor-thy the like of you; Now all men be-sides are to me like shadows,
 Mine eyes were blinded, your words are few; Do you know the truth now up in Heaven?
 Drop forgiveness from Heav'n like dew, As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas!

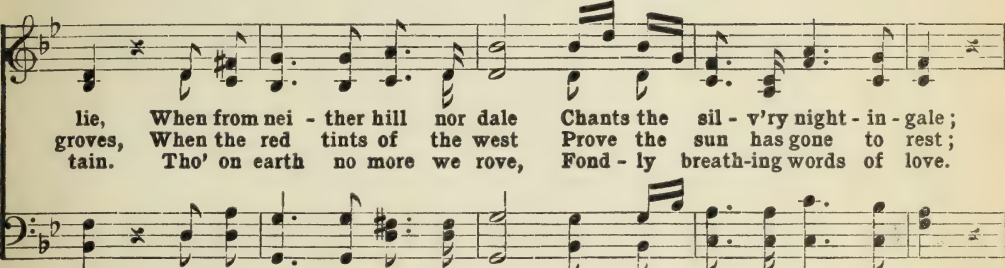
Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.

When the Swallows

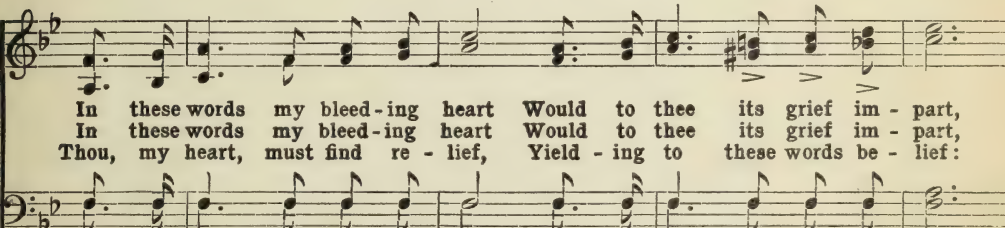
FRANZ ABT



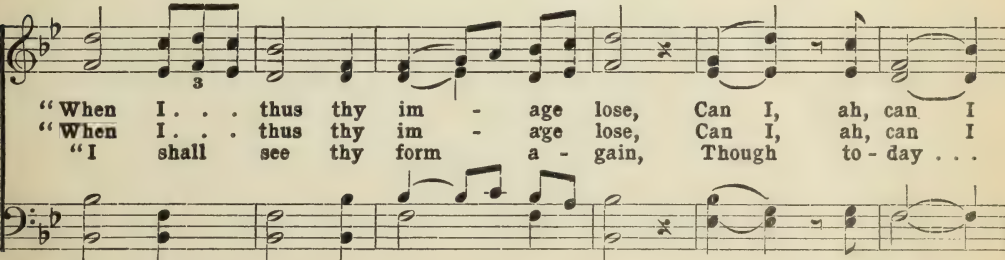
1. When the swal - lows home - ward fly, When the ro - - ses scat - tered
 2. When the white swan south - ward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange
 3. Hush, my heart! why thus com - plain? Thou must, too, thy woes con -



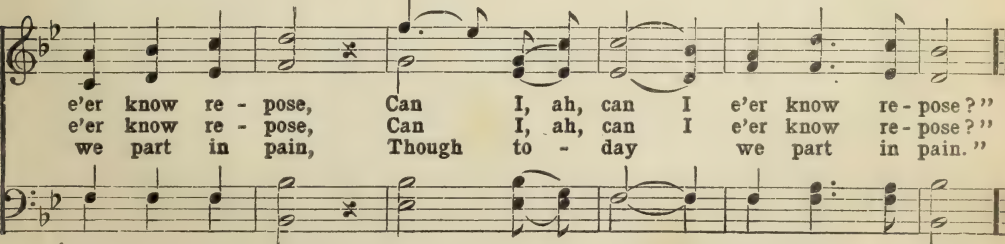
lie, When from nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil - v'ry night - in - gale;
 groves, When the red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest;
 tain. Tho' on earth no more we rove, Fond - ly breath - ing words of love.



In these words my bleed - ing heart Would to thee its grief im - part,
 In these words my bleed - ing heart Would to thee its grief im - part,
 Thou, my heart, must find re - lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief:



"When I . . . thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I
 "When I . . . thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I
 "I shall see thy form a - gain, Though to - day . . .



e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?"
 e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?"
 we part in pain, Though to - day we part in pain."

I've Left the Snow-Clad Hills

G. LINLEY

Allegretto ma non troppo

1. I've left the snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, My
 2. Be - side those snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, Dwells

own, my dear Dal - kar - lia, For a stran - ger land. I'm
 one, to whom I'm plight - ed To be - stow my hand. But

but a poor, young girl, In my sim - ple, peas - ant guise; Un -
 not with - out a heart, Would I pledge with word or vow, And

skill'd in all the arts and wiles That world - lings prize; I
 I've no heart to give him, For he has it now. That

I've Left the Snow-Clad Hills

87

Piu mosso

trill my moun - tain lay, Ev - 'ry-where I chance to roam; Oh!
youth he is so no - ble, That youth he is so brave, Oh!

rall.

sweet the song to me, For it takes me back to home. No
soon - er than de - sert him I'd lie me in my grave. No

col voce.

A tempo

rall.

place can ev - er be, to me, Like that dear home. My
won - der, I am pi - ning then, For home a - gain. My

ritard.

rall.

own, sweet home! My own be - lov - ed home!

ritard.

f

Upidee

1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, Tral la la, Tral la la, As
 2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Tral la la, Tral la la, Flashed
 3. "O stay," the maid - en said, "and rest," Tral la la, Tral la la, "Thy

through an Al - pine vil - lage passed, Tral la la la la! A
 like a faul - chion from his sheaf, Tral la la la la! And
 wea - ry head up - on this breast," Tral la la la la! A

ritard.
 youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice A ban - ner with the strange de - vice,
 like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac - cents of that un - known tongue,
 tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he an - swered with a sigh,

ritard.

f CHORUS
 U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da,

f

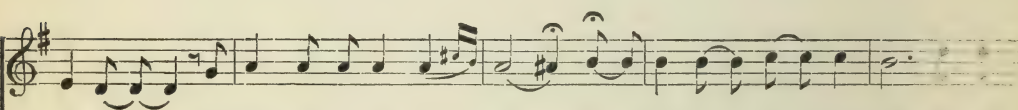
Break, Break, Break

ALFRED TENNYSON

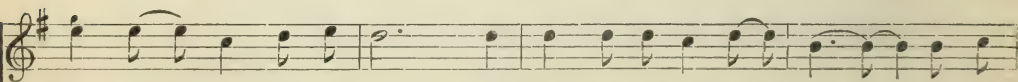
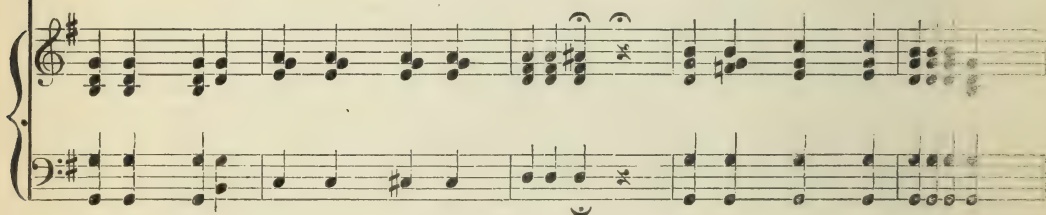
WM. R. DEMPSTER



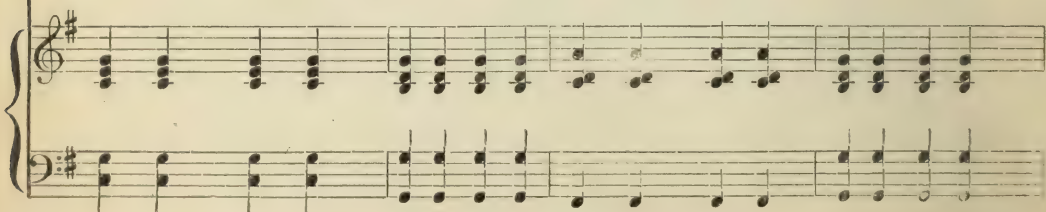
1. Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could
 2. Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea! But the ten - der grace of a



ut - ter . . . The tho'ts that a-rise in me. O well for the fish-erman's boy, That he
 day that is dead Will nev-er come back to me. And the state-ly ships go on To their



shouts with his sis - ter at play! O well for the sail - or lad, That he
 ha - ven un - der the hill; But, O for the touch of a vanished hand, And the



sings in his boat on the bay! Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 sound of a voice that is still! Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

Oft in the Stilly Night

THOMAS MOORE

Andantino

1. Oft in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has bound me,
 2. When I re-mem-ber all The friends, so link'd to- geth-er,
 D.C.—Thus, in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has bound me,

Fond mem-'ry brings the light Of oth-er days a-round me.
 I've seen a-round me fall, Like leaves in win-try weath-er,
 Sad mem-'ry brings the light Of oth-er days a-round me.

The smiles, the tears Of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spo-ken. The
 I feel like one Who treads a-lone Some ban-quet hall de-sert-ed, Whose

eyes that shone, Now dimm'd and gone, The cheer-ful hearts now bro-ken!
 lights are fled, Whose gar-lands dead, And all but he de-part-ed.

Dream Faces

W. M. HUTCHINSON

1. The shad - ows lie a - cross the dim old room, The fire - light
2. Once more I see a - cross the dis - tant years A face, long

glows and fades in - to the gloom, While mem - 'ry sails to
gone with all its smiles and tears, Once more I press a

child - hood's distant shore, And dreams, and dreams of days that are no more.
ten - der, lov - ing hand, And with my dar - ling 'neath the old oak stand.

Dream Faces

93

S: p Allegro

Sweet dreamland fa - ces, pass - ing to and fro, . . . Bring back to

mem - 'ry days of long a - go, . . . Mur - mur - ing gent - ly

thro' a mist of pain, "Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet a - gain!" Once

2. Andante p

gain!" 3. But all I loved are gone, And I a - lone in life, To wait, and wait, and

Dream Faces

pp cres - - - - -

wait, Till Death shall end the strife; Un - til once more I join The

pp cres - - - - -

pp rall.

cen - - - - do

hearts that loved me best, Where the wick - ed cease from

pp rall.

cen - - - - do

ad lib. *D.S.*

troub - ling, And the wea - ry are at rest!

ad lib. *D.S.*

ff *ad lib.*

gain, We shall meet, shall meet a - gain!"

ff *ad lib.*

Bridal Chorus, from Lohengrin

RICHARD WAGNER

Andante

mf Guid-ed by us, thrice hap-py pair, En-ter this door-way, 'tis love that in-vites;

mf

All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri-umph-ant for-ev-er u-nites.

Cham-pion of vir-tue, bold-ly ad-vance, Flow'r of all beau-ty, gen-tly ad-vance;

p Now the loud mirth of rev-'ling is end-ed, Night, bring-ing peace and bliss, has de-

p

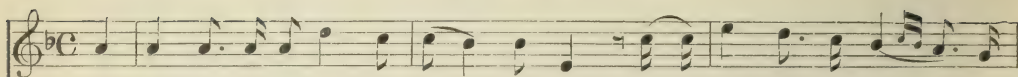
D.C. scend-ed. Fann'd by the breath of hap-pi-ness, rest, Clos'd to the world, by love on-ly blest!

2 umph-ant for ev-er u-nites, for-ev-er u-nites.

f

Oh! Don't You Remember Sweet Alice

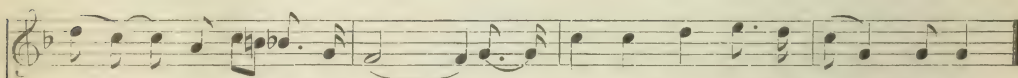
Or Ben Bolt



1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice with hair so
 2. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the green sun-ny slope of the
 3. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, And the mas-ter so kind and so



brown, . . . She wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And
 hill, . . . When oft we have sung 'neath its wide spread-ing shade, And kept
 true, . . . And the lit-tle nook by the clear run-ning brook, Where we



trem-bled with fear at your frown; . . In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt,
 time to the click of the mill; . . The mill has gone to de-cay, Ben Bolt,
 gath-ered the flow'rs as they grew; . . On the Mas-ter's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,



In a cor-ner ob - scure and a - lone . . They have fit-ted a slab of
And a qui-et now reigns all a - round. . See the old rus-tic porch with its
And the run-ning lit-tle brook is now dry; . . And of all the friends who were

gran-ite so grey, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone. . . They have
ro - ses so sweet, Lies scat-ter'd and fall'n to the ground. . . See the
school - mates then, There re - main, Ben, but you and I. . . . And of

fit-ted a slab of gran-ite so grey, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone. . .
old rus-tic porch, with its ro-ses so sweet, Lies scatter'd and fall'n to the ground. .
all the friends, who were school-mates then, There remain, Ben, but you and I. . . .

Fading, Still Fading

Portuguese Melody

Andantino mf

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last . . . beam is shin - ing,
 2. Fa - ther in heav - en, Oh! hear . . . when we call, . . .

Fa - ther in heav - en, the day . . is de - clin - ing;
 Hear for Christ's sake, who is Sav - iour of all, . . .

Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light, Temp -
 Fee - ble and faint - ing we trust in Thy might, In

ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the
 doubt - ing and dark - ness Thy love be our light; Let us

fall of the shade till the morn - ing bells chime,
sleep on Thy breast while the night ta - per burns, And

Shield me from dan - ger and save me from crime.
wake in Thy arms when the morn - ing re - turns.

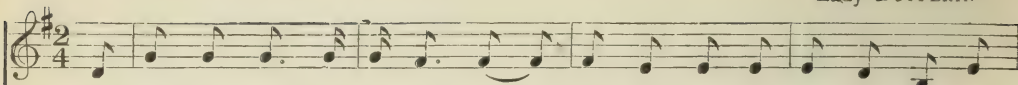
QUARTET

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy,

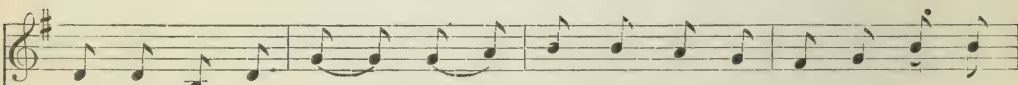
Fa - ther, have mer - cy, thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

Katey's Letter

Lady DUFFERIN



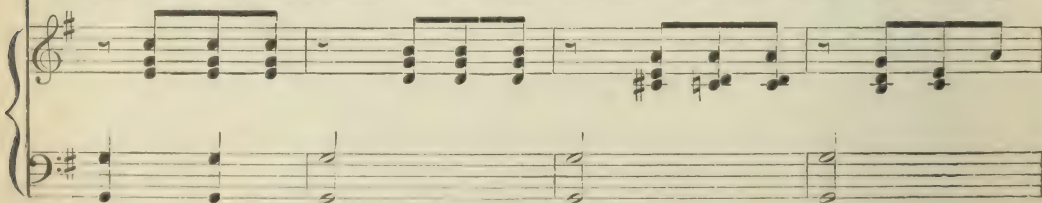
1. Och girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al -
2. My heart was full, but when I wrote I dar'd not put the half in, The
3. I wrote it, and I fold - ed it, and put a seal up - on it, 'Twas a
4. Now girls, would you be - lieve it, that post - man so con - sail - ed, No



tho' he can - not read, sure I tho't 'twas all the bet - ter, For
 neigh - bors know I love him, and they're might - y fond of chaff - ing, So I
 seal al - most as big, as the crown of my best bon - net, For I
 an - swer will he bring me, so long as I have wait - ed, But



why should he be puz - zled with hard spell - ing in the mat - ter, When the
 dar'd not write his name out - side, for fear they would be laugh - ing, So I
 would not have the Post - mas - ter make his re - marks up - on it, As I
 may - be there mayn't be one, for the ra - son that I stat - ed, That my



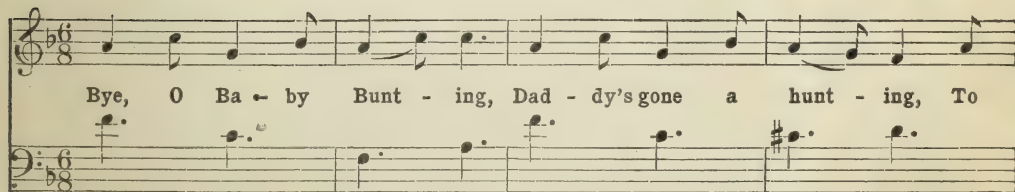


mane - ing was so plain that I love him faith - ful - ly, I
 wrote, "From lit - tle Kate to one whom she loves faith - ful - ly," I
 said in - side the let - ter, that I lov'd him faith - ful - ly, I
 love can neith - er read nor write but he loves me faith - ful - ly, He

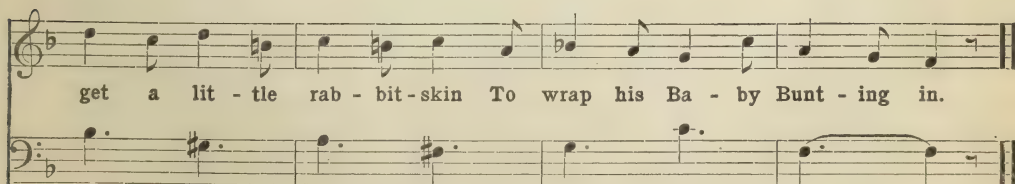


love him faithful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with - out one word from me.
 love him faithful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with - out one word from me.
 love him faithful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with - out one word from me.
 loves me faithful - ly, And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.

Baby Bunting



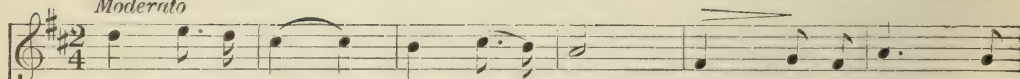
Bye, O Ba - by Bunt - ing, Dad - dy's gone a hunt - ing, To



get a lit - tle rab - bit - skin To wrap his Ba - by Bunt - ing in.

Long Ago

FRANK MUSGRAVE

Moderato

1. "Long, long a - go, . . long, long a - go," Do not these words re -
 2. "Long, long a - go," when ma - ny a sound A - woke to mirth that
 3. "Long, long a - go," the hopes we nurs'd — In sol - i - tude — of
 4. "Long, long a - go," who breathes there here, O'er whom the past hath



call past years, And scarce - ly know - ing why they flow,
 sad - dens now, And ma - ny a spark - ling eye went round,
 earth - ly fame Were bright as bub - bles are that burst,
 no such pow'r? Young heart if now thy sky is clear,



Bring to the eyes un - bid - den tears; Do you not
 That weeps be - neath a dark - en'd brow; When with our
 A glit - t'ring drop, an emp - ty name: Oh, but to
 Be - ware, be - ware the fu - ture hour: Per - chance the



feel as back they come, . . . Those dim sweet
 whole young hap - py hearts, . . . We lov'd and
 be . . one hour a - gain . . . (What - ev - er
 tones that ech - - o now, . . . In af - ter

dim.

dreams of old - en days, . . . A yearn - ing to your
 laugh'd a - way the time, . . . Nor thought how quick - ly
 that sweet hour might cost!) . . . Free from mem - 'ry's
 years thou'lt hear a - gain; . . . And gaz - ing on each

dim.

child - hood's home, Peo - pled with tones of love and praise.
 all de - parts, So cher - ish'd in life's ear - ly prime.
 tor - turing pain, With those we loved, with those we lost.
 fa - ded brow, Wilt sigh - ing say, I heard that strain.

Long Ago

f

Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go, In the young soul's ear - ly flow,

f

Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go, In the young soul's ear - ly flow,

f

Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go, In the young soul's ear - ly flow,

f

Allegretto moderato

p

p *rall.*

We sang the songs of home and love, Round the fire - side's laugh - ing glow.

p *rall.*

Long long a - go, Long, long a - go, Round the fire - side's laughing glow.

p *rall.*

Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go, Round the fire - side's laughing glow.

p *rall.*

p *rall.*

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

BEN JONSON

W. A. MOZART

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . .
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee, . .

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; . . . But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . .
thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . . .

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine, . . for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee, . . but thee.

Tempest of the Heart

From VERDI's "Il Trovatore"

Largo

1. Her bright eyes whose ra - diant gleam - ing Pales the stars in yon fair
 2. Airs that wan - der, mur - m'ring round us, Waft the prayer that I, so
 1. *Il ba - len del suo sor - ri - so d'u - na stel - la vin - ce il -*

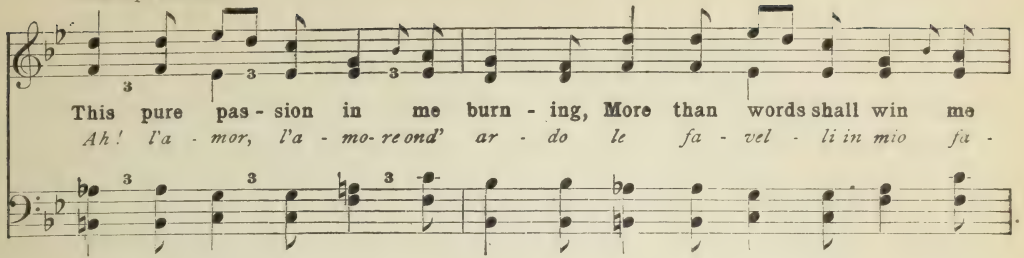
heav - en, With her smile in beauty beam - ing, Round me throw their witching spell, new ardor
 lonely, Breathe for those blest ties that bound us, While her love, oh! rare sweet dream, is mine, mine
rag - gio; il ful - gor del suo bel vi - so no - vo in - fon - de, no - vo in - fon - de a me co -

pp
 giv - en! Ah! this pas - sion pure with - in me burn - ing, More than
 on - ly! Ah! this pas - sion pure with - in me burn - ing, More than
rag - gio. Ah! l'a mor, l'a - mo - re ond' ar - do le fa -

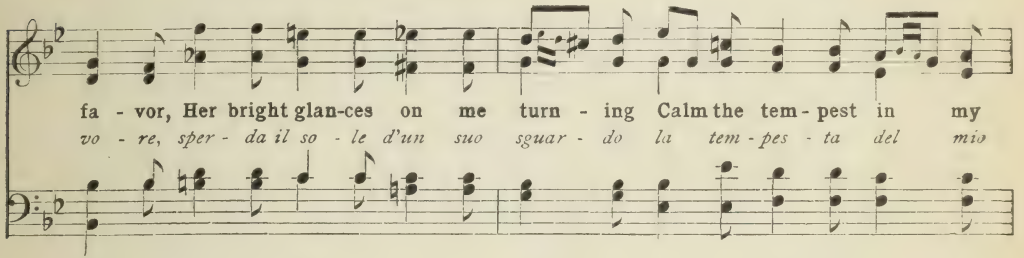
dolce
 words shall plead a lov - er's part; . . . Her bright glan - ces on me . . .
vel - li in mi - o fa - vor . . . sper - da il so - le d'un suo . . .

turn - ing, Calm the tem - pest, Calm the tem - pest, in my heart.
sguar - do la tem - pes - ta, la tem - pes - ta del mio cor.

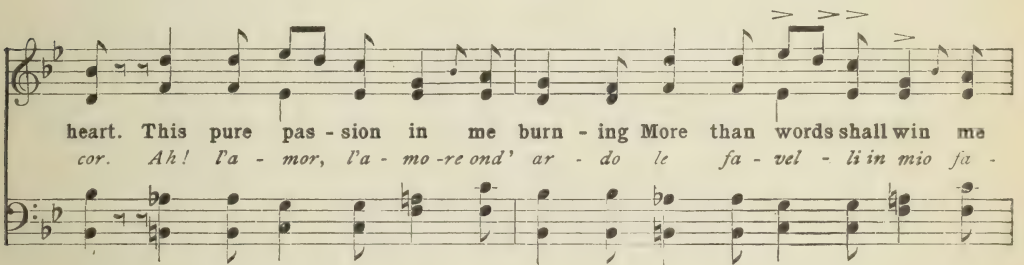
con espressione



This pure pas-sion in me burn-ing, More than words shall win me
 Ah! l'a-mor, l'a-mo-re ond' ar-do le fa-vel-li in mio fa-



fa-vor, Her bright glan-ces on me turn-ing Calm the tem-pest in my
 vo-re, sper-da il so-le d'un suo sguar-do la tem-pes-ta del mio



heart. This pure pas-sion in me burn-ing More than words shall win me
 cor. Ah! l'a-mor, l'a-mo-re ond' ar-do le fa-vel-li in mio fa-



fa-vor, Her bright glan-ces on me, turn-ing, Calm the tem-pest,
 vo-re, sper-da il so-le d'un suo sguar-do la tem-pes-ta



Ah! calm the tem-pest in my heart.
 Ah! sì, la tem-pes-ta del mio cor.

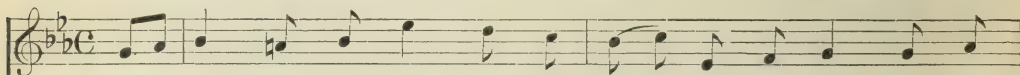
Bonny Eloise

The Belle of the Mohawk Vale

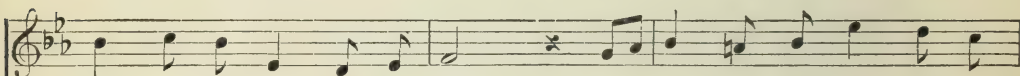
A song taken up by Military Bands North and South in 1861

C. W. ELLIOTT

J. R. THOMAS



1. O, sweet is the Vale where the Mohawk gently glides On its
 2. O, sweet are the scenes of my boy-hood's sunny years, That be -
 3. O, sweet are the moments when dream - ing I roam, Thro' my

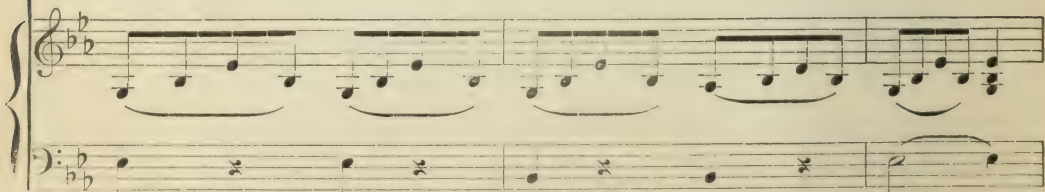


clear wind - ing way to the sea,
 span - gle the gay val - ley o'er,
 loved haunts now mossy and grey,

And dear - er than all sto - ried
 And dear are the friends seen thro'
 And dear - er than all is my



streams on earth be - sides, In this bright roll - ing riv - er to me;
 mem - o - ries' fond tears That have lived in the blest days of yore;
 child-hood's hal - low'd home, That is crumb - ling now slow - ly a - way;



First, SOLO ; then CHORUS

But sweet-er dear - er, yes, dear-er far than these Who charm where others all

fail Is blue-eyed, bon-ny, bon-ny E - lo - ise, The Belle of the Mohawk Vale.

Soft, Soft Music is Stealing

Andante

German Melody

1. Soft, soft mu - sic is steal-ing, Sweet, sweet lingers the strain: Loud, loud now it is
 2. Join, join, chil-dren of sad-ness, Send, send sor-row a - way ; Now, now changing to
 3. Sweet, sweet mel - o - dy's num-bers, Hark! hark! gen - tly they swell, Deep, deep, wak-ing from

peal - ing, Waking the ech-oes a - gain. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Wak-ing the ech-oes a - gain.
 glad - ness, Warble a beau-ti - ful lay. Yes, yes, yes, yes, War-ble a beau-ti - ful lay.
 slumbers Thoughts in the bosom that dwell. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Thoughts in the bosom that dwell.

Hoop de Dooden Do

A. NISH

1. Some hun - dred years a - go or so, . . . Good ole Mas - sa set me free,
 2. I walk'd a - long a mile or two, Wid - out a boot, wid - out a shoe;
 3. I did - n't go so ber - ry far, Be - fore I seen de rail - road car,
 4. I went to pick a ba - by up, And look to see if it was hurt, Soon

mp cres. *dim.*

Den de mis - sus she did cry; "Hoop de doo - den do!" . . . I
 Den my feet did hurt me so, — "Hoop de doo - den do!" . . . I
 Jump - ing ober a turn - pike bar; "Hoop de doo - den do!" . . . I
 it be - gan a squeal - ing out; "Hoop de doo - den do!" . . . An -

mp cres. *p dim.*

clap't my trunk up - on my back, And start - ed for de rail - way track, And
 stood my trunk down on de ground, Just for to take a look a - round, De
 heard de noise and see de sight, Den run a - way wid all my might:
 oth - er fel - low broke his leg, He now goes on a wood - en peg; Don't

mp *cres.* *dim.*



ALICE NIELSEN

The charming American lyric soprano. She was born in Nashville, Tennessee, 1876, studied music in San Francisco, and made her first public appearance in California. She was a popular member of the Bostonians, and has played in both light and grand opera. Her popular encore is "Bonnie Eloise"—Heart Songs, p. 108.



MARY GARDEN

An American singer of world-wide renown. She was born in Chicago, and received her musical education in Paris. She was for some time with the Opera Comique, Paris, and has since toured in Europe and America. Her popular encore is "The Blue Bells of Scotland"—Heart Songs, p. 387.

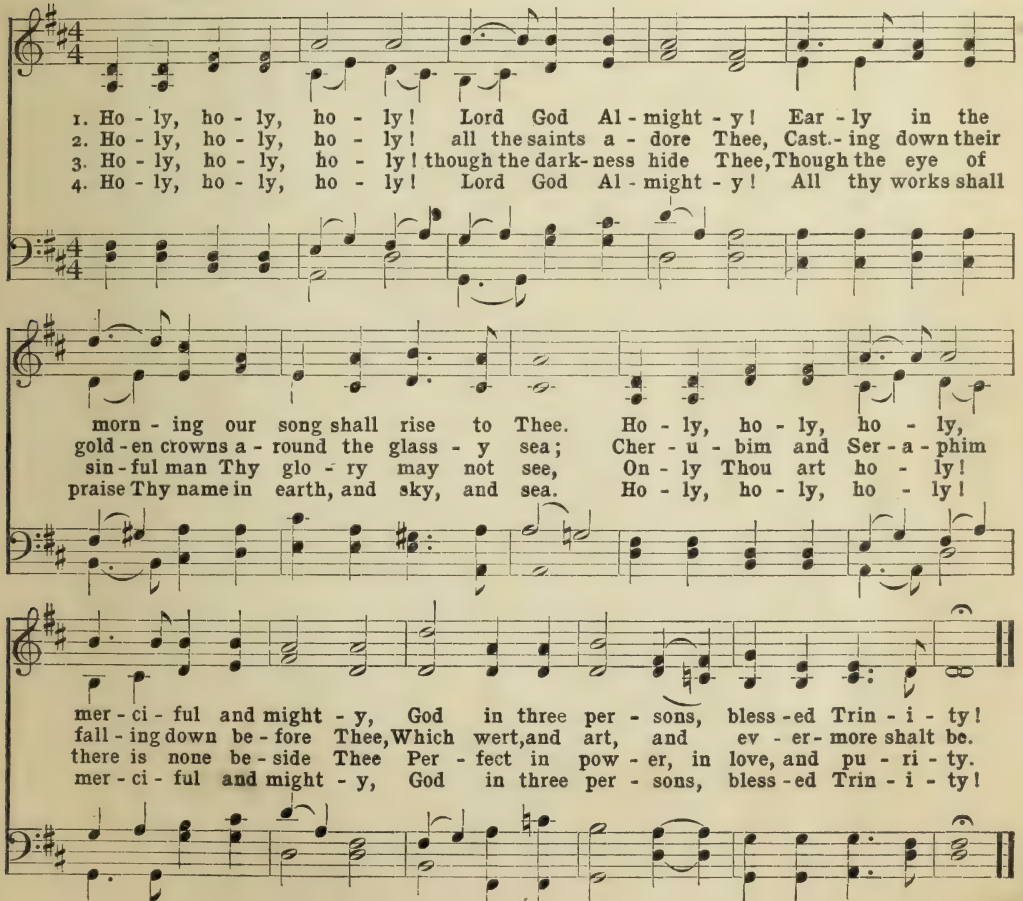


soon I heard the whis-tle hol-ler; "Hoop de doo - den do! . .
 whis - tle scream'd wid all his might "Hoop de doo - den do! . .
 (All de cars went off de track) "Hoop de doo - den do! . .
 ask [for an - y more I beg - "Hoop de doo - den do! . .

Holy, Holy, Holy

R. HEBER

J. B. DYKES



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark-ness hide Thee, Though the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

The Heart of a Sailor

STEPHEN ADAMS

Con spirito

1. Now who's the man for a lass to wed, To be true and nev - er fail her? You may
 2. Then he has to be so oft at sea, Which saves a deal of both - er, For
 3. So lass - es all, when he comes to you And de - clares his a - do - ra - tion, Your

trust to me, for I've sail'd the sea, There's none like an hon - est sai - lor! For his
 hus - bands and wives don't al - ways a - gree As they should with one an - oth - er. And
 love con - fess, and an - swer "yes" With - out an - y hes - i - ta - tion. For

thoughts are free as the wind or sea, And he's got such a dash of the bri - ny, His
 if he flirts with one or two In the ports of ev - 'ry na - tion, You can
 he's the man for a las - sie's hand, To be true and nev - er fail her, And of

heart is light and his laugh so bright, He makes life all sun - shi - ny. He may
 all do the same without an - y blame, Which is surely a con - so - la - tion. He may
 all the hus - bands in the land There's none like a true born sai - lor. He may

sail in a smack or a man - o' - war, Or a - board of an Arc - tic wha - ler,

But it's all the same, If Jack's his name, And he's

got the heart of a sai - lor. got the heart of a sai - lor.

Comin' Thro' the Rye

ROBERT BURNS
Lively

1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod - y
2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y Com-in' frae the town, If a bod - y
3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my - sel'; But what's his name, or

kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry? Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,
greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown? Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,
where's his hame, I din - na choose to tell. Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

Some Day

HUGH CONWAY

MILTON WELLINGS

Moderato p

1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not where our eyes may
2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or do you

meet, What wel-come you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or
live; I know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead, or who for -

sweet; It may not be till years have passed, . Till eyes are dim and tress-es
give. But when we meet some day, some day, . . Eyes clear-er grown the truth may

gray, . . The world is wide—but, love, at last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.
see, . . And ev-'ry cloud shall roll a-way, That dark-ens love, 'twixt you and me.

Some Day

115

L'istesso tempo

Some day, some day, Some day I shall meet you, Love, I know not when or how,

f

Love, I know not when or how, On - ly this, on - ly this, this, that once you loved me,

1 ad lib. *D.C.V*

On - ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.

1 *a tempo ril.*

colla voce

2 ad lib. *ril.*

On - ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.

2 *ril.*

colla voce

Darling Nelly Gray

117

p First, SOLO; then CHORUS

Oh! my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll

nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more; I am sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm

riten. *a tempo*
weep - ing all the day, For you're gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.
riten. *a tempo*

Beautiful Dreamer

Serenade

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
(His last song)*Moderato*

1. Beau-ti - ful dream - er, wake un-to me, Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for
2. Beau-ti - ful dream - er, out on the sea Mermaids are chanting the wild lore-

thee; Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
lie; O - ver the stream - let va - pors are borne,

Lull'd by the moonlight, have all pass'd a - way! Beau-ti - ful dream - er,
Wait-ing to fade at the bright coming morn. . . . Beau-ti - ful dream - er,

queen of my song, List while I woo thee with soft mel - o - dy;
beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;

Gone are the cares of life's bu-sy throng, Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to
Then will all clouds of sor-row de-part, Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to

me! Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to me.

ad lib.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the song 'Beautiful Dreamer'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Gone are the cares of life's bu-sy throng, Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to' and continues with 'Then will all clouds of sor-row de-part, Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The score ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'ad lib.'.

Our Baby

French Folksong

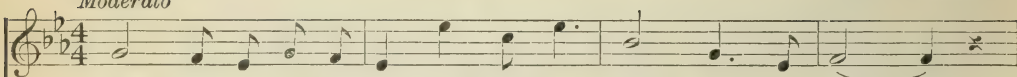
1. Cheeks of rose, Ti-ny toes, Has our lit-tle ba-by;
2. Mouth so fair, Skin so clear, Just as soft as may be;
3. Thee I love, Sweet-est dove, Dar-ling lit-tle ba-by!
4. Crow and play All the day, Hap-py lit-tle ba-by!

Eyes of blue, Fin-gers too, Cun-ning all as may be.
Bon-ny eyes, Look-ing wise, Such a pre-cious ba-by.
While I live, Thee I'll give Kiss-es warm as may be.
May your life, Free from strife, Pure as 'tis to-day be.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the French folksong 'Our Baby'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics '1. Cheeks of rose, Ti-ny toes, Has our lit-tle ba-by;' and continues with '2. Mouth so fair, Skin so clear, Just as soft as may be;', '3. Thee I love, Sweet-est dove, Dar-ling lit-tle ba-by!', and '4. Crow and play All the day, Hap-py lit-tle ba-by!'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The score ends with a double bar line.

The Old Folks at Home

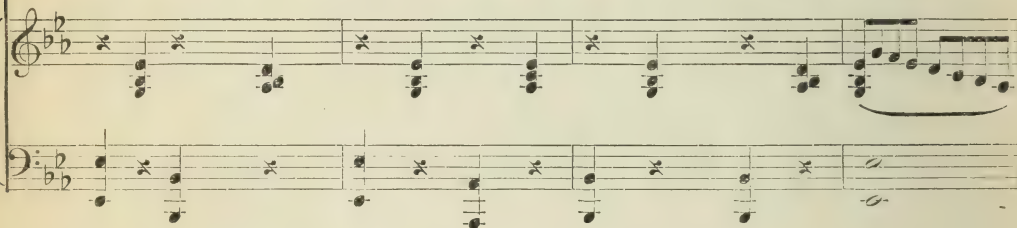
S. C. FOSTER

Moderato

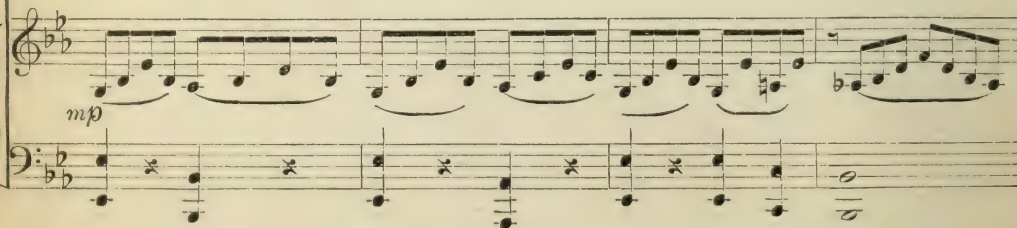
1. Way down up - on the Swan - ee rib - ber, Far, far a - way, . .
2. All round the lit - tle farm I wander'd, When I was young, . .
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love, . .



Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de oid folks stay; .
 Den man - y hap - py days I squander'd, Man - y de songs I sung; .
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove; .



All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam, . .
 When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I. . . .
 When will I see de bees a - hum - ming, All round de comb! . .



Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home. .
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and . die. . .
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming Down in my good old . home. .

First, SOLO; then CHORUS

mp
 All de world am sad and wea - ry, Eb' - ry-where I roam,
mp

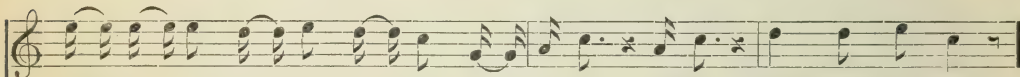
Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.

Old Shady

B. R. HANBY



1. Oh ! yah ! yah ! dar - kies, laugh wid me, For de white folks say Old Sha-dy's free ; So
2. Oh, Mass' got scared and so did his la - dy, Dis chile breaks for old Uncle A - by ;
3. Good bye, Mass' Jeff, good - bye, Mis'r Ste - phens, 'Scuse dis niggah for tak-in his leav-ens ;
4. Good bye, hard work wid never an-y pay, Ise a gwine up North where de good folk say Dat
5. Oh, I've got a wife and I've got a ba - by, Lib-in up yon- der in Lower Can - a - dy ;



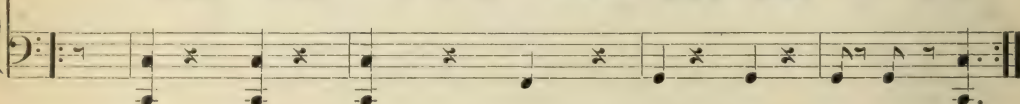
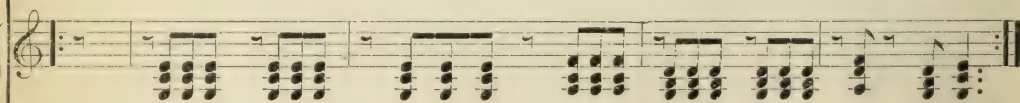
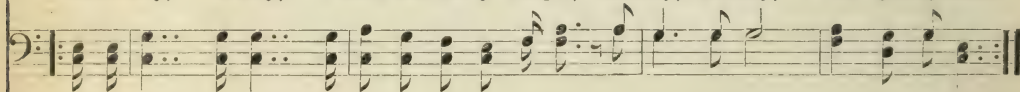
don't you see dat de ju - bi - lee is a - com-ing, coming, Hail ! might - y day.
 O - pen de gates out, here's old Sha - dy a - com-ing, coming, Hail ! might - y day.
 'Spect pretty soon you'll hear Un - cle A - bram's com-ing, coming, Hail ! might - y day.
 white wheat bread and a dol - lar a day am com-ing, coming, Hail ! might - y day.
 Won't dey laugh when dey see old Sha - dy a - com-ing, coming, Hail ! might - y day.



MALE VOICES



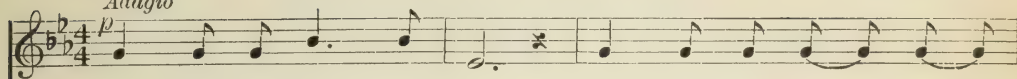
Den a-way, a-way, I can't wait an-y longer, Hoo-ray, hoo-ray, I'm go-ing home.



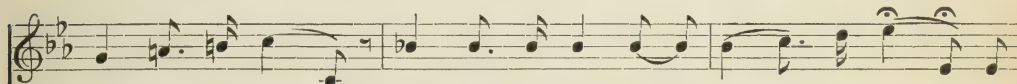
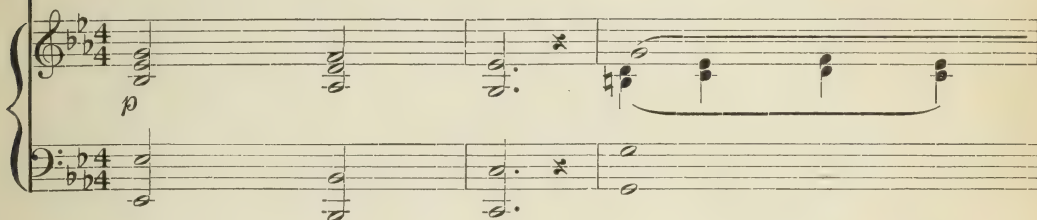
Körner's Battle Prayer

KÖRNER

HIMMEL

Adagio

1. Fa - ther! I bend to Thee, Life, it was Thy gift,
 3. Fa - ther! I trust in Thee, When midst the bat-tle's strife,
 3. All I give back to Thee! When at Thy call, I my



Thou now canst shield it, From Thee it came, And to Thee I yield it! In
 Death did sur-round me, E'en at the can-non's mouth Death has not found me.
 life then shall yield, When in the cold tomb My fate shall be seal'd,



life or death, For-sake not me. Fa - ther, I bend to Thee.
 Fa - ther, 'twas Thy will! I trust in Thee. Fa - ther, still guide Thou me.
 Fa - ther, my soul take un - to Thee! Fa - ther, for-sake not me.



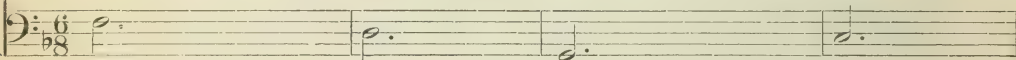
Darby and Joan

F. E. WEATHERLY

L. MOLLOY



1. Dar - by dear, we are old and gray, Fif - ty years since our wed - ding - day,
 2. Dar - by dear, but my heart was wild When we bur - ied our ba - by child,
 3. Hand in hand when our life was May, Hand in hand when our hair is gray,

*f**cres.*

Shad - ow and sun for ev - 'ry one As the years roll on;
 Un - til you whis - pered "Heav'n knows best!" And my heart found rest;
 Shad - ow and sun for ev - 'ry one As the years roll on;

*cres.*

Dar - by dear, when the world went wry, Hard and sor - row - ful then was I.
 Dar - by dear, 'twas your lov - ing hand Show'd me the way to the bet - ter land;
 Hand in hand when the long night - tide Gen - tly cov - ers us side by side:

*p**cres.*

rall.

Ah! lad, how you cheer'd me then. "Things will be bet - ter, sweet wife, a - gain!"
 Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear, Life grew bet - ter and heav'n more near:
 Ah! lad, though we know not when, Love will be with us for - ev - er then:

rall.

p Meno mosso

Al - ways the same, Dar - by my own, Al - ways the same to your

Meno mosso

old wife Joan, Al - ways the same to your old wife Joan.

colla voce

Make Me No Gaudy Chaplet

From DONIZETTI's "Lucrezia Borgia"

Make me no gau - dy chap - let, Weave it of sim - ple flow - ers;

pp *simile*

Seek them in low - ly val - lies, Af - ter the gen - tle show - ers. Bring me the dark red

ro - ses, Gay in the sun - shine glow - ing, Bring me the pale moss

cres.

rose - bud, Be - neath the fresh leaves growing. Bring not the proud-eyed

cres. *dim.* *pp*



MARCELLA SEMBRICH

An Austrian opera singer who particularly endeared herself to American audiences. She was born in Lemberg, Galicia, 1858, and made her first appearance in grand opera at Athens. Her first American appearance was in 1883, and she has since made several American tours. Her popular encore is "Comin' Thro' the Rye"—Heart Songs, p. 113.



EMMA ABBOTT

The noted American opera singer. She was born in Chicago in 1849 and first sang in public at the age of nine. Clara Louise Kellogg was her friend and patron, and helped her prepare for her formal debut, made in London, 1878. She died in 1891. Her popular encore was "Then You'll Remember Me"—Heart Songs, p. 52

blos - som, Dar-ling of East-ern daugh - ters, Bring me the snow - y li - ly,

simile

Floating on si - lent wa - ters. Gems of the low-ly val - ley, Buds which the leaves are

shad - ing; Li-lies of peace-ful wa - ters, Emblems be mine un-fad - ing.

cres. *f* *p*

Li-lies of peace - ful wa - ters, Emblems be mine, be mine.

cres. *f* *dim.* *cres.*

Last Night

Allegretto

HALFDAN KJERULF

p

1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was still, It
 2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by night, I
 3. O think not I can for-get you; I could not, tho' I would! I

p dolce

ritard.

sang in the gold-en moon-light, From out . . the wood-land hill. I
 wake, and would you were here, love, And tears . are blinding my sight. I
 see you in all a-round me, The stream, the night, the wood, The

p dolce

Tempo 1o. dolce

o-pen'd my win-dow so gent-ly; I look'd on the dream-ing dew, . . And
 hear a low breath in the lime-tree, The wind is float-ing thro', . . And
 flow'rs that slum-ber so gent-ly, The stars a-bove the blue, . . Oh!

mf *p* *cres.*

rit.

oh! the bird, my dar-ling, Was sing-ing, sing-ing of you, of you.
oh! the night, my dar-ling, Is sigh-ing, sigh-ing for you, for you.
heav'n its - self, my dar-ling, Is pray-ing, pray-ing for you, for you.

colla voce *p*

Lightly Row

Spanish Melody

1. Light-ly row! Light-ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go; Smooth-ly glide!
2. Far a - way! Far a - way! Ech - o in the rock at play Call - eth not,
3. Light-ly row! Light-ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go; Smooth-ly glide!

Smooth-ly glide! On the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa - ters be
Call - eth not To this lone - ly spot. On - ly with the sea - bird's note,
Smooth-ly glide! On the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa - ters be

Min-gled with our mel - o - dy, Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.
Shall our dy - ing mu - sic float! Light-ly row! Light-ly row! Ech - o's voice is low.
Min-gled with our mel - o - dy; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.

Far Away

Miss M. LINDSAY

Mrs. J. W. BLISS

1. Where is now the mer-ry par - ty I re - mem - ber long a - go? Laughing
 2. Some have gone to lands far dis - tant, And with stran - gers made their home; Some up -
 3. There are still some few re - main - ing Who re - mind us of the past, But they

p

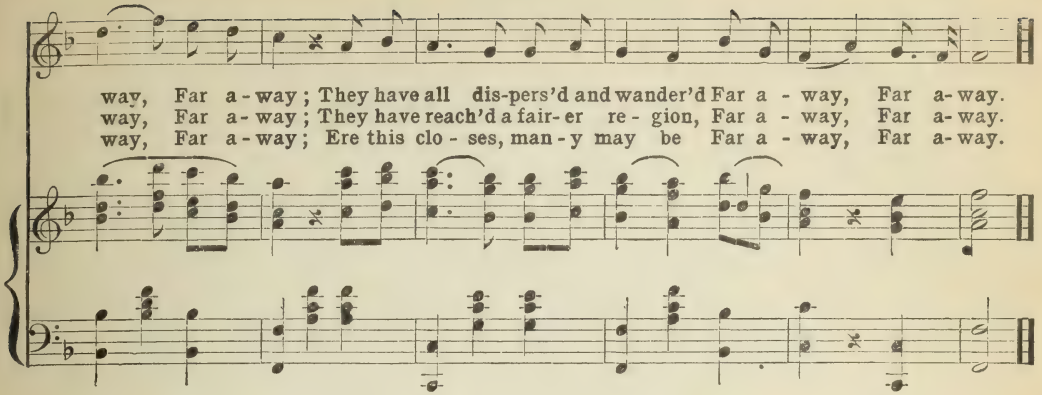
'round the Christmas fires, Brighten'd by the rud-dy glow, Or in summer's balmy
 on the world of wa-ters All their lives are forc'd to roam; Some are gone from us for-
 change as all things change here, Nothing in this world can last: Years roll on and pass for-

un poco cres.

p

eve-nings, In the field, up-on the hay? They have all dispers'd and wander'd Far a -
 ev - er, Lon-ger here they might not stay: They have reach'd a fair-er re-gion Far a -
 ev - er, What is com-ing, who can say? Ere this clo - ses, man-y may be Far a -

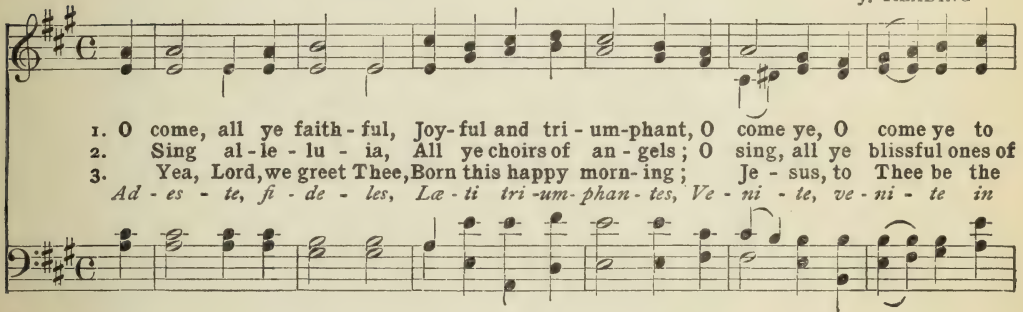
dim. p



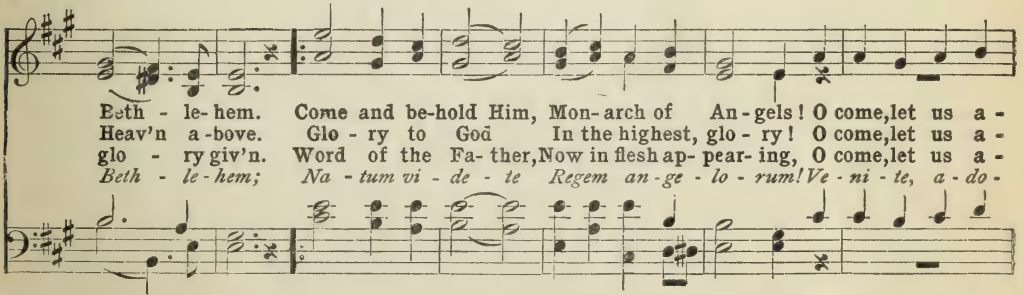
way, Far a-way; They have all dis-pers'd and wander'd Far a - way, Far a-way.
 way, Far a-way; They have reach'd a fair-er re - gion, Far a - way, Far a-way.
 way, Far a-way; Ere this clo - ses, man-y may be Far a - way, Far a-way.

Come, All Ye Faithful

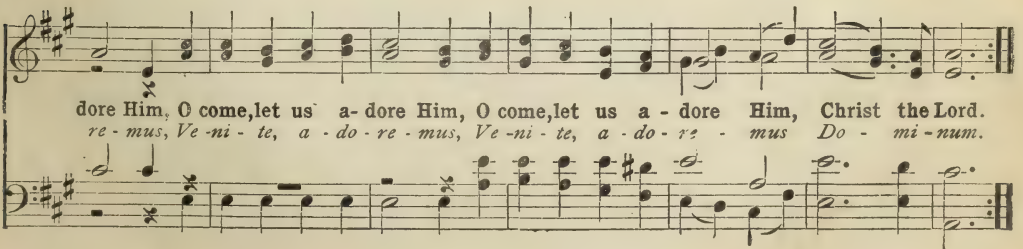
J. READING



1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to
 2. Sing al-le-lu-ia, All ye choirs of an-gels; O sing, all ye blissful ones of
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morn-ing; Je - sus, to Thee be the
Ad - es - te, fi - de - les, La - ti tri-um-phan-tes, Ve - ni - te, ve - ni - te in



Beth - le-hem. Come and be-hold Him, Mon-arch of An-gels! O come, let us a -
 Heav'n a-bove. Glo - ry to God In the highest, glo - ry! O come, let us a -
 glo - ry giv'n. Word of the Fa-ther, Now in flesh ap-pear-ing, O come, let us a -
 Beth - le-hem; Na - tum vi - de - te Regem an - ge - lo - rum! Ve - ni - te, a - do -




dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.
re - mus, Ve - ni - te, a - do-re - mus, Ve - ni - te, a - do - re - mus Do - mi-num.

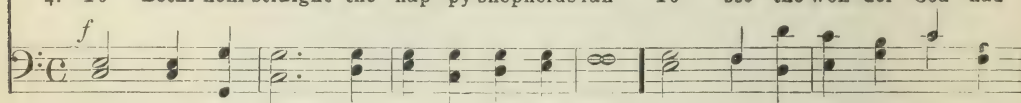

Christians, Awake

An old English Christmas Carol.

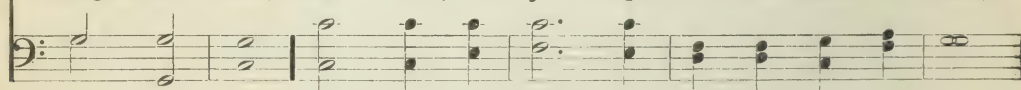

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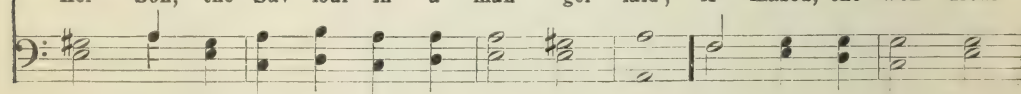

1. Chris - tians, a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the Sav - iour of man -
 2. Then to the watch - ful shep - herds it was told, Who heard th' angel - ic her - ald's
 3. He spake; and straight - way the ce - les - tial choir In hymns of joy, un - known be -
 4. To Bethl'hem straight the hap - py shepherds ran To see the won - der God had

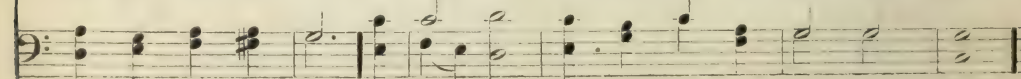
kind was born. Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - ry of love,
 voice "Be - hold, I bring good tid - ings of a Sav - iour's birth,
 fore, con - spire, The prais - es of re - deem - ing love they sang,
 wrought for man, And found, with Jo - seph and the bless - ed maid,

Which hosts of an - gels chant - ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful
 To you and all the na - tions up - on earth; This day hath God ful -
 And heaven's whole arch with al - le - lu - ias rang: God's high - est glo - ry
 Her Son, the Sav - iour in a man - ger laid; A - mazed, the won - drous

tid - ings first be - gun, Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son.
 filled His prom - ised word, This day is born a Sav - iour, Christ the Lord."
 was their an - them still, Peace up - on earth, and un - to men good - will.
 sto - ry they pro - claim, The ear - liest her - alds of the Sav - iour's name.

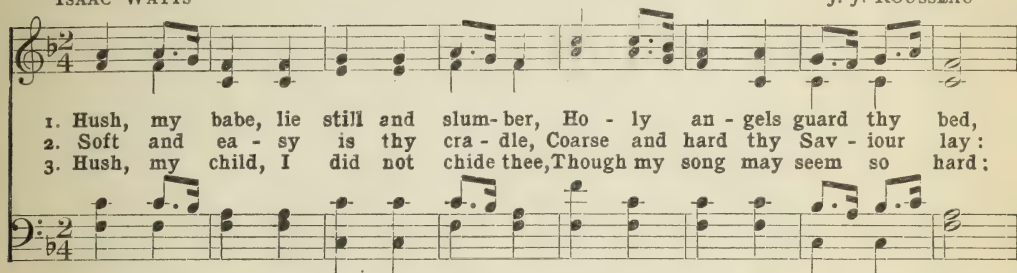


- 5 Let us like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy ;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross ;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song ;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display :
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

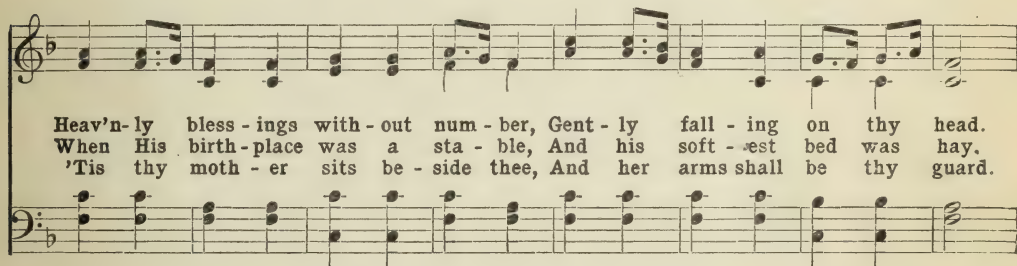
Hush, My Babe

ISAAC WATTS

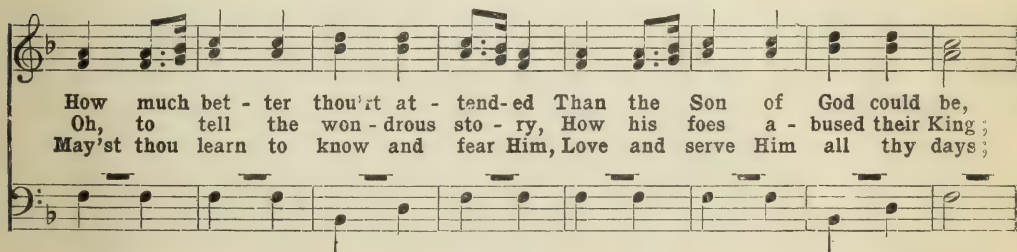
J. J. ROUSSEAU



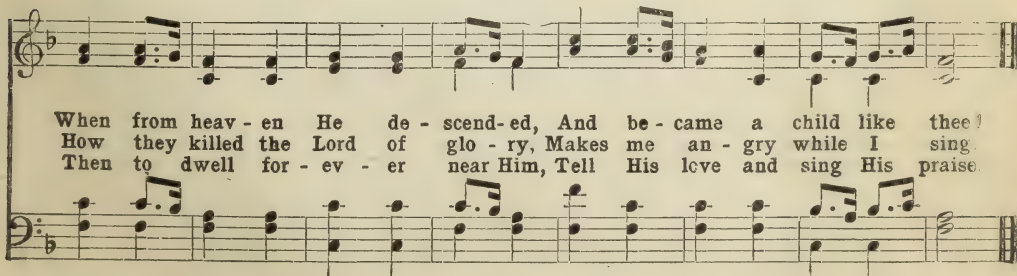
1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed,
2. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay :
3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem so hard :



Heav'n - ly bless - ings with - out num - ber, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head.
When His birth - place was a sta - ble, And his soft - est bed was hay.
'Tis thy moth - er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.



How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed Than the Son of God could be,
Oh, to tell the won - drous sto - ry, How his foes a - bus - ed their King ;
May'st thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days ;



When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee !
How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.
Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell His love and sing His praise.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch

Andantino

1, 2, 3. Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch! Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch!

Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes of Bal-loch; FINE

ad lib.

ad lib.

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She said that she loo'd me best of o - ny, But
Oh, she was a can - ty quean, And weel cou'd she dance the High - land walloch; How
Her hair so fair, her een sae clear, Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bon - ny, To

oh! the fic - kle, faith - less quean She's ta'en the carl and left her John - nie!
hap - py I, had she been mine, Or I'd been Roy of Al - di val - loch!
me she ev - er will be dear, Tho' she's for - ev er left her John - nie!

f *rallent.* *D.C.*

f *rallent.* *D.C.*

Maggie By My Side

S. C. FOSTER

Allegretto

1. The land of my home is flit-ting, Flit-ting from my view, A
 2. The wind howl-ing o'er the bil-low From the dis-tant lea, The
 3. Storms can ap-pal me nev-er, While her brow is clear,

mp

gale in the sails is sit-ting, Toils the mer-ry crew. Here let my home be,
 storm rag-ing round my pil-low Brings no care to me. Roll on, ye dark waves,
 Fair weather lin-gers ev-er Where her smiles ap-pear. When sorrow's break-ers

rall. *a tempo*

On the wa-ters wide, I roam with a proud heart, Maggie's by my side; My
 O'er the trou-bled tide, I heed not your an-ger, Maggie's by my side; My
 Round my heart shall hide, Still may I find her, Sit-ting by my side; My

rall. *a tempo*

Maggie By My Side

cres.

own love, Maggie dear, Sit-ting by my side. Maggie dear, my own love, Sitting by my side.

cres.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'Maggie By My Side'. It features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is marked with a crescendo ('cres.') and includes several slurs and ties. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment in G major, 2/4 time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'own love, Maggie dear, Sit-ting by my side. Maggie dear, my own love, Sitting by my side.'

Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabel

Animato con spirito

T. F. BRIGGS

1. I ri - bed in - to New York, to pass de time a - way, I
 2. Den I look to de Norf, and I look to de East, And I
 3. Clem in de hay-loft, try'n to get a - sleep,
 4. I went an' made a ban-jo, so well I kept it strung, An'

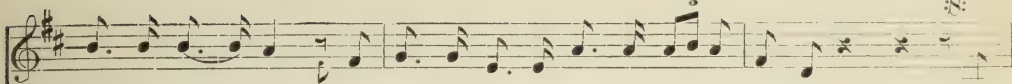
mp

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabel'. It features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, marked 'Animato con spirito'. The melody includes four verses of lyrics. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: '1. I ri - bed in - to New York, to pass de time a - way, I; 2. Den I look to de Norf, and I look to de East, And I; 3. Clem in de hay-loft, try'n to get a - sleep,; 4. I went an' made a ban-jo, so well I kept it strung, An'.'

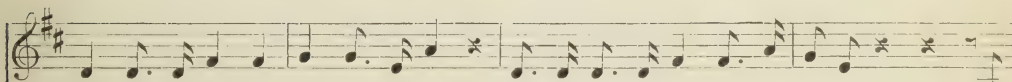
trabbel'd ober de Russ pav'ent ac - cord-in'. Dargawne to hab it fin-ish'd when de
 hol - ler for de ox - cart to come on, Wid four grey hor - ses a
 Mas - sa John went out to maulum, He hit him on de head wid a
 rang'd all my mu - sic now ac - cord-in', I play'd up a tune call'd

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabel', continuing from the previous block. It features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody includes four verses of lyrics. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment in G major, 2/4 time. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'trabbel'd ober de Russ pav'ent ac - cord-in'. Dargawne to hab it fin-ish'd when de; hol - ler for de ox - cart to come on, Wid four grey hor - ses a; Mas - sa John went out to maulum, He hit him on de head wid a; rang'd all my mu - sic now ac - cord-in', I play'd up a tune call'd'.

Repeat this burden in Chorus, forte



Cit - y Hall bell Sounds o - ber on de or - der side of Jor - dan. I
 driv - en on de lead, To take us to de or - der side of Jor - dan. I
 bar of soft soap, An' it sound-ed on de or - der side of Jor - dan. I
 "goit while you're young," An' dey sing it on de or - der side of Jor - dan. I



took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve, Jor - dan am a hard road to trabbel. I



Repeat from this sign in Chorus 8:

took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve, Jor - dan am a hard road to trab-bel, I be-lieve.



Killarney

M. W. BALFE'S Last Song

Moderato

1. By Kil-lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and wind-ing bays, Mountain paths and
 2. In - nis-fal - len's ru - ined shrine May suggest a pass-ing sigh; But man's faith can
 3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that
 4. Mu - sic there for ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny; Ma - ny-voic'd the

woodland dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays. Boun-teous na - ture loves all lands,
 ne'er de-cline Such God's won - ders float - ing by; Cas - tle Lough and Glen - a bay;
 you pass by, Ver - dure broid - ers or be-sprints. Vir - gin there the green grass grows,
 cho - rus swells, 'Till it faints in ec - sta - sy. With the charmful tints be - low,

Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where, Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands,
 Moun-tains Tore and Ea - gle's Nest; Still at Ma - cross you must pray
 Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day, Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows,
 Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know

rall. *dim. pp a tempo*
 But her home is sure - ly there! An-gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
 Tho' the monks are now at rest. An - gels won-der not that man There would fain pro-
 Smil-ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft - en paus-ing there, Doubt if E - den
 Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky. Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft.

Killarney

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cres. *f*

of the West, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 long life's span, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 were more fair, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 light di - vine, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

Song of the Fowler

From MOZART's "Magic Flute"

2/4

1. A fow - ler bold in me you see, A man of mirth and min-strel-sy; My
 2. I am a fow - ler bold and free, A man of mirth and min-strel-sy; My
 name is ev - er in de-mand, With old and young thro'-out the land. I
 name is ev - er in de-mand, With old and young thro'-out the land. A -
 set my traps, the birds flock round, I whis - tle and they know the sound, For
 far from men who delve with spades, Ho! mine's the rar - est of all trades! For
 wealth my lot I'd not re - sign, For ev - 'ry bird that flies is mine.
 e'en the sweep of moun-tain blast But brings my birds all fly - ing fast.

O Dear! What Can the Matter Be?

1. O dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat - ter be?
 2. O dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat - ter be?

O dear! what can the mat - ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair!
 O dear! what can the mat - ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair!

He prom-ised to bring me a fair-ing to please me, And then for a
 He prom-ised to bring me a bas-ket of po-sies, A gar-land of

kiss, Oh! he vowed he would tease me; He prom-ised to bring me a
 lil - ies, a gar - land of ro - ses; A lit - tle straw hat to set

bunch of blue rib - bons To tie up my bon - nie brown hair.
 off the blue rib - bons That tie up my bon - nie brown hair.



ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

The famous Austrian prima donna. She was born near Prague, Austria, 1861, and at the age of seventeen was leading contralto at the Dresden Court Opera. She has been most popular in Germany and in America, and has appeared in nearly all the leading cities of the United States. Her popular encore is "Home to Our Mountains"—Heart Songs, p. 452.



MARIA GAY

A particularly vivacious mezzo-soprano, whose greatest success has been "Carmen." She is Spanish by birth, a native of Catalonia, and her principal following is in the United States. Her popular encore is "Castanets are Sounding"—Heart Songs, p. 178.

Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl



1. Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver, Come,
2. The man that drinks good whis - ky punch, And goes to bed right mel - low, The
3. The man who drinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber, The
4. But he who drinks just what he likes, And get - teth "half seas o - ver," But
5. The pret - ty girl that gets a kiss, And goes and tells her moth - er, The



land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver,
 man that drinks good whis - ky punch, And goes to bed right mel - low,
 man who drinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber,
 he who drinks just what he likes, And get - teth "half seas o - ver,"
 pret - ty girl that gets a kiss, And goes and tells her moth - er,



CHORUS



For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,
 Lives as he ought to live, Lives as he ought to live,
 Falls as the leaves do fall, Falls as the leaves do fall,
 Will live un - til he dies, Will live un - til he dies,
 Does a ver - y fool - ish thing, Does a ver - y fool - ish thing,



For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, To - mor - row we'll be so - ber.
 Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jol - ly fel - low.
 Falls as the leaves do fall, So rare - ly in Oc - to - ber.
 Will live un - til he dies, per - haps, And then lie down in clo - ver.
 Does a ver - y fool - ish thing, And don't de - serve an - oth - er.



*Tempo di mazurka

The Danube River

HAMILTON AIDE

1. Do you re-call that night in June, Up -
2. Our boat kept meas - ure with its oars, The

on the Dan-ube riv-er? We list-en'd to a Länd-ler tune, We
mu - sic rose in snatches From peas-ants danc - ing on the shore, With

a little slower

watch'd the moonbeams quiv-er. I oft since then have watch'd the moon, But
boist' - rous songs and catch-es. I know not why that Länd-ler rang Through

original time

nev - er, love, oh, nev - er, nev - er Can I for-get that
all my soul, but nev - er, nev - er Can I for-get the

* To be played in moderate time but with great variation according to the sentiment of the words.

The Danube River

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with expression

night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get that
songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get the

night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get that
songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get the

ben marc.

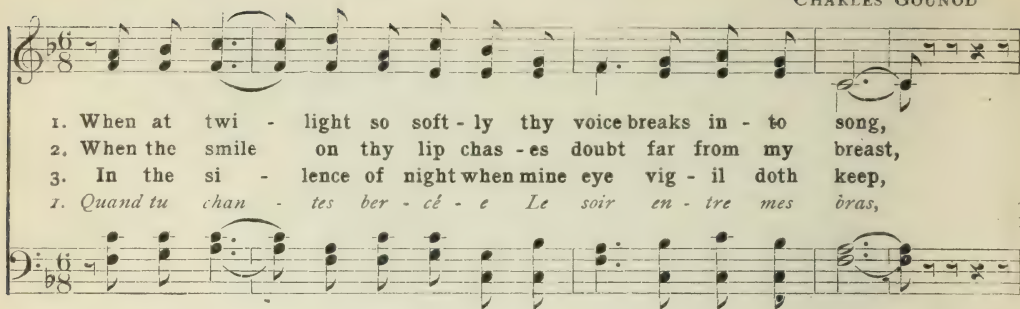
night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get that
songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get the.

night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er.
songs they sang Up - (Omit.) on the Dan - ube riv - er.

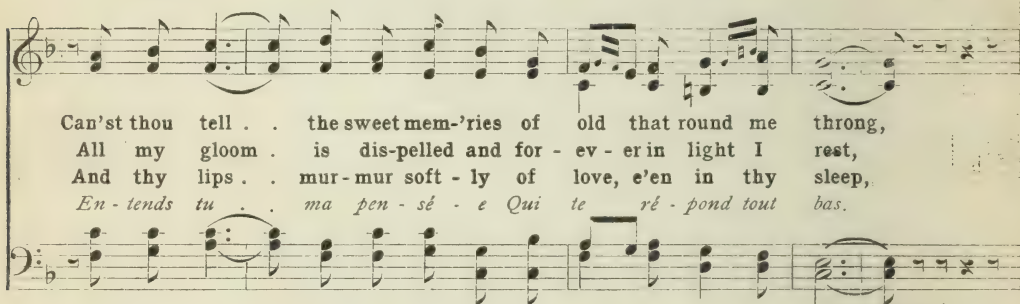
Sing, Smile, Slumber

(Canti, Ridi, Dormi)

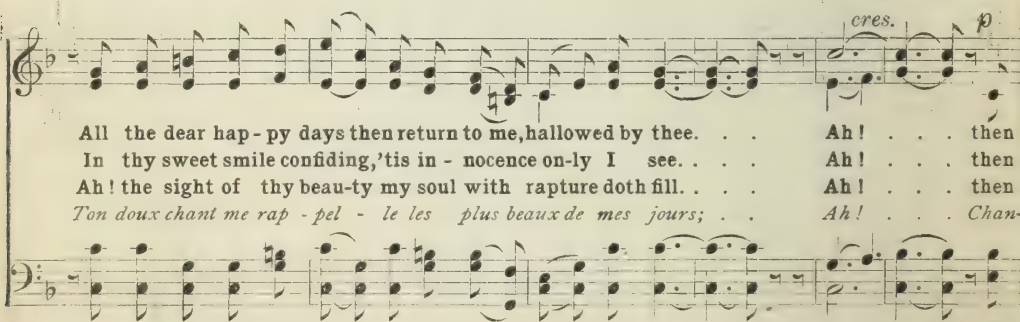
CHARLES GOUNOD



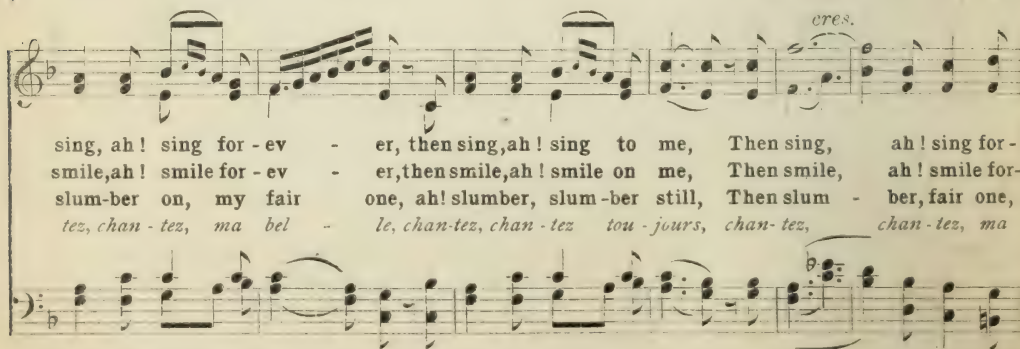
1. When at twi - light so soft - ly thy voice breaks in - to song,
 2. When the smile on thy lip chas - es doubt far from my breast,
 3. In the si - lence of night when mine eye vig - il doth keep,
 1. Quand tu chan - tes ber - cè - e Le soir en - tre mes bras,



Can'st thou tell . . the sweet mem'-ries of old that round me throng,
 All my gloom . is dis-pelled and for - ev - er in light I rest,
 And thy lips . . mur-mur soft - ly of love, e'en in thy sleep,
 En - tends tu . . ma pen - sé - e Qui te ré - pond tout bas.



All the dear hap - py days then return to me, hallowed by thee. . . Ah! . . . then
 In thy sweet smile confiding, 'tis in - nocence on - ly I see. . . Ah! . . . then
 Ah! the sight of thy beau - ty my soul with rapture doth fill. . . Ah! . . . then
 Ton doux chant me rap - pel - le les plus beaux de mes jours; . . Ah! . . . Chan-



sing, ah! sing for - ev - er, then sing, ah! sing to me, Then sing, ah! sing for -
 smile, ah! smile for - ev - er, then smile, ah! smile on me, Then smile, ah! smile for -
 slum - ber on, my fair one, ah! slumber, slum - ber still, Then slum - ber, fair one,
 tez, chan - tez, ma bel - le, chan - tez, chan - tez tou - jours, chan - tez, chan - tez, ma

dim. *3* *p* *1 & 2*

ev-er, sing still to me. Ah! sing for - ev-er, still sing to me.
 ev-er, smile still on me. Ah! smile for - ev-er, still smile on me.
 slum-ber, slum-ber still, Then (Omit)
 bel-le, chan-tez tou-jours, chan-tez, ma bel-le, chan-tez tou-jours.

3

slumber, my fair one, ah! slum - ber, slum - ber still.

Good-night

Male Voices

f Sostenuuto

1. Good - night, la - dies! good - night, la - dies! Good - night,
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well,
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams,

Allegro

la - dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

Repeat pp

roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

The Last Rose of Summer

English Air

1. 'Tis the last Rose of Sum - mer left bloom - ing a - lone, All her
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem; Since the
 3. So soon may I fol - low, when friend - ships de - cay, And from

love - ly com - pan - ions are fa - ded and gone. No flow'r of her kin - dred, no
 love - ly are sleep - ing, go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter thy
 love's shin - ing cir - cle, the gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie withered, and

ad lib.
 rose - bud is nigh . . . To re - flect back her blush - es, or give . . . sigh for sigh.
 leaves o'er the bed, . . . Where thy mates of the gar - den lie scent - less and dead.
 fond ones are flown, . . . O! who would in - hab - it this bleak world a - lone?

No, Never, No

Written from memory by EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

Old Ballad

1. They sat by the fire-side, his fair daugh-ters three, They talked of their
 2. "I'll give him this vest all of sat-in so fine;" "And I'll be his
 3. "O did ye not hear it?" the sis-ters de-clare, "There's sure-ly a
 4. "It is but the tem-pest that ra-ges so strong; The gale will it-
 5. Pre- pare ye, fair maid-ens, pre- pare ye to weep! Your fa- ther lies

fa-ther who sail'd on the sea: "Oh! when he comes back, we will all love him
 car-ver when he sits to dine;" "And I'll climb his knee and such kiss-es be-
 spir-it that talks in the air; And wheth-er we speak eith-er loud-ly or
 selfwaft our fa-ther a-long; Go look at the vane and see how the winds
 cold in the dark-roll-ing deep; Look not at the vane nor ask how the winds

so, . . . He nev-er a-gain to the salt sea shall go. No! nev-er, no!"
 stow . . . He nev-er a-gain to the salt sea shall go. No! nev-er, no!"
 low, . . . It an-swers in accents all mournful and slow, "No! nev-er, no!"
 blow: . . . He'll bring us gay things for he promised us so." "No! nev-er, no!"
 blow, . . . His ghost in the storm whispers mournful and slow: "No! nev-er, no!"

Jingle, Bells

Allegro mf

1. Dash - ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh;
 2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young;

mf

O'er the fields we go, Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring
 soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis-
 Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-

Mak-ing spir - its bright; What fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to-night!
 for-tune seem'd his lot; He got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.
 for - ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS * *f*

Jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a

f

* Accompanied by jingling glasses.

one-horse o - pen sleigh ! Jin-gle, bells ! jin-gle, bells ! Jin-gle all the way !

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

Gaily the Troubadour

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY

1. Gai - ly the Trou-ba-dour touch'd his gui-tar, When he was hast-en-ing home from the war ;
2. She for the Trou-ba-dour hope-less - ly wept; Sad - ly she tho't of him when others slept ;
3. Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name; Un - der the bat-tlement soft - ly he came;

Sing-ing, "From Pal-es-tine, hith-er I come; La-dy love, la-dy love, wel-come me home."
Sing-ing, "In search of thee would I might roam; Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home."
Sing-ing, "From Pal-es-tine, hith-er I come; La-dy love, la-dy love, wel-come me home."

Birds in the Night

LIONEL H. LEWIN

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

Andante, ma non troppo lento

1. Birds in the night that soft - ly call,
2. Life may be sad for us that wake,

Winds in the night that strange - ly sigh, Come to me, help me,
Sleep, lit - tle bird, and dream not why. Soon is the sleep but

one and all, And murmur, mur-mur, mur-mur, mur-mur ba - by's
God can break, When an - gels whis-per, whis-per, an - gels whis - per

f *pp*
lul - la - by, Lul - la by, Lul - la - by, Lul - la -

p

lul - la lul - la lul - la lul - la - by, Lul - la - by ba - by,

p rall. pp

While the hours run, Fair may the day be, When night is done,

pp

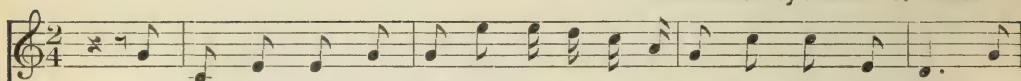
Lul - la - by ba - by, While the hours run, Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, Lul - la -

by, Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by. . . .

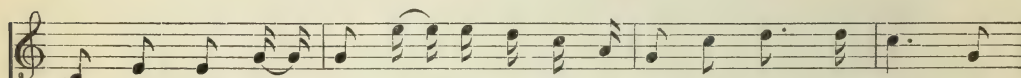
pp

Kingdom Coming

Words and music by HENRY C. WORK



1. Say, dar - keys, hab you seen de mas - sa, Wid de muff - stash on his face, Go
2. He six foot one way, two foot tud - der, An' he weigh tree hun - dred pound. His
3. De dar - keys feel so lone - some lib - ing In de log - house on de lawn, Dey
4. De o - ber - seer he made us trou - ble, An' he drike us round a spell; We

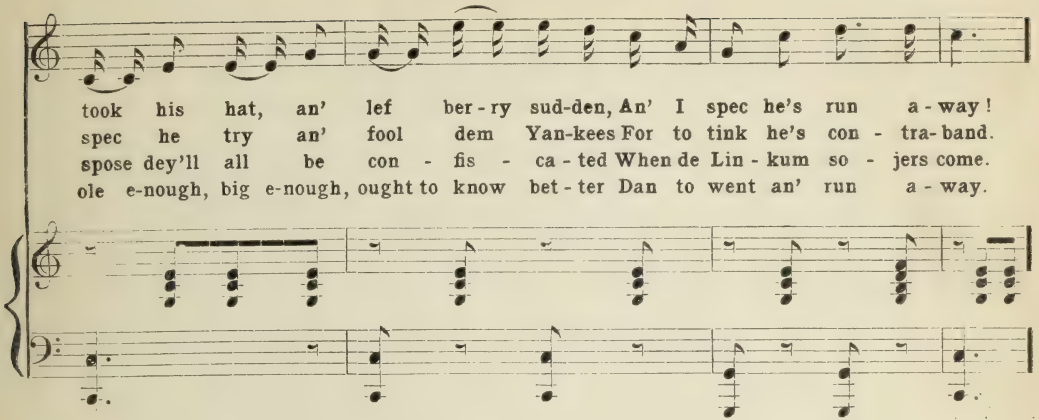


long de road some time dis morn - in', Like he gwine to leab de place? He
coat so big, he couldn't pay de tail - or, An' it won't go half way round. He
move dar tings to mas - sa's par - lor For to keep it while he's gone. Dar's
lock him up in de smoke - house cel - lar, Wid de key trown in de well. De



seen a smoke, way up de rib - ber, Whar de Link - um gum - boats lay; He
drill so much dey call him Cap - 'an, An' he get so dref - ful tann'd, I
wine an' ci - der in de kit - chen, An' de dar - keys dey'll hab some; I
whip is lost, de han' - cuff bro - ken, But de mas - sa'll hab his pay. He's



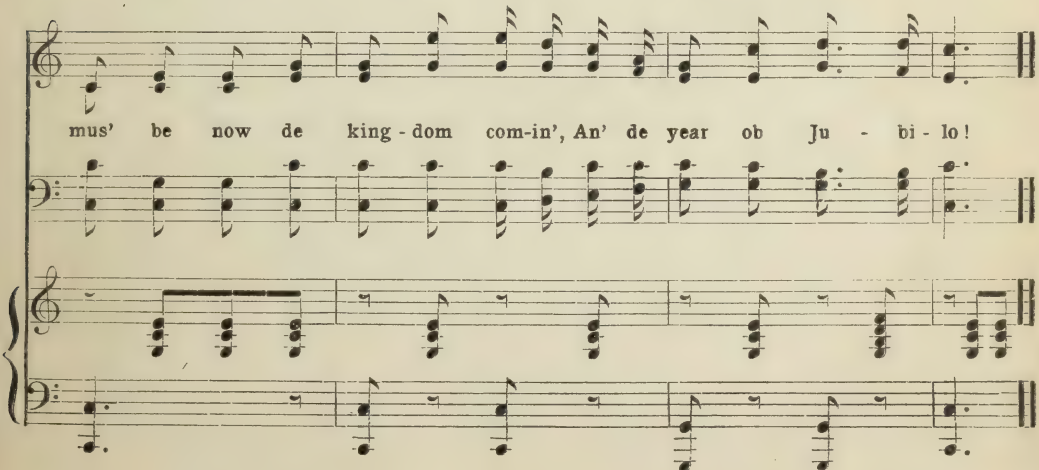


took his hat, an' lef ber-ry sud-den, An' I spec he's run a-way!
 spec he try an' fool dem Yan-kees For to tink he's con - tra-band.
 spose dey'll all be con - fis - ca - ted When de Lin - kum so - jers come.
 ole e-nough, big e-nough, ought to know bet - ter Dan to went an' run a-way.

CHORUS



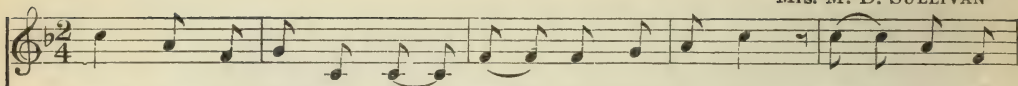
De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho, ho! It



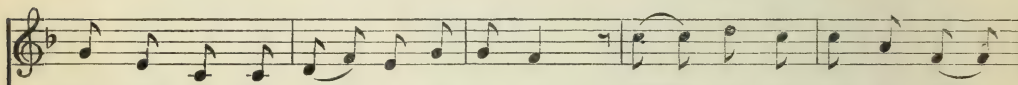
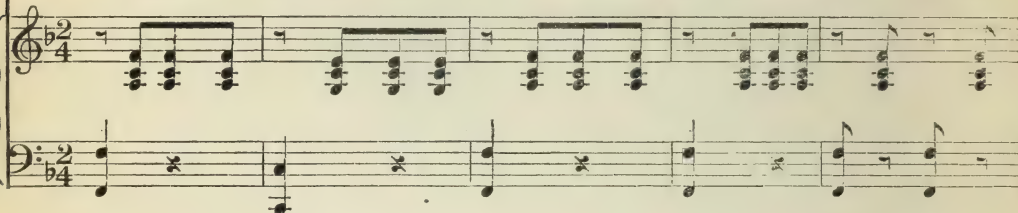
mus' be now de king - dom com-in', An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

The Blue Juniata

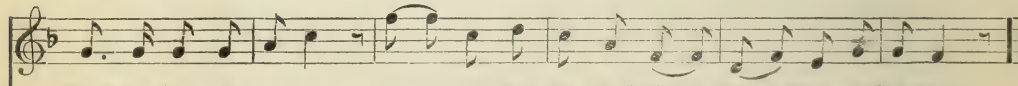
Mrs. M. D. SULLIVAN



1. Wild rov'd an In-dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Wheresweep the
 2. Gay was the moun-tain song Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Wheresweep the
 3. Bold is my war-rior good, The love of Al - fa - ra - ta, Proud waves his
 4. So sang the In-dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Wheresweep the



- wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Swift as an an - te - lope,
 wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Strong and true my ar - rows are
 snow - y plume A - long the Ju - ni - a - ta. Soft and low he speaks to me, And
 wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Fleet-ing years have borne a - way The



- Thro' the for - est go - ing, Loose were her jet - ty locks In wa - vy tress - es flow - ing.
 In my paint - ed quiv - er, Swift goes my light ca - noe A - down the ra - pid riv - er.
 then his war - cry sounding, Rings his voice in thun - der loud From height to height resounding.
 voice of Al - fa - ra - ta, Still sweeps the riv - er on Blue Ju - ni - a - ta.



Dutch National Song

Composer Unknown

Andante

1. Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows, Un-taint-ed, free and strong; Whose
 2. We broth-ers, true un-to a man, Will sing the old song yet; A -

heart for Prince and coun-try glows, Now join us in our song; Let him with us lift
 way with him who ev - er can His Prince or land for-get; A hu-man heart glow'd

up in his voice, And sing in pa-triot band, The song at which all
 in him ne'er, We turn from him our hand, Who cal-lous hears the

hearts re-joice, For Prince and Fa-ther-land, For Prince and Fa-ther-land!
 song and pray'r, For Prince and Fa-ther-land, For Prince and Fa-ther-land!

My Old Dog Tray

Andantino con moto

S. C. FOSTER

1. The morn of life is past, And ev' - ning comes at last, It
 2. The forms I call'd my own Have van - ish'd one by one; The
 3. And once when near - ly drown'd, The no - ble heart - ed hound, From
 4. When thoughts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I

brings me a dream of a once hap - py day; Of youth - ful forms I've seen, Up -
 lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a - way; Their hap - py smiles have flown, Their
 death's o - pen jaws snatch'd his mas - ter a - way; And bore me safe to shore, Where I
 know that he feels what my poor heart would say; Al - though he can - not speak, I should

on the vil - lage green A sport - ing with my old dog Tray. . .
 gen - tle voi - ces gone, I've noth - ing left but old dog Tray. . .
 nev - er, nev - er more Shall have bet - ter friends than old dog Tray. . .
 vain - ly try to seek A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray. . .

Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way, . . He's

The musical score for 'My Old Dog Tray' is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way, . . He's'.

gentle, he is kind, I shall never, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray. . .

The musical score for 'My Old Dog Tray' continues with the lyrics: 'gentle, he is kind, I shall never, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray. . .'. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

America

National Hymn

1. My coun - try ! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty ! Of thee I sing ; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try ! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love ; I love thy
3. Our Fa - ther's God ! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty ! To thee we sing ; Long may our

The musical score for 'America' is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. My coun - try ! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty ! Of thee I sing ; Land where my 2. My na - tive coun - try ! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love ; I love thy 3. Our Fa - ther's God ! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty ! To thee we sing ; Long may our'.

fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride. From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

The musical score for 'America' continues with the lyrics: 'fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride. From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring. rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove. land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.' The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

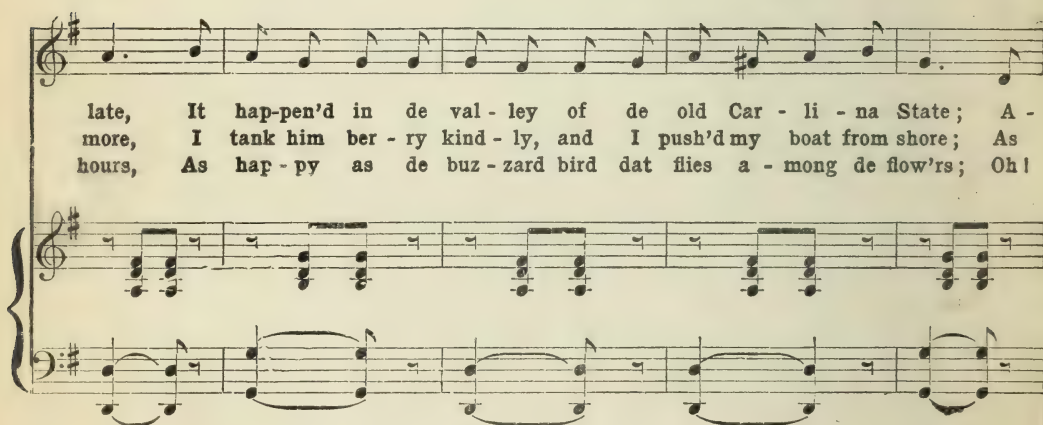
Dearest Mae

FRANCIS LYNCH

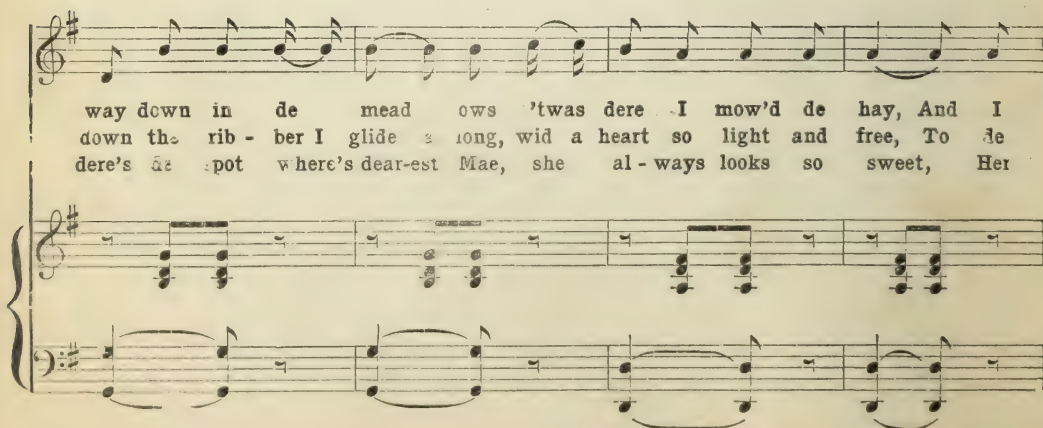
L. H. V. CROSBY



1. Now dar - kies, list - en to me, a sto - ry I'll re -
 2. My Mas - sa gib me a ho - li - day, he said he'd gib me
 3. Be - neath de sha - dy old oak - tree, we sat for ma - ny



late, It hap-pen'd in de val - ley of de old Car - li - na State; A -
 more, I tank him ber - ry kind - ly, and I push'd my boat from shore; As
 hours, As hap - py as de buz - zard bird dat flies a - mong de flow'rs; Oh!



way down in de mead ows 'twas dere I mow'd de hay, And I
 down the rib - ber I glide a long, wid a heart so light and free, To de
 dere's de spot where's dear-est Mae, she al - ways looks so sweet, Her

al - ways work de hard - er when I tink ob dear - est Mae. . .
cot - tage ob my dear - est Mae, I lub'd so much to see. . .
eyes dey spar - kle like de stars, and her lips as red as beet. . .

p First, SOLO; then CHORUS

Oh! dear - est Mae, you're lub - ly as de day, Your eyes so bright dey

shine at night, When de moon am gwan a - way.

Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye

J. L. HATTON

Moderato

1. The bright stars fade, the morn is break - ing, The dew - drops pearl each
 2. The sun is up, the lark is soar - ing, Loud swells the song of

rall. un poco

bud and leaf, And I from thee my leave am tak - ing, With bliss too brief, with
 chan - ti - cleer, The lev - 'ret bounds o'erearth's soft flow'ring, Yet I am here, yet

tr *a tempo*

bliss, . . . with bliss . . . too brief. How sinks my heart with
 I, . . . yet I . . . am here. For since night's gems from

fond a - larms, The tear is hid - ing in mine eye, For time doth tear me
 heav'n do fade, And morn to flo - ral lips doth hie, I could not leave thee

con calore

from thine arms, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye, Good - bye, sweetheart, good-bye,
 though I said Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye, Good - bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

bye, For time doth tear me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.
 bye, I could not leave thee though I said Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

colla voce

Heaven is My Home

T. R. TAYLOR

A. S. SULLIVAN

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home.
 2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grimage, Heav'n is my home.
 3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home.

ril.

Dan-ger and sorrow stand Round me o-ev'ry hand, Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 There are the good and blest, Those I lov'd most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

My Old Kentucky Home

S. C. FOSTER

Rather slow

1. { The sunshines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay;
The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;
2. { They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore;
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light;
3. { The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may go;
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load— No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;



The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.
By'm-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my (*Omit.*)
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door.
The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my (*Omit.*)
A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my (*Omit.*)



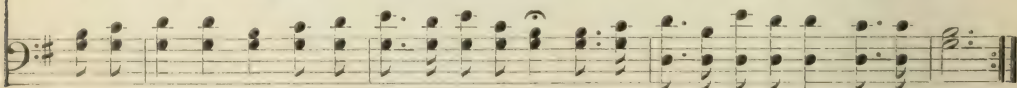
CHORUS



old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day!



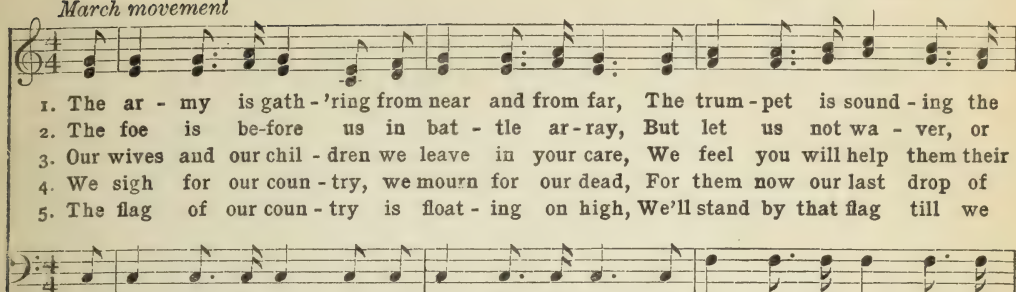
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a-way.



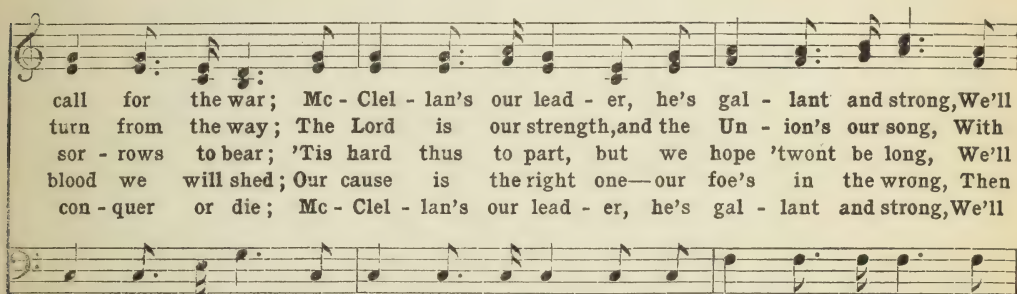
Marching Along

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

March movement

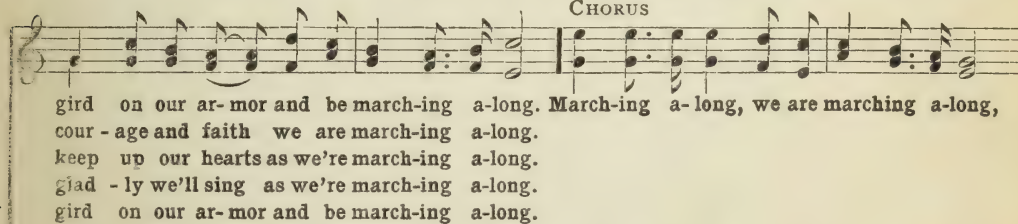


1. The ar - my is gath - 'ring from near and from far, The trum - pet is sound - ing the
 2. The foe is be - fore us in bat - tle ar - ray, But let us not wa - ver, or
 3. Our wives and our chil - dren we leave in your care, We feel you will help them their
 4. We sigh for our coun - try, we mourn for our dead, For them now our last drop of
 5. The flag of our coun - try is float - ing on high, We'll stand by that flag till we

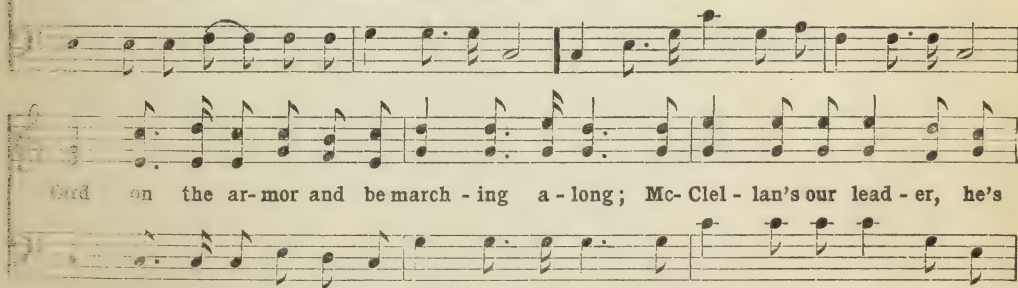


call for the war; Mc - Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's gal - lant and strong, We'll
 turn from the way; The Lord is our strength, and the Un - ion's our song, With
 sor - rows to bear; 'Tis hard thus to part, but we hope 'twont be long, We'll
 blood we will shed; Our cause is the right one—our foe's in the wrong, Then
 con - quer or die; Mc - Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's gal - lant and strong, We'll

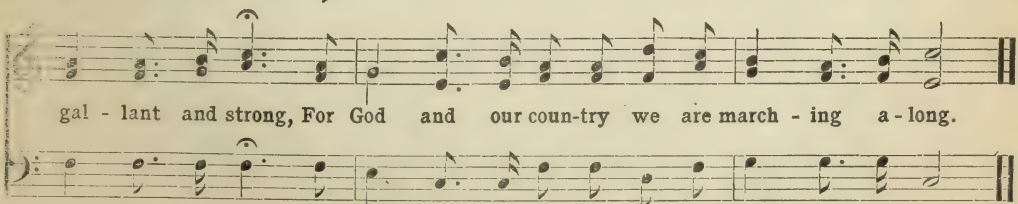
CHORUS



gird on our ar - mor and be march - ing a - long. March - ing a - long, we are marching a - long,
 cour - age and faith we are march - ing a - long.
 keep up our hearts as we're march - ing a - long.
 glad - ly we'll sing as we're march - ing a - long.
 gird on our ar - mor and be march - ing a - long.



Gird on the ar - mor and be march - ing a - long; Mc - Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's



gal - lant and strong, For God and our coun - try we are march - ing a - long.

Carry Me Back to Old Virginy

JAMES BLAND

Moderato

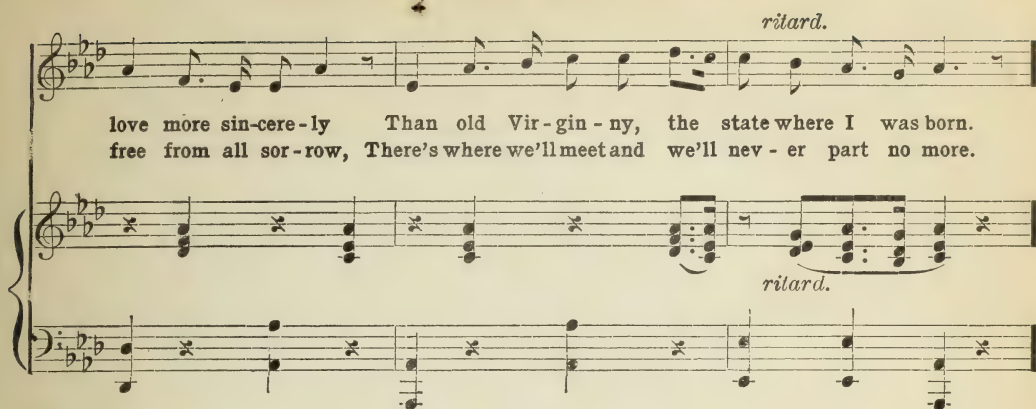
1. Car-ry me back to old Vir-ginny, There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
 2. Car-ry me back to old Vir-ginny, There let me live till I wither and de-cay,

There's where the birds war-ble sweet in the spring-time, There's where the old dar-key's
 Long by the old Dis-mal Swamp have I wan-dered, There's where this old dar-key's

heart am long'd to go, There's where I la-bored so hard for old Mas-sa,
 life will pass a-way. Mas - sa and Mis-sis have long gone be-fore me,

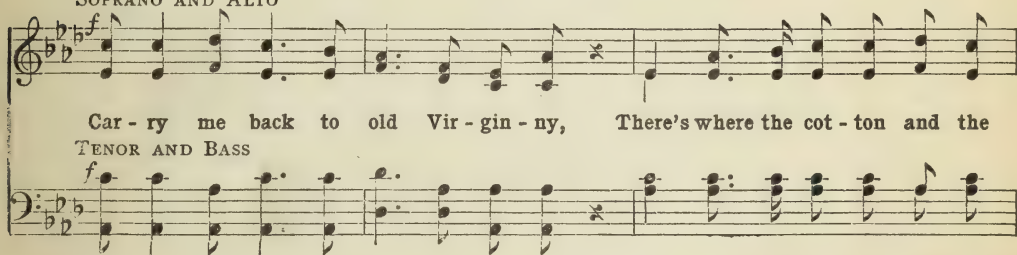
Day af-ter day in the field of yel-low corn, No place on earth do I
 Soon we will meet on that bright and gold-en shore, There we'll be hap-py and

ritard.

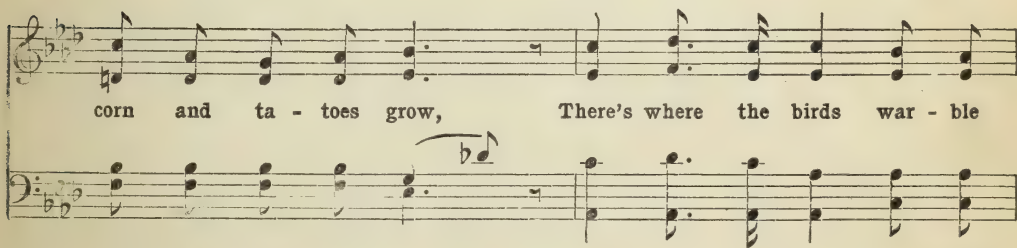


love more sin-cere-ly Than old Vir-gin-ny, the state where I was born.
free from all sor-row, There's where we'll meet and we'll nev-er part no more.

CHORUS
SOPRANO AND ALTO

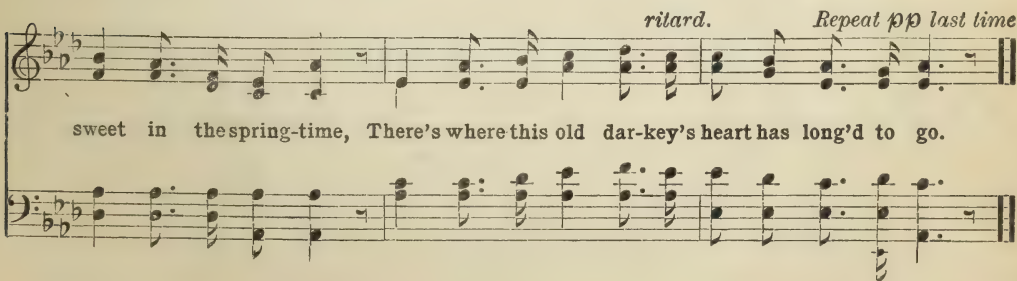


Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cot-ton and the
TENOR AND BASS
f



corn and ta-toes grow, There's where the birds war-ble

ritard. *Repeat pp last time*



sweet in the spring-time, There's where this old dar-key's heart has long'd to go.

Dixie

Adapted by COLLIN COE

DAN EMMET



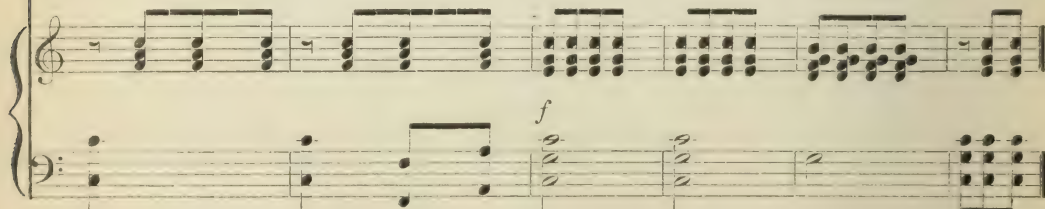
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten, Look a -
 2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry "Will de Wea-ber," Willium was a gay de-ceab-er; Look a -
 3. His face was sharp as a butcher's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er; Look a -



way! Look a-way! Look away! Dixie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
 way! Look a-way! Look away! Dixie Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er, He
 way! Look a-way! Look away! Dixie Land. Old Mis-sus acted de fool-ish part, And



Ear-ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
 smiled as fierce as a for-ty-pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
 died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.



Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll

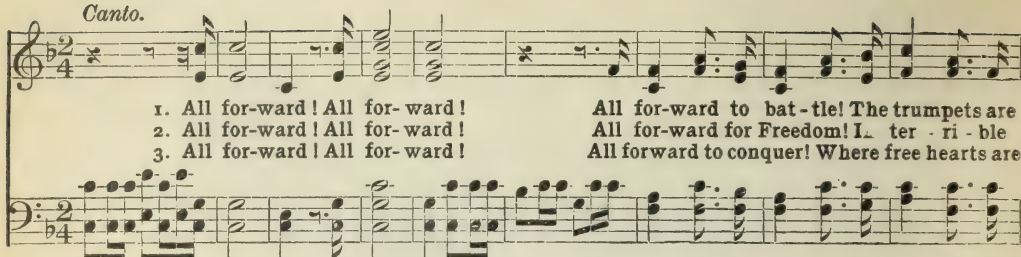
take my stand, To lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-

way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
 An all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! etc.
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
 Look away! etc.
 Cho. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

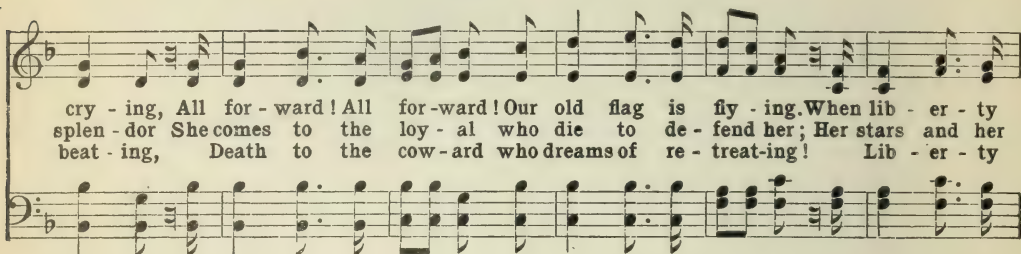
5 Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingun' batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Look away! etc.
 Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
 Look away! etc.
 Cho. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Italian National Hymn

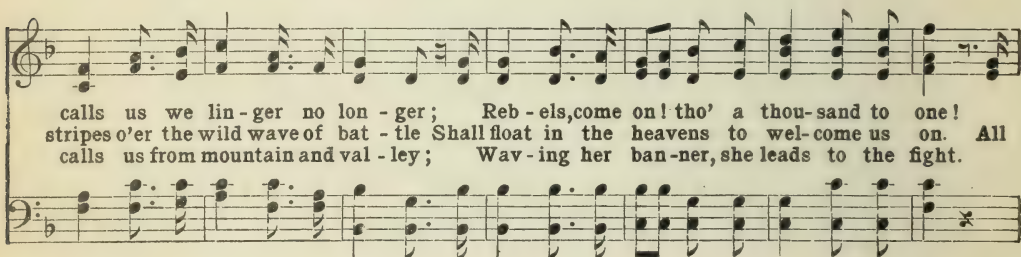
Canto.


1. All for-ward! All for-ward!
 2. All for-ward! All for-ward!
 3. All for-ward! All for-ward!

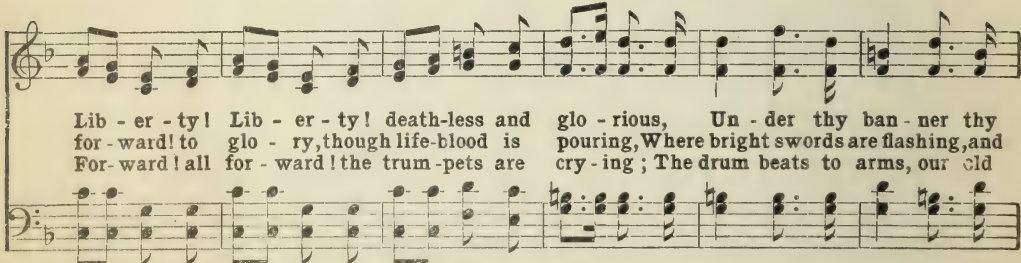
All for-ward to bat-tle! The trumpets are
 All for-ward for Freedom! Li - ter - ri - ble
 All forward to conquer! Where free hearts are



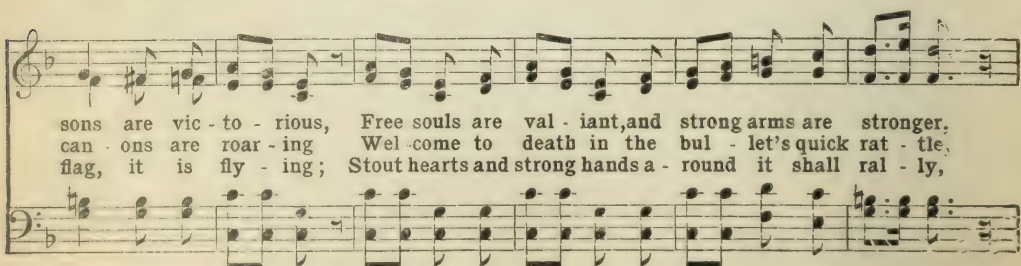
cry - ing, All for - ward! All for-ward! Our old flag is fly - ing. When lib - er - ty
 splen - dor She comes to the loy - al who die to de - fend her; Her stars and her
 beat - ing, Death to the cow - ard who dreams of re - treat - ing! Lib - er - ty



calls us we lin - ger no lon - ger; Reb - els, come on! tho' a thou - sand to one!
 stripes o'er the wild wave of bat - tle Shall float in the heavens to wel - come us on. All
 calls us from mountain and val - ley; Wav - ing her ban - ner, she leads to the fight.



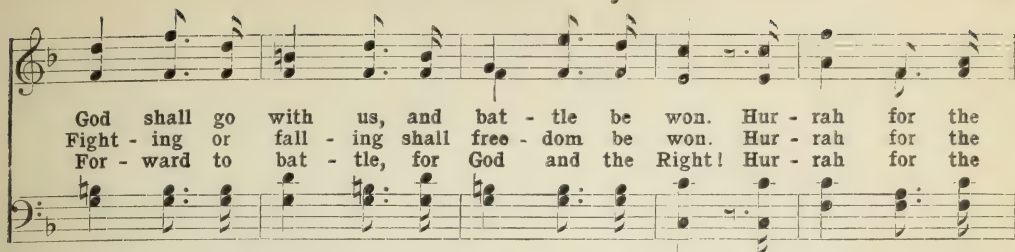
Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty! death-less and glo - rious, Un - der thy ban - ner thy
 for - ward! to glo - ry, though life-blood is pouring, Where bright swords are flashing, and
 For - ward! all for - ward! the trum - pets are cry - ing; The drum beats to arms, our old



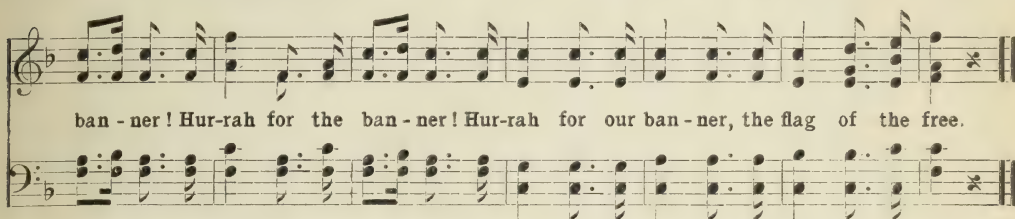
sons are vic - to - rious, Free souls are val - iant, and strong arms are stronger,
 can - ons are roar - ing Wel - come to death in the bul - let's quick rat - tle,
 flag, it is fly - ing; Stout hearts and strong hands a - round it shall ral - ly,

Italian National Hymn

149



God shall go with us, and bat - tle be won. Hur - rah for the
Fight - ing or fall - ing shall free - dom be won. Hur - rah for the
For - ward to bat - tle, for God and the Right! Hur - rah for the




ban - ner! Hur-rah for the ban - ner! Hur-rah for our ban - ner, the flag of the free.

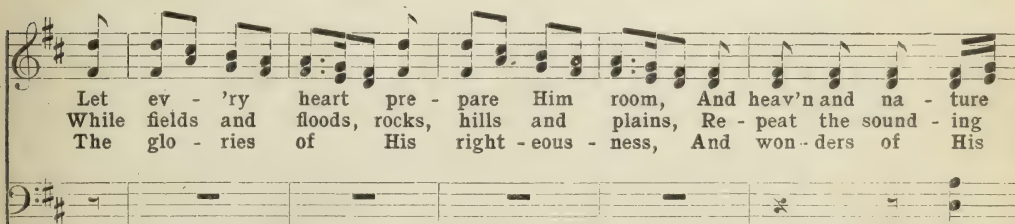
Joy to the World

ISAAC WATTS

Tune, "Antioch." J. MASON



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King;
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove



Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing
The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His

And
Re -
And



sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
love, And won - ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

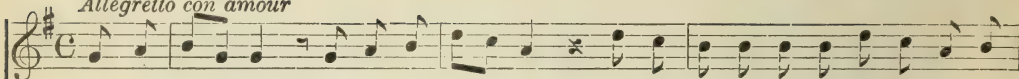
heav'n and nature sing,
peat the sounding joy,
won - ders of His love,

And heav'n and nature sing,
Re - peat the sounding joy,
And won - ders of His love,

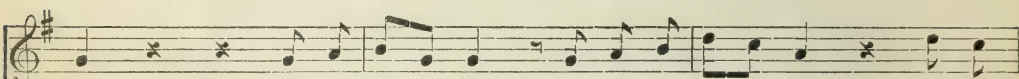
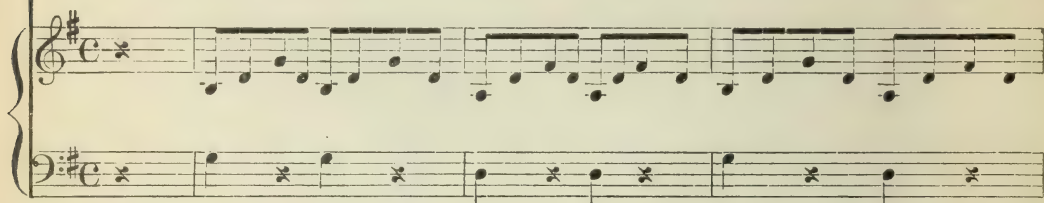
I'm a Pilgrim

M. S. B. SHINDLER.

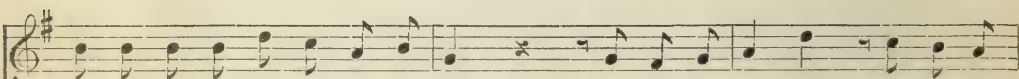
Italian Melody

Allegretto con amour

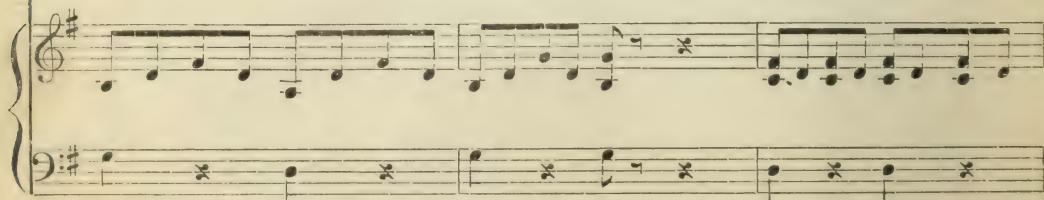
1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a
 2. There the sun-beams are ev-er shin-ing, I am long-ing, I am long-ing for the
 3. Of that coun-try to which I'm go-ing, My Re-deem-er, my Re-deem-er is the



night; I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can
 sight; There the sun-beams are ev-er shin-ing, I am
 light; Of that coun-try to which I'm go-ing, My Re-



tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night; Do not de-tain me, for I am
 long-ing, I am long-ing for the sight! With-in a coun-try, unknown and
 deem-er, my Re-deem-er is the light; There no sor-row, nor an-y



go - ing To where the stream-lets are ev - er flow - ing. I'm a
 drear - y, I have been wandering, for - lorn and wea - ry. I'm a
 sigh - ing, Nor an - y sin there, nor an - y dy - ing. I'm a

pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

Cradle Song

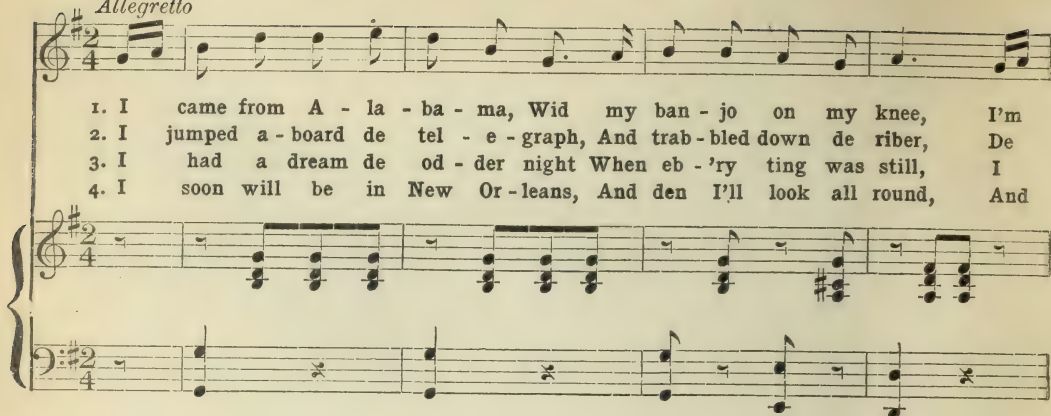
C. M. VON WEBER

Moderato

1. Sleep, my heart's darling, in slumber re - pose; Let the fair lids o'er those blue eyes now close;
 2. Now, dear-est ba - by, is morn's golden time; Not thus thou'lt slumber in life's la - ter prime;
 3. An - gels from heav-en, as love-ly as thou, Watch o'er thy cra-dle and smile on thee now;
 4. Sleep, my heart's darling, straight cometh the night; Mother doth watch by thy bed with de - light;

All is as peace-ful and still as the tomb, Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.
 Sor - row and care then will watch by thy bed, Ne'er more sweet peace will there pillow thy head.
 An - gels will tend thee in life's la - ter years; Then they will come to dry manhood's sad tears.
 Tho' it be ear - ly, or late it may be, Mother's love slumbers not, watch-ing o'er thee.

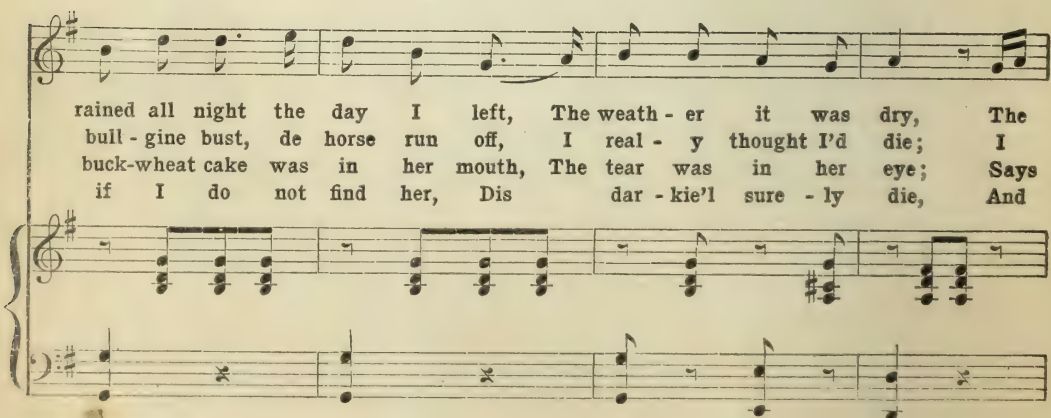
Oh! Susanna

Allegretto


1. I came from A - la - ba - ma, Wid my ban - jo on my knee, I'm
 2. I jumped a - board de tel - e - graph, And trab - bled down de riber, De
 3. I had a dream de od - der night When eb - 'ry ting was still, I
 4. I soon will be in New Or - leans, And den I'll look all round, And



gwyne to Loui - si - a - na, My true love for to see; It
 lec - tric flu - id mag - ni - fied, And killed five hun - dred nigger. De
 thought I saw Su - san - na A - - com - ing down de hill; The
 when I find Su - san - na, I will fall up - on de ground. And



rained all night the day I left, The weath - er it was dry, The
 bull - gine bust, de horse run off, I real - y thought I'd die; I
 buck - wheat cake was in her mouth, The tear was in her eye; Says
 if I do not find her, Dis dar - kie'l sure - ly die, And



JOHANNA GADSKI

One of Germany's most popular opera singers. She was born in Anclam, Prussia, 1871, received her musical training in her own country, and first appeared in grand opera in New York. She created many Wagnerian parts, and made a remarkable concert tour through America in 1898-99. Her popular encore is "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"—Heart Songs, p. 105.

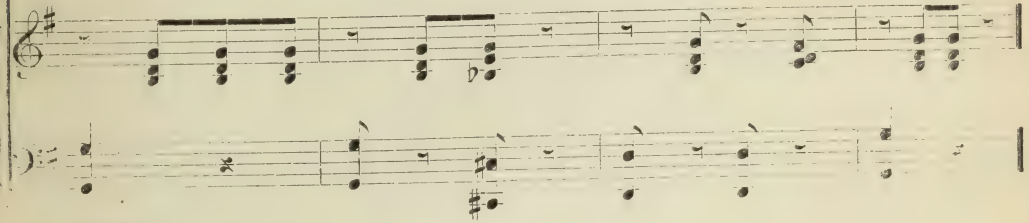


LOUISE HOMER

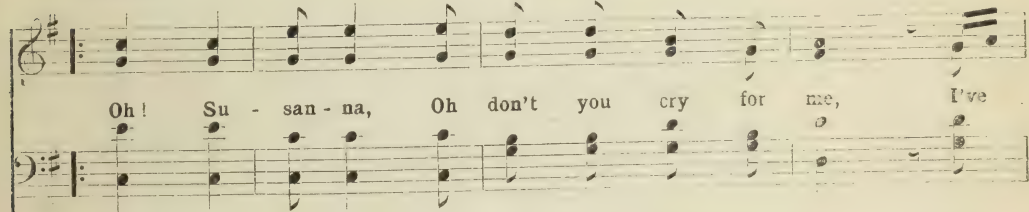
A noted American contralto, in private life the wife of Sidney Homer, the composer. She was born in Pittsburgh, and made her debut as an opera singer in Paris, 1898. She has sung at Covent Garden, London, and for ten successive seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Her popular encore is 'Abide With Me'—Heart Songs, p. 447.



sun so hot I froze to death, Su - san - na, don't you cry.
 shut my eyes to hold my breath, Su - san - na, don't you cry.
 I, "I'm com - ing from de south, Su - san - na, don't you cry."
 when I'm dead and bur - i - ed, Su - san - na, don't you cry.



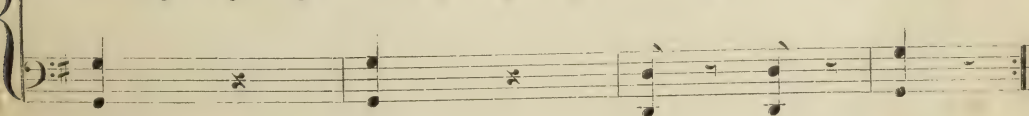
CHORUS.



Oh ! Su - san - na, Oh don't you cry for me, I've



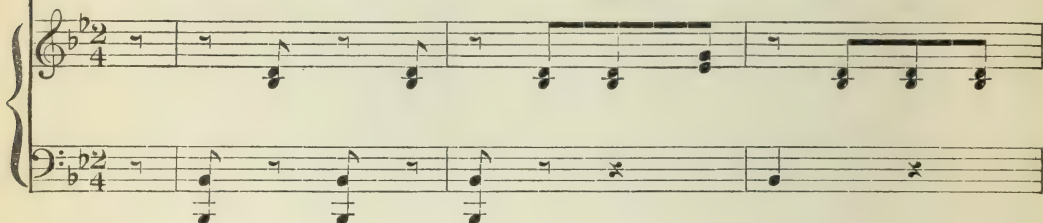
come from A - la - ba - ma Wid my ban - jo on my knee.



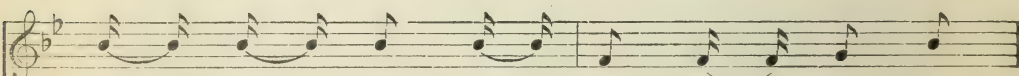
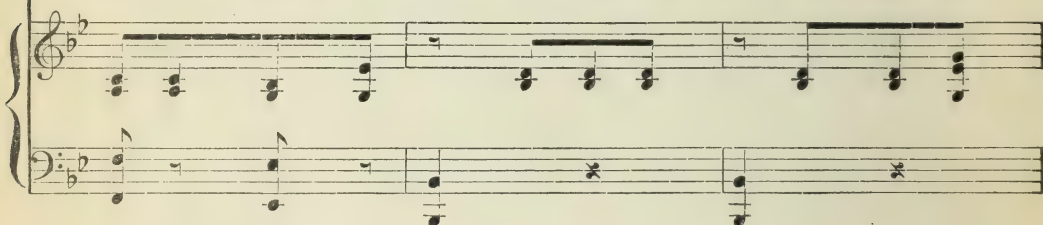
Old Dan Tucker

Allegro

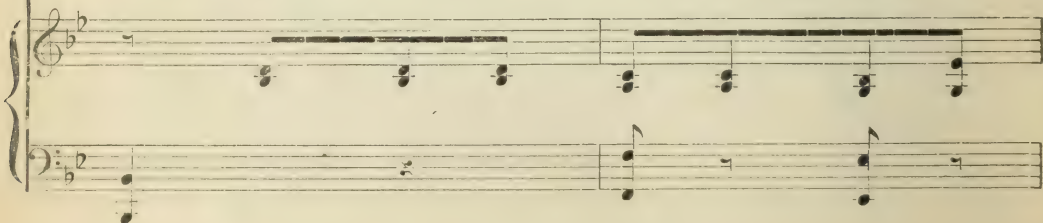
1. I come to town de ud - der night, I hear de noise an
2. Old Dan he went down to de mill, To get some meal to
3. Ole Dan and I we did fall out And what you tink it
4. Ole Dan be - gun in ear - ly life To play de ban - jo
5. And now Ole Dan is a gone suck-er And neb - ber can go



saw de fight, De watch-man was a run - nin roun, Cry - in
 put in the swill; The mil - ler he swore by the point of his knife He
 was a - bout? He tread on my corn; I kick him on the shin And
 and de fife; He play de nig - gers all to sleep An
 home to sup - per; Ole Dan he has had his last ride And de



"Old . . . Dan . . . Tuck - er's come to . . . town," So
 nev - er . . . seed such a man in his life! So
 dat's the . . . way dis row be - gin! So
 den . . . in - to his bunk he creep. So
 Ban - jo's bur - ied by his side. So



get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck - er, get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck - er

get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck - er, You're too late to come to sup - per.

The musical score for 'Old Dan Tucker' is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and catchy, with a strong emphasis on the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal line.

Adieu! 'Tis Love's Last Greeting

SCHUBERT

p *f*

1. A - dieu ! 'tis love's last greet-ing, The part-ing hour is come! And fast thy soul is
 2. A - dieu ! go thou be - fore me, To join the ser - aph throng! A se - cret sense comes

mf *pp*

fleet-ing, To seek its star - ry home! Yet dare I mourn when Heaven Has bid thy soul be
 o'er me, I tar - ry here not long! A - dieu! there comes a morrow, To ev - 'ry day of

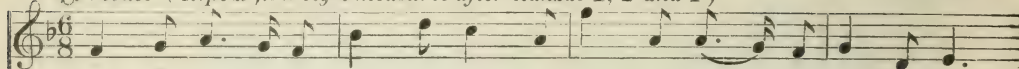
I *2*

free; A life of bliss has giv-en For - ev - er - more to thee! Yet ev - er - more to thee!
 pain! On earth we part in sor - row, To meet in bliss a - gain! A - meet in bliss a - gain!

The musical score for 'Adieu! 'Tis Love's Last Greeting' is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is more complex than 'Old Dan Tucker', with a strong emphasis on the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal line. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *pp* (pianissimo). It also includes first and second endings, marked with *I* and *2*.

The Kerry Dance

J. L. MOLLOY

♩: *Vivace* (Repeat first eight measures after stanzas 1, 2 and 4)

1. Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune!
2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er col - leen In the dance than Ei - ly More!
4. Lov - ing voi - ces of old com - pan - ions, Steal - ing out of the past, once more,



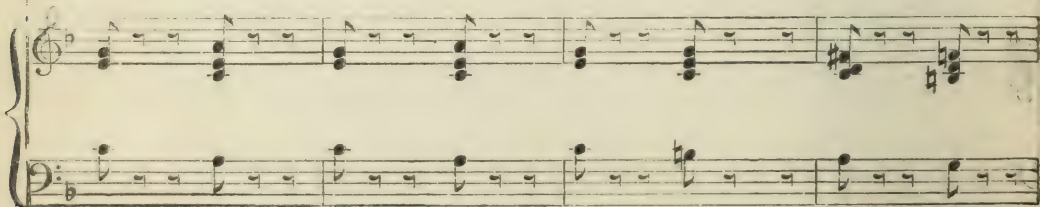
FINE



Oh, for one of those hours of glad - ness, Gon - a - las! like our youth, too soon!
 Or a proud - er lad than Tha - dy, As he bold - ly took the floor!
 And the sound of the dear old mu - sic, Soft and sweet as in days of yore,



When the boys be - gan to gath - er In the glen of a sum - mer night,
 Lads and lass - es, to your pla - ces, Up the mid - dle and down a - gain,"
 When the boys be - gan to gath - er In the glen of a sum - mer night,



And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing Made us long with wild de - light:
 Ah! the mer - ry - heart - ed laugh - ter Ring - ing through the hap - py glen!
 And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing Made us long with wild de - light:

ril.
 Oh, to think of it, Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!

piu lento
 3. Time goes on, and the hap-py years are dead, And one by one the mer-ry hearts are

fled; Si - lent now is the wild and lone-ly glen, Where the bright glad laugh will

The Kerry Dance

ech - o ne'er a-gain, On - ly dream-ing of days gone by, in my heart I hear, *D.C.*

Castanets are Sounding

Spanish "La Cachuca"

Allegretto

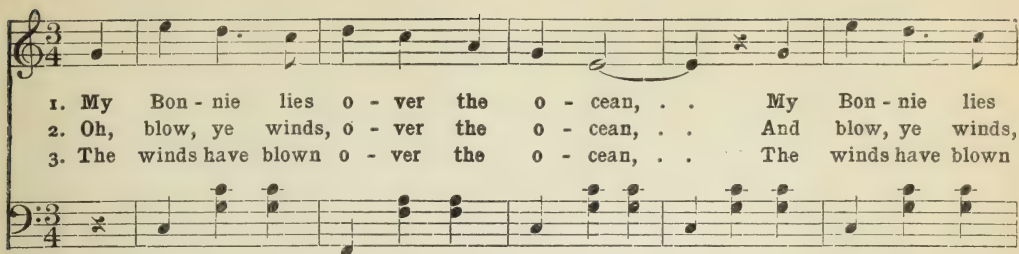
1. Come, O come! Cas-ta - nets are gai - ly sound - ing; Light feet to their notes are
2. Day is past: Stars now bright-ly beam a - bove us, Hearts are near that fond - ly

bound-ing; Mer - ry dance and joy - ous song Glad-den now that hap - py throng.
love us; Sweet gui - tar and man - do - lin Give new pleas-ure to the scene.

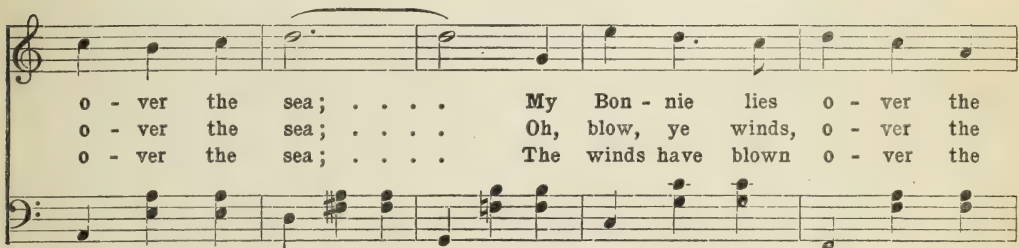
Nev - er, nev - er yet did mu - sic's meas - ure Bear such thrill-ing notes of
Come, then come! nev - er yet did mu - sic's meas - ure Bea. such thrill-ing notes of

pleasure; Hearts and eyes are filled with glee, And gay - est of the gay we'll be.

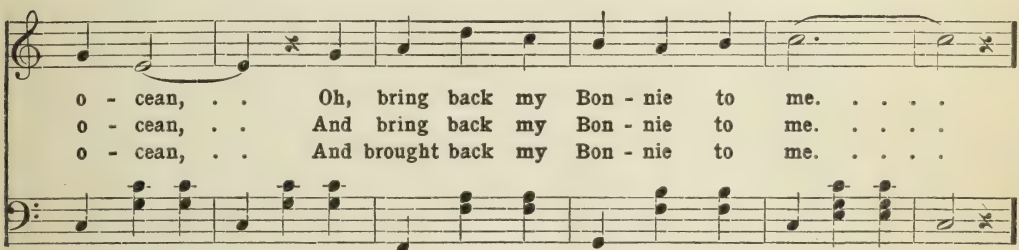
Bonnie



1. My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean, . . . My Bon-nie lies
2. Oh, blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean, . . . And blow, ye winds,
3. The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean, . . . The winds have blown



o-ver the sea; My Bon-nie lies o-ver the
o-ver the sea; Oh, blow, ye winds, o-ver the
o-ver the sea; The winds have blown o-ver the

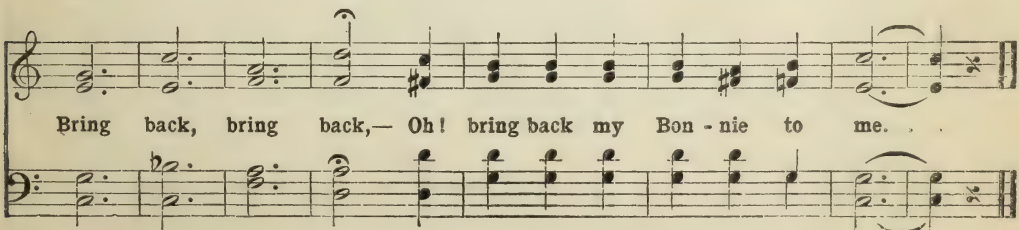


o-cean, . . . Oh, bring back my Bon-nie to me. . . .
o-cean, . . . And bring back my Bon-nie to me. . . .
o-cean, . . . And brought back my Bon-nie to me. . . .

CHORUS



Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon-nie to me, to me;



Bring back, bring back,— Oh! bring back my Bon-nie to me. . .

See-Saw Waltz Song

A. G. CROWE

Tempo di Valse

See - saw, see - saw, now we're up or down, See - saw, see - saw, Now we're

off to Lon-don Town. See - saw, see - saw, Boys and girls come out and play, See - saw,

FINE

see - saw, On this our hol - i - day. 1. There's Pol-ly and John-ny and Kit-ty and
2. Then come, boys and girls, and all join hands a -

Jane, All run-ning to get on the See-saw a - gain, But Bob-by and Sai-ly al -
round, And mer-ri - ly skip with de - light o'er the ground, Such frolic-some games ne'er be -

read - y are there, And swinging the See-saw up high in the air. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha,
fore have been seen, As we'll have to - day on the old village green. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha,

D.C. al fine

ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun! Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun!

Angelic Songs are Swelling

Rev. F. W. FABER

J. M. ARMSTRONG, arr.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing, O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
 4. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and
 5. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments

o - cean's wavebeat shore. . . How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come! " And, through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea; . . . And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing,
 darksome night be past; . . . All jour - neys end in wel - come to the wea - ry,
 of the songs a - bove; . . . Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

dim. **CHORUS**

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
 Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less sky.

rall.

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

Good-Night, Farewell

F. KÜCKEN

Con anima

1. Good-night, fare - well, my own true heart, A thou - sand times good -
 2. I see thy heart re - flect - ed by A star with - in the

*sempre
Ped.**rit.*

night; . . . Each thought of thee bids grief de - part, And
 stream; . . . It shines forth from thy clear blue eye, And

mf rit. dim.
*Ped. * Ped.*

poco animato

ren - ders joy more bright: Tho' far, thy im - age
 sheds o'er me its beams: And though no more than

*legato**stacc.*** Ped.*** Ped.*

sempre cres. *cres.*

dwells with me, Thou art my guid - ing star,
one . . bright glance I e'er of thee pos - sess'd,

cres. *f* *sempre. cres. marc.*

Ped. ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ***

f

. When o'er . . me dark - 'ning clouds I see, Thy
. That look . . my heart will ere en - trance, And

f *ff*

Ped. ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ***

love guides me a - far, When o'er . . me
ren - der ev - er blest, That look . . my

p *f*

Ped. ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ***

Good-Night, Farewell

dark - 'ning clouds I see, Thy love . . guides me a - far.
heart will e'er en - trance, And ren - der ev - er blest.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *p* *rit.* *pp* *Ped.* *stacc.* *

cres - cen - do

Fare - well, my own true heart, A . .

Ped. * *Ped.* *cres.*

f *rit.*
dim.
thou - sand times fare - well! Good - night, fare - well, my

f *ff* *rit. dim.* *p* *tranquillo dol. p* *Ped.* * *pp*

own true heart.

Ped. * *cres. e sostenuto. f marc.* *Andante*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The score is divided into four systems. The first system contains the first line of the vocal melody and the beginning of the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The third system contains the second line of the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The fourth system contains the third line of the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures. The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (p, f, ff, pp, cres., rit., dim., Andante), articulation (Ped., stacc.), and phrasing slurs. The vocal melody is written in a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is written in two staves (treble and bass clef).

Ah! So Pure

From FLOTOW'S "Martha"

Moderato. Dolce ed espress.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a treble clef staff containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass clef staff with a lower accompaniment. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is placed above the first measure of the treble staff.

The first vocal entry is on a treble clef staff, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef staff. The lyrics are: "Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright, Burst her beauty on my sight; Oh! so mild, so di - vine,"

The second vocal entry is on a treble clef staff, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef staff. The lyrics are: "She be - guil'd this heart of mine: . . . Reft of aim, E'er she came, Dark the

The third vocal entry is on a treble clef staff, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef staff. The lyrics are: "fu - ture seem'd to loom, Till her clear Bril - liant sphere New with light dis - pelled the

Ah! So Pure

gloom. Woe! she fled, Quick-ly sped All my joy in fleet-ing gleams; As I

wake, Hopes for-sake, Rob-bing me of god-like dreams, of god-like dreams. . .

Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright Burst her beau-ty on my sight, Oh! so mild, so di-

ad lib. *piu animato*
 voice. She beguil'd this heart of mine. Mar-tha, Martha! Thou has ta-ken ev-ry
colla voce.

affret.

bliss a-way with thee! Canst thou leave me, Thus for-sak-en! Come and share thy boon with

cres. colla voce.

me, Come, share thy boon with me, Yea, with me.

a tempo

f ff più p

Lauriger Horatius

Male Voices

Pitch in B♭ when possible

1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum! Fu - git Eu - ro
 2. Cre - scit u - va mol - li - ter Et pu - el - la cre - scit, Sed po - e - ta
 3. Quid ju - vat æ - ter - ni - tas No - mi - nis, a - ma - re Ni - si ter - ræ

CHORUS

ci - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax re - rum! U - bi sunt O poc - u - la,
 tur - pi - ter Si - ti - ens ca - ne - scit.
 fi - li - as Li - cet, et po - ta - re!

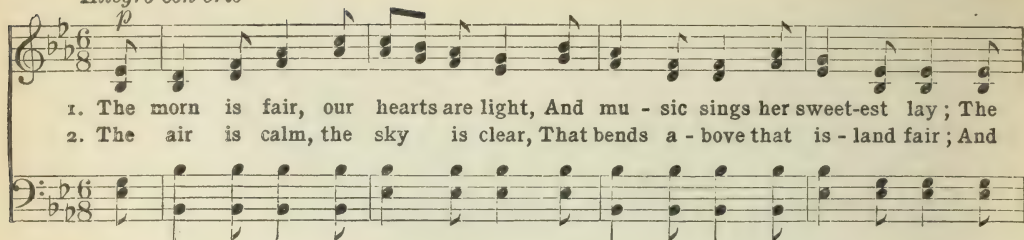
Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le, Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pu - el - læ.

The Enchanted Isle

From VERDI's "Hernani"


Allegro con brio

p



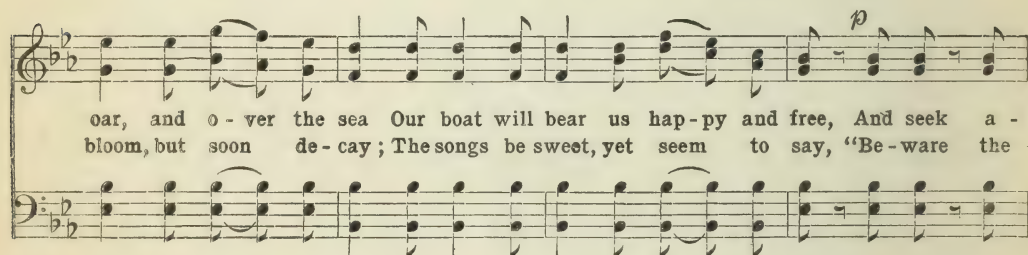
1. The morn is fair, our hearts are light, And mu - sic sings her sweet-est lay ; The
2. The air is calm, the sky is clear, That bends a - bove that is - land fair ; And

f



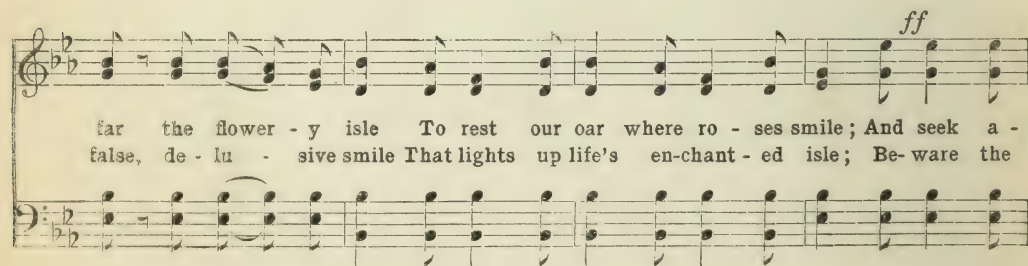
lake is sleep - ing calm and bright, Come, let us a - way ; We'll ply the
si - ren mu - sic there we hear, Our hearts to en - snare. The flow'rs may

p



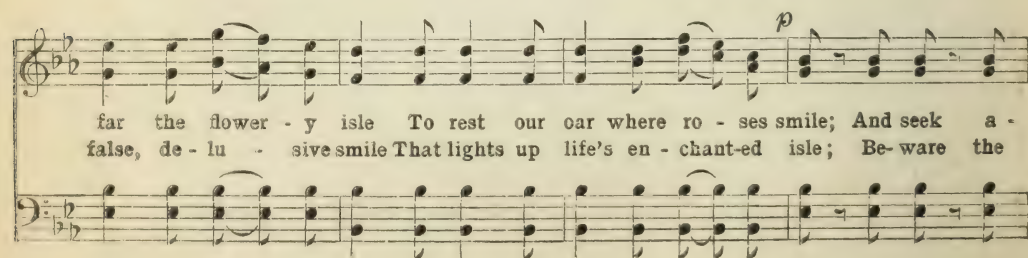
oar, and o - ver the sea Our boat will bear us hap - py and free, And seek a -
bloom, but soon de - cay ; The songs be sweet, yet seem to say, "Be - ware the

ff

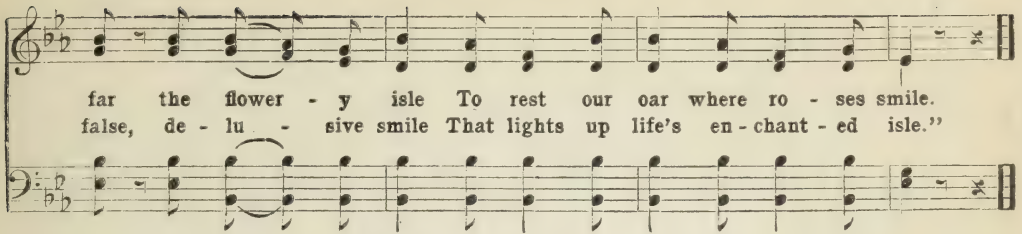


far the flower - y isle To rest our oar where ro - ses smile ; And seek a -
false, de - lu - sive smile That lights up life's en - chant - ed isle ; Be - ware the

p



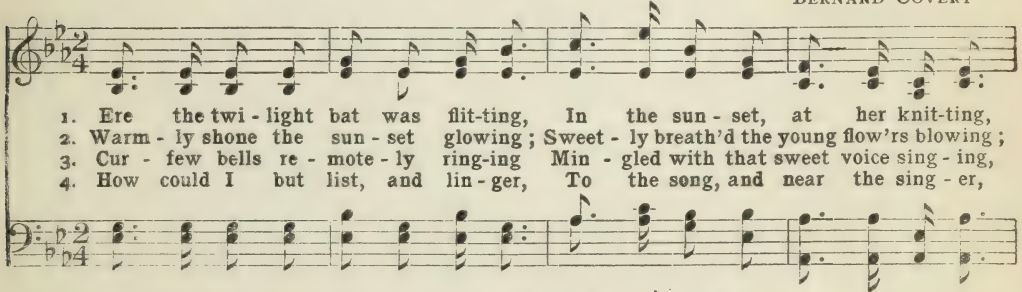
far the flower - y isle To rest our oar where ro - ses smile ; And seek a -
false, de - lu - sive smile That lights up life's en - chant - ed isle ; Be - ware the



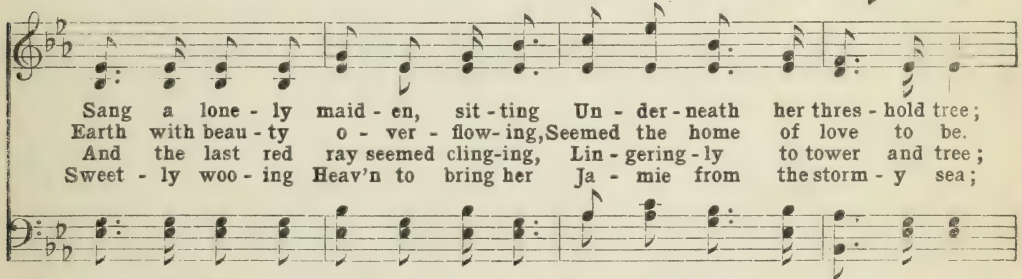
far the flower - y isle To rest our oar where ro - ses smile.
false, de - lu - sive smile That lights up life's en - chant - ed isle."

Jamie's on the Stormy Sea

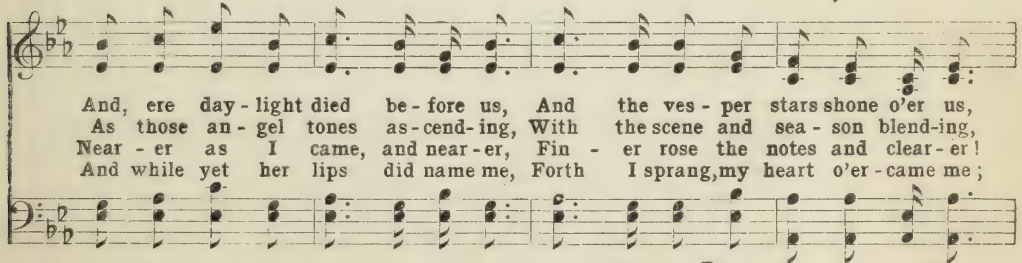
BERNARD COVERT



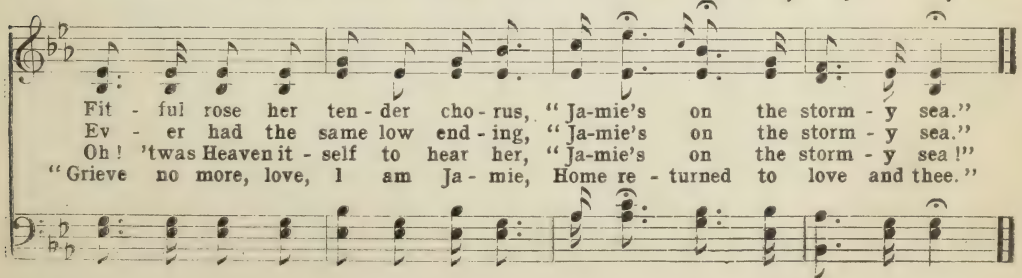
1. Ere the twi - light bat was flit - ting, In the sun - set, at her knit - ting,
2. Warm - ly shone the sun - set glowing; Sweet - ly breath'd the young flow'rs blowing;
3. Cur - few bells re - mote - ly ring - ing Min - gled with that sweet voice sing - ing,
4. How could I but list, and lin - ger, To the song, and near the sing - er,



Sang a lone - ly maid - en, sit - ting Un - der - neath her thres - hold tree;
Earth with beau - ty o - ver - flow - ing, Seemed the home of love to be.
And the last red ray seemed cling - ing, Lin - ger - ing - ly to tower and tree;
Sweet - ly woo - ing Heav'n to bring her Ja - mie from the storm - y sea;



And, ere day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per stars shone o'er us,
As those an - gel tones as - cend - ing, With the scene and sea - son blend - ing,
Near - er as I came, and near - er, Fin - er rose the notes and clear - er!
And while yet her lips did name me, Forth I sprang, my heart o'er - came me;



Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho - rus, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea."
Ev - er had the same low end - ing, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea."
Oh! 'twas Heaven it - self to hear her, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"
"Grieve no more, love, I am Ja - mie, Home re - turned to love and thee."

The Heart Bowed Down

M. W. BALFE

Larghetto cantabile

1. The heart bowed down by weight of woe, To
 2. The mind, will, in its worst de-spair, Still

weak - est hopes will cling; To thought and im - pulse
 pon - der o'er the past, On mo - ments of de -

while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can, that
 light, that were Too beau - ti - ful . . . to last, too beau - ti -

rallent.
 can no com - fort bring, With those ex - ci - ting
 ful, too beau-ti-ful to last. To long de - part - ed



LUISA TETRAZZINI

The great Spanish coloratura soprano. She is an Italian by birth. Her first operatic success was in San Francisco, followed by triumphs in London and European countries. The flute-like qualities of her voice are the marvel of audiences. Her popular encore is "Bonnie Dundee"—Heart Songs, p. 80.



JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS

An American contralto who was most successful as Alan-a-Dale in "Robin Hood." (This photograph shows her in the role.) She was born in Morris, Illinois, the daughter of well-known musicians. Her professional debut was in 1880, in "Pinafore." She died in 1905. Her popular encore was "Robin Adair"—Heart Songs, p. 288.

The Heart Bowed Down

191

scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But
years ex-tend Its vis - ions with - them flown, For

mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call . . . its

own; That grief can call its own; . . . That

grief can call its own. 2. The own.

Three Fishers Went Sailing

C. KINGSLEY

J. HULLAH

Andantino

1. Three fish - ers went sail - ing out
 2. Three wives sat up in the
 3. Three corps - es lay out on the

pp

in - to the west, Out in - to the west as the sun went down; Each
 light - housetow'r And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down; They
 shin - ing sands, In the morn - ing gleam as the tide went down, And the

mf

un poco rall.

thought on the wo-man who lov'd him the best, And the chil-dren stood watching them
 look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the show'r, And the night-rack came roll - ing up
 wo - men are weep-ing and wring-ing their hands For those who will nev - er come

fz *p*

Three Fishers Went Sailing

103

a tempo

out of the town; For men must work and wo-men must weep, And there's
rag-ged and brown! But men must work, and wo-men must weep, Though
back to the town; For men must work, and wo-men must weep, And the

pp

cres.

lit-tle to earn, and man-y to keep; Tho' the har-bor bar . . be
storms be sud-den, and wa-ters deep, And the har-bor bar . . be
soon-er it's o-ver, the soon-er to sleep, And good-bye to the bar and its

fz *cres.*

f *dim.* 1 & 2 3

moan - - - - - ing. ing.

f *dim.* 1 & 2 3

The Tar's Farewell

STEPHEN ADAMS

Moderato con energia

1. When forced to bid fare-well to Leo, Pull a-way, my boys, pull a-way, I
 2. But then if false should prove my fair, Pull a-way, my boys, pull a-way, I'd

did not know what I should do, pull a-way, pull a-way, I
 burn this lit-tle lock of hair, pull a-way, pull a-way, If

left her weep-ing on the quay, She said she would be true to me, As we
 she be false and I be free, I'll sail a-gain to the south-ern sea, Where

sailed a-way to the south-ern sea, Pull a-way, my boys, pull a-
 there are plen-ty as good as she, Pull a-way, my boys, pull a-

The Tar's Farewell

115

rall.

p cantabile

way, pull a-way, pull away, pull a - way. For the wind must

blow, and the ship must go, And lov - ing souls must part, But the ship will

tack and the Tar come back, To the first love of his heart, For the wind must

blow, and the ship must go, And lov - ing souls must part, And the ship will

The Tar's Farewell

tack and the Tar come back, To the first love of his heart, To the first love

of his heart. . . To the first love of his heart. . .

2 ad lib.

colla voce.

ff

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line starts with a first ending bracket over the final two measures. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *f*, and *ff*, as well as performance instructions like *2 ad lib.* and *colla voce.*

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

Mrs. EMMA WILLARD

JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT

1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, . . . I lay me down . . . in peace to
2. And such the trust that still were mine . . . Tho' storm-y winds . . . swept o'er the

sleep;
brine, Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, . . For thou, O! Lord, hast pow'r to
Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath . Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and

pp

tr

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 6/8. The vocal line includes two numbered verses. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *p* and *pp*, as well as a trill marking *tr*.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

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save. I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's
death! In o - cean's cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mortal - i -

fall! And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the
ty; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the

deep, And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . .

1 2
Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

I Would That My Love

From the German of H. HEINE

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Allegretto con moto

p

1. I would that my love could si - lent - ly flow in a sin - gle word; I'd
2. To thee on their wings, my fair-est, that soul-felt word they would bear, Should'st

cres. *cres.*

give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a-way in sport, I'd
hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry-where, Should'st

cres. *cres.*

dim.

give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a-way in sport, a - way in
hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry-where, and ev - 'ry

dim.

pp

sport, a-way in sport, they'd waft it a-way in sport. 3. At night, when thine eye-lids is
where, and ev - 'ry - where, and hear it ev - 'ry-where.

pp

pp sempre *cres.*

slum - ber have closed thine bright heav'nly beams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee,

pp sempre *cres.*

cres. *f*

e'en in thy deepest dreams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee, e'en in . . thy deepest

cres. *f* *dim.* *pp*

dreams, e'en in thy deep-est, thy deepest dreams, E'en in . . thy deepest, deep - est dreams.

p *dim.* *pp*

The musical score is written for piano on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef. Dynamics include crescendo (cres.), forte (f), decrescendo (dim.), and pianissimo (pp). The tempo is not explicitly marked for this piece.

Sleep, Beloved, Sleep

W. TAUBERT

Andantino con moto

1. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep; Round thee watch we keep; List how the rain doth fall,
 2. Close thy wea - ry eye; Wind doth rus - tle by; Hare doth lift a list-'ning ear,
 3. Sleep, till morn a - rise In yon az - ure skies; Watch-dog now hath ceased to bark:

How the neighbor's dog doth call: He hath bit - ten some one stray-ing, That's the cause of
 As the hun-ter's foot draws near; Coat of green is hun - ter wear-ing But the hare is
 Beg - gar hides where all is dark; Lit - tle dove her young is tend-ing Where no hun - ter's

rit. *dim.*

all this bay - ing, Round thee care - ful watch we keep. Sleep, be lov - ed, sleep.
 lit - tle car - ing; Hun - ter can - not come him nigh. Close thy wea - ry eye.
 foot is wend-ing; Hare is hid in ver - dure deep Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep.

The musical score is written for piano on a grand staff. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andantino con moto'. The score includes three verses of lyrics. Dynamics include decrescendo (rit.) and decrescendo (dim.).

Bunker Hill

Sung at the Dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843

JAMES B. TAYLOR

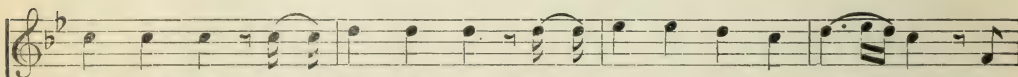
HENRY L. TUCKERMAN



1. Lone - ly and still was the wood and hill, And the waves be - low yet slumbered. The
 2. The he - roes tho't as they brave - ly wrought, Their coun - try's al - tar rear - ing, Of a
 3. Then wav'd the sword, then blood was pour'd, Op - pres - sion's host dis - may - ing, Death
 4. Once more the skies with sum - mer dyes, A - bove the fields are bend - ing, And the
 5. To - day a throng with fes - tal song, The sa - cred mount o'er - flow - ing, Have

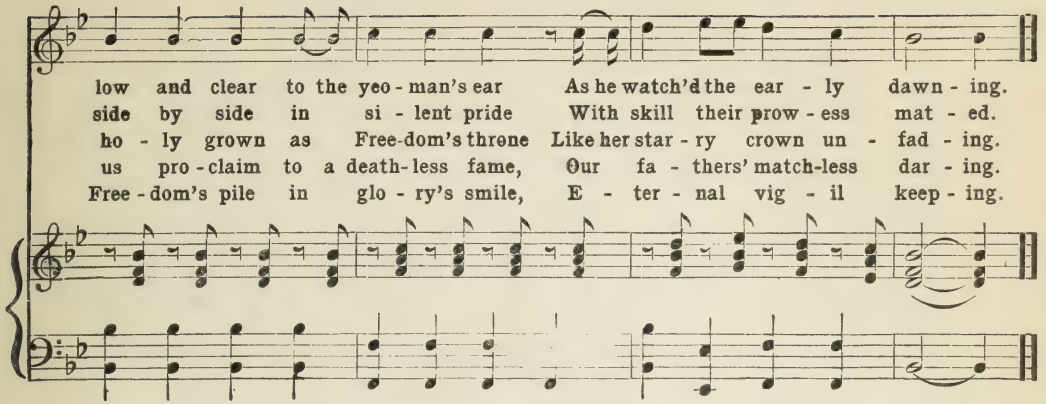


breez - es light of a sum - mer night All the dew - y hours num - bered. The
 no - ble land by val - or's hand Made free and home en - dear - ing. In
 rent the air and the can - nons' glare O'er Free - dom's birth were play - ing. And
 wa - ters still be - neath the hill Their crys - tal waves are blend - ing. But
 gathered there with pomp and prayer, All hearts with rap - ture glow - ing. On the



sen - try's tramp from the foe - man's camp, With his tone of has - ty warn - ing, Came
 firm ar - ray when broke the day, The dead - ly charge they wait - ed, And
 that green height, with the eve - ning light Its crim - son turf o'er - shad - ing, Had
 Peace di - vine a - round the shrine, Her bound - less har - vest wear - ing, Bids
 go - ry red of the mar - tyred dead, Its shade ma - jes - tic sleep - ing, Stands



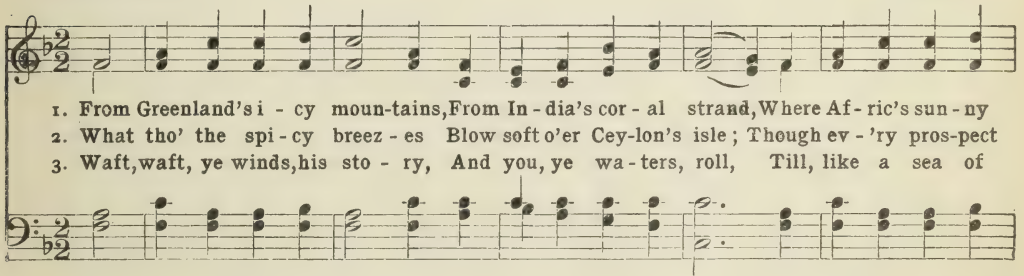


low and clear to the yea-man's ear As he watch'd the ear - ly dawn - ing.
 side by side in si - lent pride With skill their prow - ess mat - ed.
 ho - ly grown as Free-dom's throne Like her star - ry crown un - fad - ing.
 us pro - claim to a death-less fame, Our fa - thers' match-less dar - ing.
 Free - dom's pile in glo - ry's smile, E - ter - nal vig - il keep - ing.

Missionary Hymn

Bishop HEBER

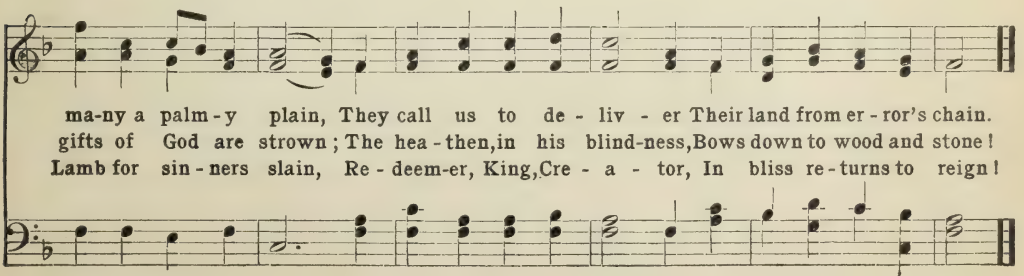
L. MASON



1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny
 2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle; Though ev - 'ry pros-pect
 3. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of



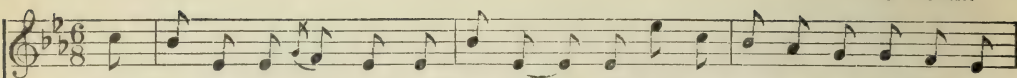
foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand, — From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From
 pleas - es And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The
 glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The



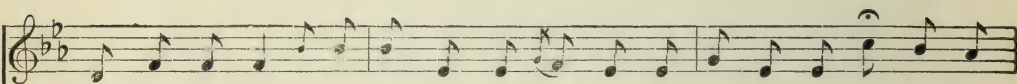
ma - ny a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone!
 Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign!

Rory O'Moore

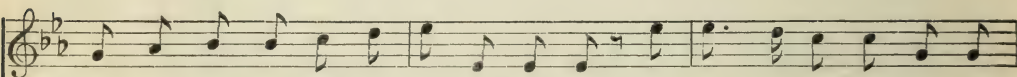
S. LOVER



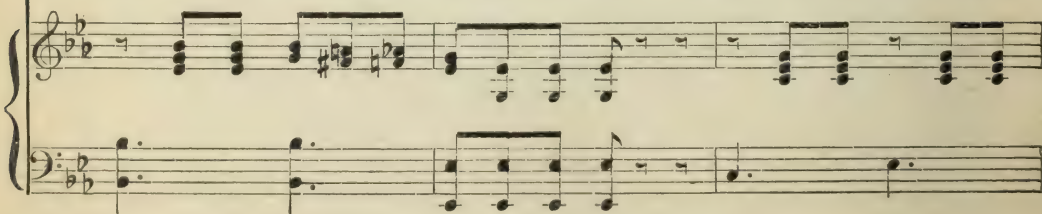
1. Young Ro - ry O - Moore court-ed Kath-leen Bawn, He was bold as a hawk and she
2. "In - deed then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like, For I half gave a prom-ise to
3. "Arrah, Kathleen, my dar - lint, you've teas'd me enough, And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny



soft as the dawn, He wish'd in his heart pret - ty Kath-leen to please, And he
Sooth - er - ing Mike ; The ground that I walk on, he loves, I'll be bound ; "Faith" says
Grimes and Jim Duff, And I've made my - self drink-ing your health quite a baste, So I



thought the best way to do that was to tease. "Now Ro - ry, be ai - sy," sweet
Ro - ry, "I'd rath - er love you than the ground." "Now Ro - ry, I'll cry, if you
think af - ter that, I may talk to the Priest." Then Ro - ry, the rogue, stole his



ad lib.

Kath-leen would cry, Re-proof on her lip but a smile in her eye, "With your don't let me go, Sure I dream ev-'ry night that I'm hat-ing you so!" "Oh!" says arm round her neck, So soft, and so white, with-out freck-le or speck, And he

colla voce.

tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm a-bout, Faint you've teas'd till I've put on my Ro-ry, "that same I'm de-light-ed to hear, For dhrames al-ways go by con-looked in her eyes that were beam-ing with light, And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you

colla voce.

cloak in-side out." "Oh! jew-el" says Ro-ry "that same is the way, You've thrair-es, my dear; Oh! jew-el, keep dream-ing that same till you die, And bright think he was right? "Now Ro-ry, leave off, Sir—you'll hug me no more, That's

thrat-ed my heart for this ma - ny a day, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why
morn-ing will give dir - ty night the black lie, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why
eight times to - day that you've kissed me be-fore;" "Then here goes an - oth - er" says

not to be sure, For 'tis all for good luck" says bold Ro - ry O'- Moore.
not to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck" says bold Ro - ry O'- Moore.
he "to make sure, For there's luck in odd num-bers," says Ro - ry O'- Moore.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. WALFORD

W. B. BRADBURY

1. { Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit .) wish-es known.

2. { Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing (Omit .) soul to bless:

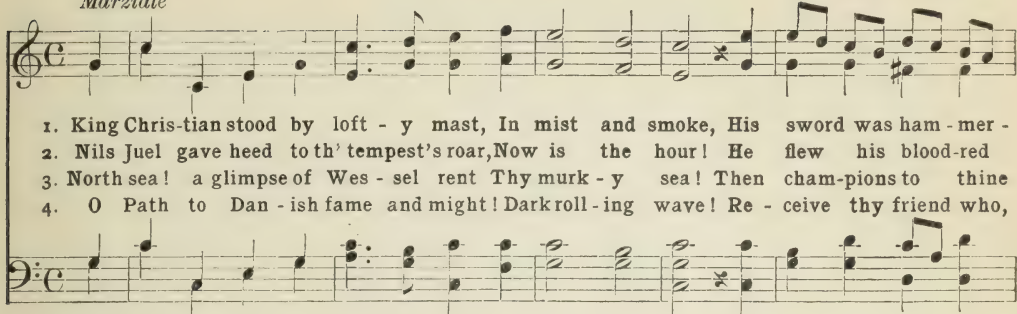
D.C. And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet (Omit .) hour of prayer.
D.C. I'll cast on Him my ev-ry care, And wait for thee, sweet (Omit .) hour of prayer.

In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief,
And, since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,

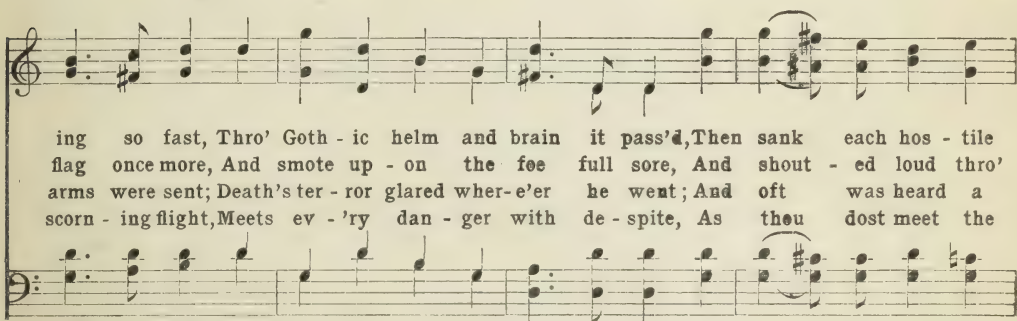
Danish National Hymn

Marziale

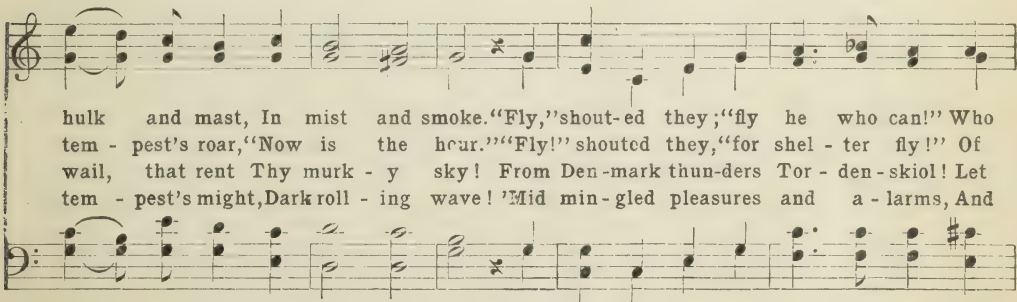
JOHANNES ERALD



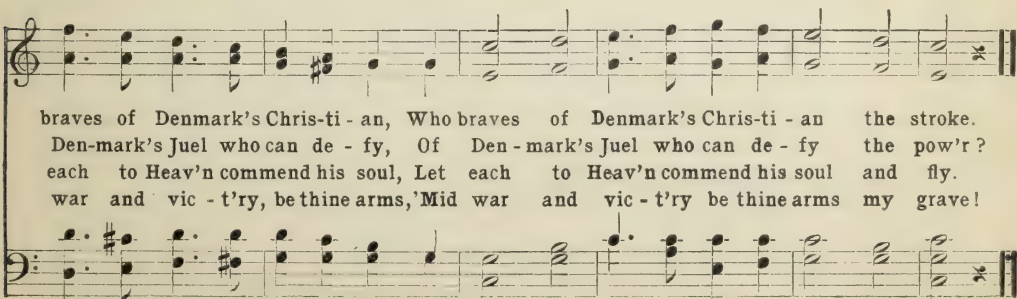
1. King Chris-tian stood by loft - y mast, In mist and smoke, His sword was ham - mer -
 2. Nils Juel gave heed to th' tempest's roar, Now is the hour! He flew his blood-red
 3. North sea! a glimpse of Wes - sel rent Thy murk - y sea! Then cham-pions to thine
 4. O Path to Dan - ish fame and might! Dark roll - ing wave! Re - ceive thy friend who,



ing so fast, Thro' Goth - ic helm and brain it pass'd, Then sank each hos - tile
 flag once more, And smote up - on the foe full sore, And shout - ed loud thro'
 arms were sent; Death's ter - ror glared wher - e'er he went; And oft was heard a
 scorn - ing flight, Meets ev - 'ry dan - ger with de - spite, As thou dost meet the



hulk and mast, In mist and smoke. "Fly," shout-ed they; "fly he who can!" Who
 tem - pest's roar, "Now is the hour." "Fly!" shouted they, "for shel - ter fly!" Of
 wail, that rent Thy murk - y sky! From Den-mark thun-ders Tor - den-skiol! Let
 tem - pest's might, Dark roll - ing wave! 'Mid min-gled pleasures and a - larms, And



braves of Denmark's Chris-ti - an, Who braves of Denmark's Chris-ti - an the stroke.
 Den-mark's Juel who can de - fy, Of Den-mark's Juel who can de - fy the pow'r?
 each to Heav'n commend his soul, Let each to Heav'n commend his soul and fly.
 war and vic - t'ry, be thine arms, 'Mid war and vic - t'ry be thine arms my grave!

Sally Come Up

T. M. SEWELL, arr.

1. Mas - sa's gone de news to hear, An' he has lef' de o - ber-seer To
 2. Mon - day night I gave a ball, And I in - vite de nig - gars all; De
 3. De fiddle was played by Pom - pey Jones, Un - cle Ned he shook de bones;

look to all de nig - gers here, While I make lub to Sal - ly.
 thick, de thin, de short, de tall, But none come to Sal - ly.
 Joe he played de pine stick stones, But I made lub to Sal - ly.

poco piu lento

She's such a belle, A real dark swell, She dress so slick, and look so well, Dar'!

a tempo

not a gal like Sal - ly. Sal - ly come up, Sal - ly go down,



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EMMA EAMES

The eminent American prima donna. She was born in Shanghai, China, in 1867, studied music in Boston and in Paris, and made her debut in the latter city, 1889. Two years later she made tremendous successes at Covent Garden and in New York, and has since been a leading member of American and European opera companies. Her popular encore is "Dixie"—Heart Songs, p. 166.



LILLIAN NORDICA

The beloved American opera singer. She is a New England girl, born in Farmington, Maine, 1859. She studied at the New England Conservatory of Music, later at Milan, and first appeared in Grand Opera at Brescia. Her popular encore is "John Anderson, My Jo"—Heart Songs, p. 378.

Sally Come Up

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Sal - ly come twist your heel a-round ; De ol' man he's gone down to town, Oh

The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic pattern with chords and single notes.

Sal - ly, come down the mid - dle.

Interlude ad lib.

This section continues the vocal line and includes a piano interlude marked 'ad lib.' (ad libitum). The piano part continues with a similar harmonic pattern.

Little Bo-Peep

J. W. ELLIOTT

Andante quasi allegretto

1. Lit - tle Bo - Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them ;
 2. Lit - tle Bo - Peep fell fast a - sleep, And dreamt she heard them bleat - ing ;
 3. Then up she took her lit - tle crook, De - ter - mined sure to find them ;

The score is in G major (one flat) and 6/8 time. It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, Wag-ging their tails be - hind them.
 When she a - woke 'twas all a joke, Ah! cru - el vi-sion so fleet - ing.
 What was her joy to be - hold them nigh, Wag-ging their tails be - hind them.

This section continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings: *cres.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

Farewell, My Own

From SULLIVAN's "Pinafore"

RALPH

Fare - well, my own,

Light of my life, fare-well!

Allegretto moderato

For crime un-known I go to a dun - geon cell.

JOSEPHINE

I will a - tone; In the meantime, fare-well! And all a -

FINE

Sir J. PORTER

lone Re-joice in your dun - geon cell! . A bone, . . a bone, . I'll

FINE

pick with this sail-or fell; Let him be shown at once to his dun-geon cell.

p SOPRANO & ALTO.

He'll hear no tone Of the maid-en he loves so well! No tel-e-

TENOR & BASS

LITTLE BUTTERCUP (*Mysteriously*)

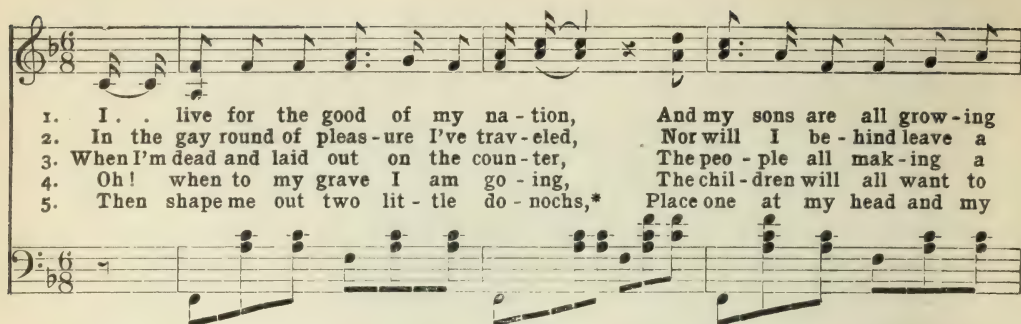
phone Com-mu-ni-cates with his cell! But when is known The

D.S.

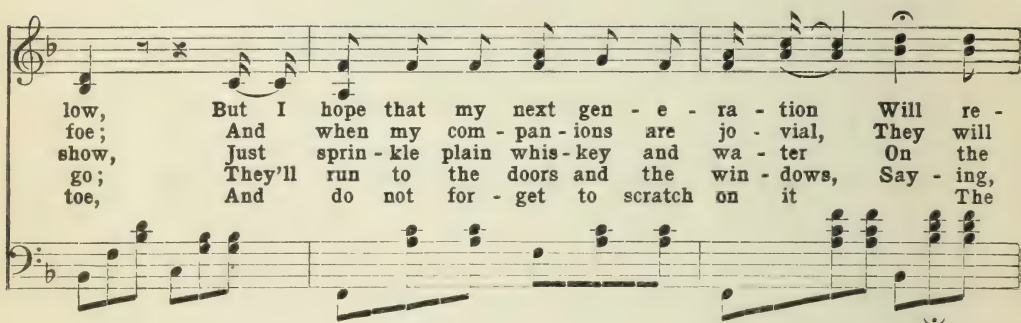
se-cret I have to tell, Wide will be thrown The door of his dun-geon cell.

cres.


Old Rosin, the Beau



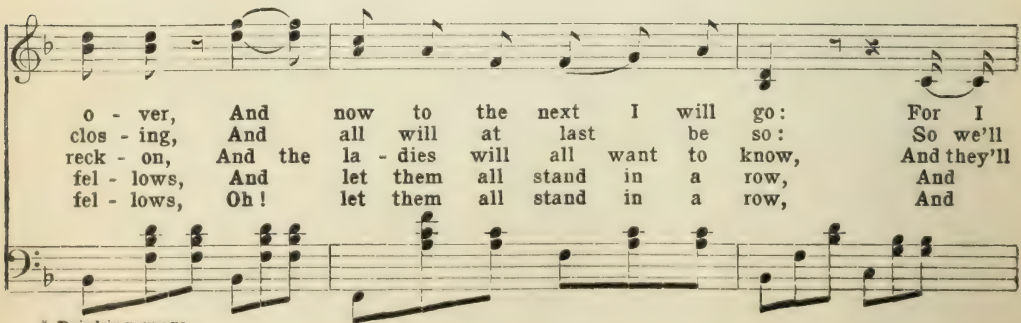
1. I . . live for the good of my na - tion, And my sons are all grow - ing
 2. In the gay round of pleas - ure I've trav - eled, Nor will I be - hind leave a
 3. When I'm dead and laid out on the coun - ter, The peo - ple all mak - ing a
 4. Oh! when to my grave I am go - ing, The chil - dren will all want to
 5. Then shape me out two lit - tle do - nochs,* Place one at my head and my



low, But I hope that my next gen - e - ra - tion Will re -
 foe; And when my com - pan - ions are jo - vial, They will
 show, Just sprin - kle plain whis - key and wa - ter On the
 go; They'll run to the doors and the win - dows, Say - ing,
 toe, And do not for - get to scratch on it The



sem - ble old Ros - in, the beau. . . I've trav - el'd this coun - try all
 drink to old Ros - in, the beau. . . But my life is now drawn to a
 corpse of old Ros - in, the beau. . . I'll have to be bur - ied, I
 "There goes old Ros - in, the beau." Then pick me out six trust - y
 name of old Ros - in, the beau. . . Then let those six trust - y good



o - ver, And now to the next I will go: For I
 clos - ing, And all will at last be so: So we'll
 reck - on, And the la - dies will all want to know, And they'll
 fel - lows, And let them all stand in a row, And
 fel - lows, Oh! let them all stand in a row, And

* Drinking-mugs.

know that good quar-ters a-wait me, To wel-come old Ros-in, the beau...
 take a full bump-er at part-ing, To the name of old Ros-in, the beau...
 lift up the lid of my cof-fin, Saying, "Here lies old Ros-in, the beau..."
 dig a big hole in a cir-cle, And in it toss Ros-in, the beau...
 rake down that big bel-lied bot-tle, And drink to old Ros-in, the beau...

Old Black Joe

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Poco adagio

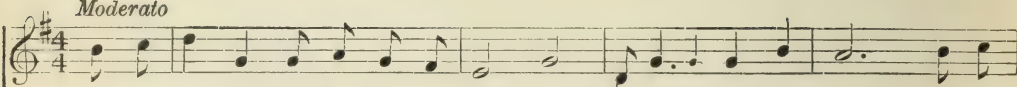
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear,
 from the cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,
 that my friends come not a-gain, Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go?
 that I held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

CHORUS

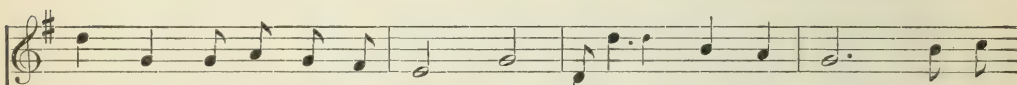
I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe." I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing,
 For my head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

The Hazel Dell

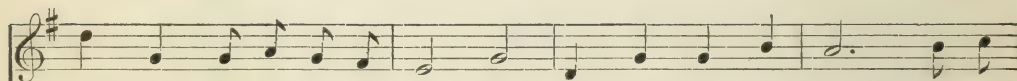
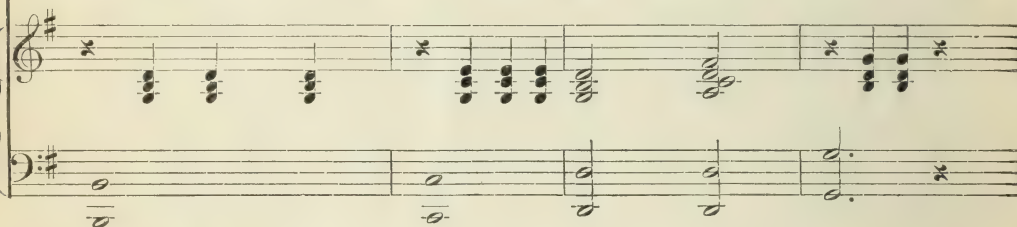
G. F. Root

Moderato

1. In the Ha-zel Dell my Nel-ly's sleep-ing, Nel-ly lov'd so long! And my
 2. In the Ha-zel Dell my Nel-ly's sleep-ing, Where the flow-ers wave, And the
 3. Now I'm wea-ry, friendless and for-sak-en, Watch-ing here a-lone, Nel-ly,



lone-ly, lone-ly watch I'm keep-ing, Nel-ly lost and gone; Here in
 si-lent stars are night-ly weep-ing, O'er poor Nel-ly's grave; Hopes that
 thou no more will fond-ly cheer me, With thy lov-ing tone; Yet for-



moon-light oft-en we have wan-der'd Thro' the si-lent shade, Now where
 once my bos-om fond-ly cher-ish'd Smile no more for me, Ev-'ry
 ev-er shall thy gen-tle im-age In my mem-'ry dwell, And my



leaf - y branch-es droop-ing down - ward, Lit - tle Nel - ly's laid.
dream of joy, a - las! has per - ish'd, Nel - ly dear, with thee.
tears thy lone - ly grave shall moist - en, Nel - ly dear, fare - well.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Hazel Dell'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

CHORUS 2nd time *pp*

All a - lone my watch I'm keep - ing In the Ha - zel Dell, For my

The second system of the musical score, marked 'CHORUS 2nd time pp'. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

dar - ling Nel - ly's near me sleep - ing, Nel - ly dear, fare - well.

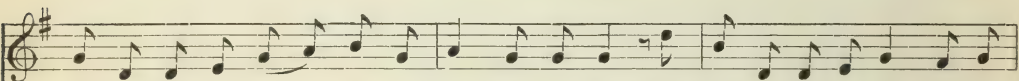
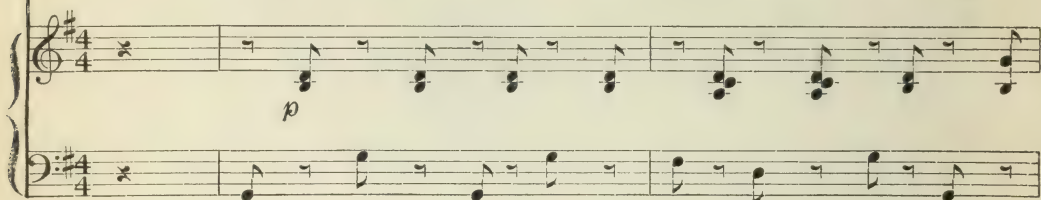
The third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. It features the final vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The Bowld Sojer Boy

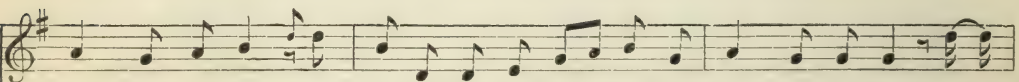
SAMUEL LOVER



1. O, there's not a thradethat's go - ing, Worth show - ing or know - ing Like
2. But when we get the rout, How they pout and they shout, While
3. Then come a - long with me, Gra - ma - chree, and you'll see How



that from glo - ry grow - ing For a bowld so - jer boy! Where right or left we go, Sure you
to the right a - bout, Goes the bowld so - jer boy; 'Tis then that la - dies fair, In de -
hap - py you will be, With your bowld so - jer boy; Faith if you're up to fun, With me



know, friend or foe, Will have the hand or toe From the bowld so - jer boy, There's
spair tear their hair, But the Div'l a one I care, Says the bowld so - jer boy; For the
run, 'twill be done In the snap - ping of a gun, Says the bowld so - jer boy. And 'tis



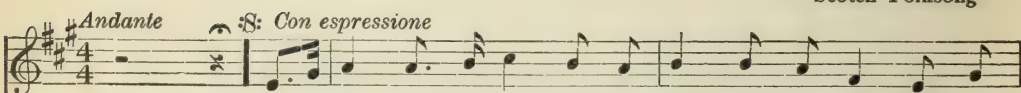
not a town we march thro' But la-dies look-ing arch thro' The win-dow-panes, will
world is all be-fore us, Where the land-la-dies a-dore us, And ne'er re-fuse to
then that with-out scan-dal, My - self will proud-ly dan-dle The lit-tle farth-ing

sarch thro' The ranks to find their joy, While up the street, each girl you meet With
score us, But chalk us up with joy; We taste her tap, we tear her cap, "O
car-dle Of our mu-tual flame, my joy; May his light shine as bright as mine, 'Till

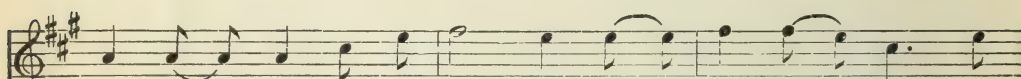
look so sly will cry "My eye! Oh, is - n't he a dar-ling, The bowld so-ger boy!"
that's the chap for me," says she, "Oh! is - n't he a dar-ling, The bowld so-ger boy!"
in the line he'll blaze and raise The glo-ry of his corps, Like a bowld so-ger boy!

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'

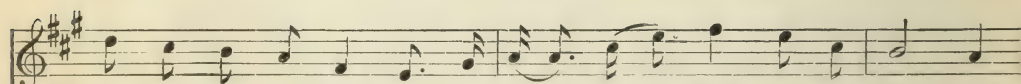
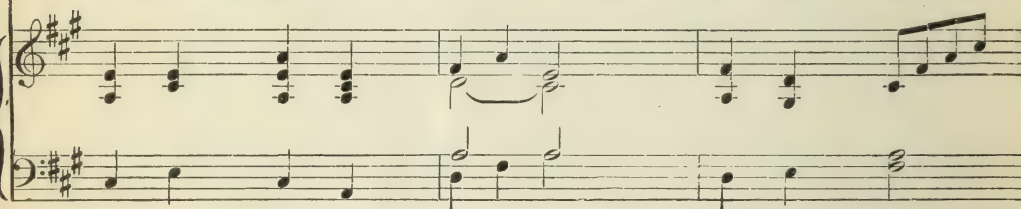
Scotch Folksong



1. By yon bon - nie banks, and by yon bon - nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon sha - dy glen, On the
3. The wee bird - ies sing, and the wild flow - ers spring, An' in



sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon', Where I and my love were
steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple hue, the
sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - in'; But the bro - ken heart it



ev - er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.
high-land hills we view, An' the moon com-in' oot in the gloam - in'.
kens nae se - cond spring, Tho' the wae-fu' may cease frae' their greet - in'.



The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'

217

First, SOLO; then CHORUS

Poco piu mosso

0, you'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low, An'

Poco piu mosso

First time *p*, second *f*

This system contains the first vocal line and the first piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The tempo/mood is marked 'Poco piu mosso'. The lyrics are '0, you'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low, An''. The first time is marked 'p' (piano) and the second time is marked 'f' (forte).

I'll be in Scot-land a-fore ye; But I and my true love will

This system contains the second vocal line and the second piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are 'I'll be in Scot-land a-fore ye; But I and my true love will'.

rall. *a tempo.*

nev-er meet a-gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo-mon'.

rall. *a tempo*

This system contains the third vocal line and the third piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are 'nev-er meet a-gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo-mon''. The tempo/mood is marked 'rall.' (rallentando) and 'a tempo.' (allegretto). The system concludes with a double bar line.

The Rose of Alabama

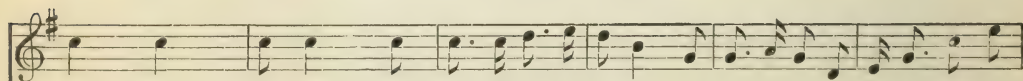
S. S. STEELE

With spirit

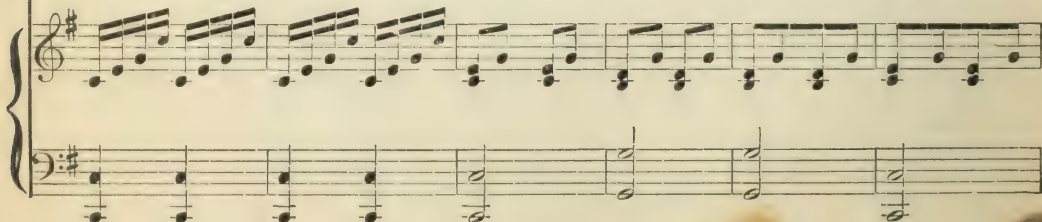
1. A - way from Mis - sis - sip - pi's vale, Wid my ole hat dar for a sail, I
2. I land - ed on de sand bank, I sat up - on a hol - ler plank, An'
3. Oh, ar - ter d'reck - ly, by an' bye, De moon rose white as Rose's eye, Den
4. De riv - er rolled, de crick - ets sing, De light - nin' - bug he flash'd his wing, And



cross'd up - on a cot - on bale, To Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.
 dare I made the ban - jo twank, For Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.
 like a young coon out so sly, Stole Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.
 like a rope my arms I fling Round Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.



Oh, brown Ro-sey, The Rose of Al - a - ba - ma, A sweet to - bac - co po-sey Is de



Rose of Al - a - ba - ma, A sweet to - bac - co po - sey Is de Rose of Al - a - ba - ma.

This musical score is for the song 'The Rose of Alabama'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The Hardy Norseman

Norse National Song

Risoluto f

1. The har - dy Norseman's home of yore Was on the foam - ing wave! And there he gathered
2. What tho' our pow'r be weak - er now Than it was wont to be, When bold - ly forth our

bright re - nown, The brav - est of the brave. Oh! ne'er should we for - get our sires, Whos -
fa - thers sail'd, And conquer'd Nor - man - die! We still may sing their deeds of fame In

ev - er we may be; They brave - ly won a gal - lant name And rul'd the stormy sea.
thrilling har - mo - ny; For they did win a gal - lant name And rul'd the stormy sea.

This musical score is for the song 'The Hardy Norseman', identified as the 'Norse National Song'. It is marked 'Risoluto f' (Resolute, forte). The score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It includes two verses of lyrics. The music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment, with dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *cres.* (crescendo) throughout.

Who is Sylvia

SHAKESPEARE

"One of the world's purest vocal gems"

SCHUBERT

♯: C

1. Who is Syl - via ? What is she, That
 2. Is she kind, as she is fair ? For
 3. Then to Syl - via let us sing, That

pp

all our swains commend her ? Ho - ly, fair, and
 beauty lives with kind - ness ; To her eyes love
 Syl-via is ex - cel - ling ; She ex - cels each

wise is she ; The heav'n's such grace did lend her,
 doth re - pair, To help him of his blind - ness ;
 mor - - tal thing Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing ;

That a - dor - ed she might
And, be - - ing help'd, in - hab - - its
To her gar - lands let us

pp

be, That a - dor - ed She might be.
there, And, be - ing help'd, in - hab - its there.
bring, To her gar - lands let us bring. FINE

Soldier's Farewell

MALE VOICES
poco riten.

JOHANNA KINKEL

Crescendo e poco accel. al fine

p Andante

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then what-e'er befalls me,
2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With spear and pennon glancing,
3. I think of thee with longing, Think thou when tears are thronging, That with my last faint sighing,

Tempo 1. Tranquillo e molto espress.

I go where honor calls me. Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
I see the foe advancing. Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
I'll whisper soft when dying. Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Ever of Thee

GEORGE LINLEY

FOLEY HALL

1. Ev - er of thee I'm fond - ly dream - ing, Thy gen - tle voice my spir - it can cheer;
2. Ev - er of thee, when sad and lone - ly, Wand'ring a - far my soul joy'd to dwell,

Thou wert the star that mild - ly beam - ing, Shone o'er my path when
Ah! then I felt I lov'd thee on - ly All seem'd to fade be -

all was dark and drear.
fore af - fec - tion's spell.

Still in my heart thy form I cher - ish, Ev - 'ry kind thought like a
Years have not chill'd the love I cher - ish, True as the stars hath my

rall. *a tempo*

bird, flies to thee; Ah! nev-er till life and mem-'ry per-ish, Can I for-get how
heart been to thee; Ah! nev-er till life and mem-'ry per-ish, Can I for-get how

dear thou art to me; Morn, noon, and night, Wher-e'er I may be, . .

p *f* *cres.*

piu lento

Fond-ly I'm dream-ing ev-er of thee, Fond-ly I'm dream-ing

ff *p* *p*

rall. *a tempo* *p* *f*

ev-er of thee!

tr

Beautiful Isle of the Sea

GEORGE COOPER

J. R. THOMAS

Allegro moderato

1. Beau - ti - ful isle of the sea! Smile . . on the brow of the
2. Oft . . . on your shell-gird-led shore, Eve - ning has found me re -

wa - ters, Dear . . are your mem'ries to me,
clin - ing, Vi - - sions of youth dreaming o'er,

Sweet as the songs of your daughters; O - ver your mountains and vales,
Down where the lighthouse was shin-ing; Far from the glad-ness you gave,

Down by each murmur-ing riv - er, Cheer'd by the flow'r-lov-ing
Far . . . from all joys worth pos-sess - ing, Still . . o'er the lone wea-ry

Beautiful Isle of the Sea

calando

gales, Oh, . . could I wan-der for - ev - er!
 wave, Comes, to the wand'rer your bless - ing.

calando *a tempo*

Land . . of the True and the Old, Home . . ev - er dear un - to

f

me; Foun - tain of pleas-ures un - told, . . .

f

dim. *cres.*

Beau - ti - ful isle of the sea! Foun - tain of pleas-ures un -

dim.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Beautiful Isle of the Sea

ten. *slentando*

told, . . . Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful isle of the sea!

collu voce.

Integer Vitæ

HORACE, Ode XXII. Translated by W. N. EAYRS

F. FLEMMING

p Andante con moto

1. He who is up - right, kind, and free from er - ror, Needs not the
 2. What tho' he jour - ney o'er the burn - ing des - ert, Or climb a -
 3. Place me where fate de - nies to man a dwell - ing, Con - scious of

aid of arms of men to guard him; Safe - ly he moves, a
 lone the dread - ful, dan - g'rous moun - tains, Or taste the wa - ters
 right, all oth - er cares neg - lect - ing; There could I live, thy

child to guilt - y ter - rors, Strong in his vir - - tues.
 of the famed Hy - das - pes, Gods will at - tend . . him.
 charms and vir - tues tell - ing, Sweet smil - ing maid - den.

1 Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
 Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu
 Nec venenatis grava sagittis,
 Fusce, pharetra.

2 Sive per Syrtis iter æstuosas
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.

3 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis in terra domibus negata :
 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem.

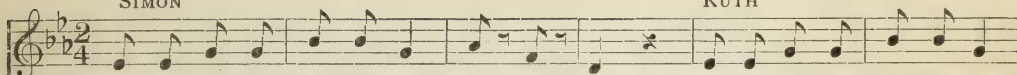
Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth

Adapted by JOHN PARRY

From HAYDN'S "Surprise Symphony"

SIMON

RUTH



1. Dost thou love me, Sis - ter Ruth ? Say, say, say ! As I fain would speak the truth,
 2. Wilt thou prom-ise to be mine, Maid - en fair ? Take my hand, my heart is thine,
 3. Love like ours can nev - er cloy, Humph! humph! humph! While no jeal - ous fears an - noy,



SIMON



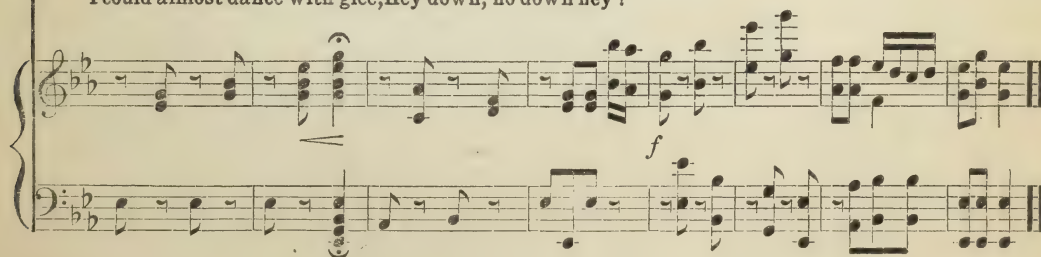
Yea! yea! yea! Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee, Pret-ty Sis-ter Ruth ;
 There, there, there. Let us thus the bar-gain seal, O! dear me, high-ho !
 Humph! humph! humph! O! how blest we both should be, Hey down, ho down hey !



RUTH

Rising alternately on their tip-toes.

That has been the case with me, Dear engaging youth !
 Lauk! how ver-y odd I feel! O! dear me, high-ho !
 I could almost dance with glee, Hey down, ho down hey !



Flee as a Bird

Written and adapted by Mrs. M. S. B. DANA

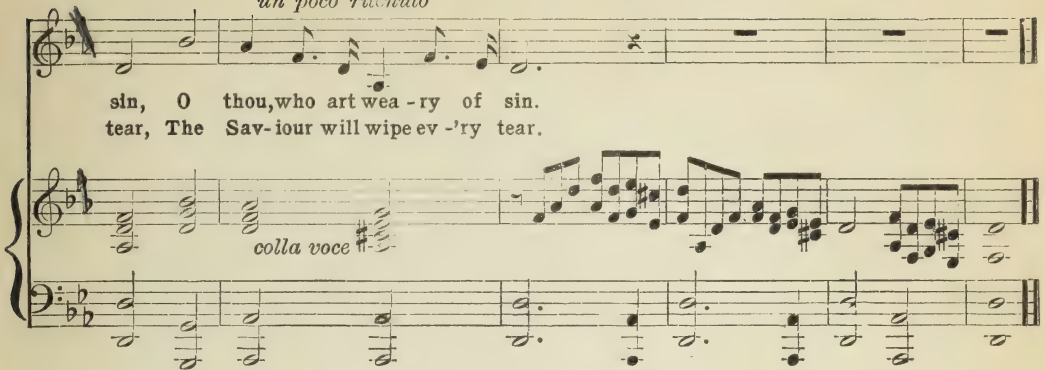
Moderato

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of
 2. He will protect thee for ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing

sin; . . . Go to the clear flow-ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be
 tear; . . . He will for-sake thee, O nev - er, Shel-tered so ten-der-ly

clean; Fly, for th'aven-ger is near . . . thee; Call and the Sav-iour will
 there; Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in

hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear . . . thee, Thou who art wea - ry of
 sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The Sav-iour will wipe ev - 'ry

un poco ritenuto


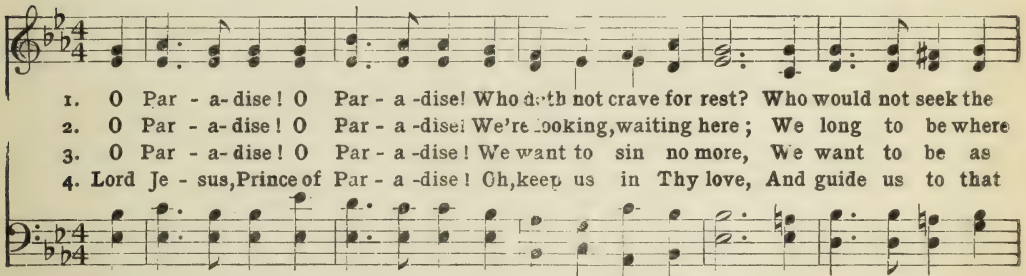
sin, O thou, who art weary of sin.
tear, The Saviour will wipe every tear.

colla voce

O Paradise

Rev. F. W. FABER

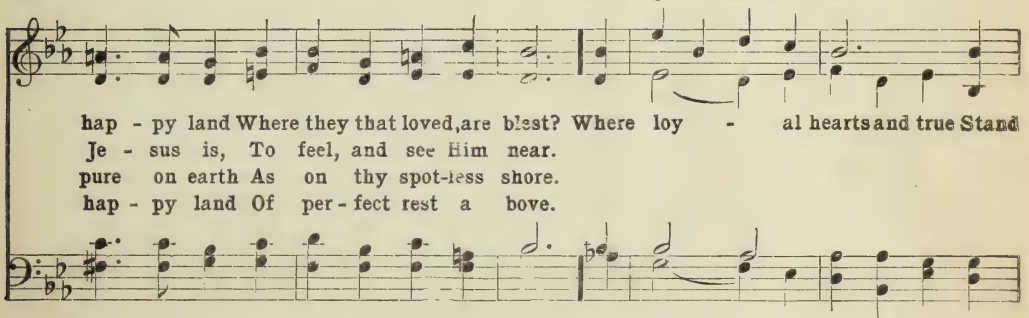
JOSEPH BARNEY



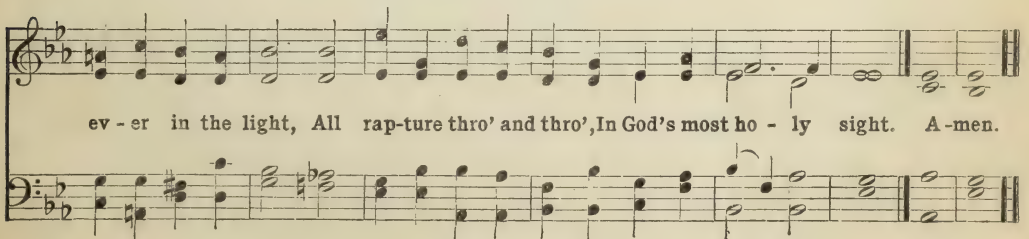
1. O Par-a-dise! O Par-a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
2. O Par-a-dise! O Par-a-dise! We're looking, waiting here; We long to be where
3. O Par-a-dise! O Par-a-dise! We want to sin no more, We want to be as
4. Lord Je-sus, Prince of Par-a-dise! Oh, keep us in Thy love, And guide us to that

CHORUS

Where joy - al hearts and true



hap - py land Where they that loved, are blest? Where joy - al hearts and true Stand
Je - sus is, To feel, and see Him near.
pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore.
hap - py land Of per - fect rest a bove.



ev - er in the light, All rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A-men.

Come Home, Father

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK



1. Fa -ther, dear fa-ther, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes one; You
2. Fa -ther, dear fa-ther, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes two; The
3. Fa -ther, dear fa-ther, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes three; The

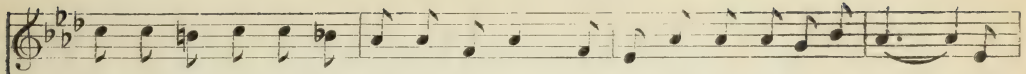


said you were com-ing right home from the shop, As soon as your day's work was done. Our night has grown cold-er, and Ben-ny is worse, But he has been call-ing for you. In-house is so lone-ly—the hours are so long For poor weeping moth-er and me. Yes,



fire has gone out—our house is all dark—And moth-er's been watch-ing since tea, . . With deed he is worse—Ma says he will die, Per-haps be-fore morn-ing shall dawn; And we are a-lone—poor Ben-ny is dead, And gone with the an-gels of light; And





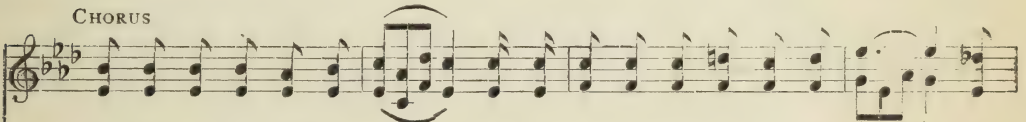
poor broth-er Ben - ny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but me. . . Come
this is the mes-sage she sent me to bring—"Come quickly, or he will be gone." Come
these were the ver - y last words that he said—"I want to kiss Pa-pa good-night." Come



home! come home! come home! . Please, fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home. . .



CHORUS



Hear the sweet voice of the child, . Which the nightwinds re-peat as they roam! . Oh,



Come Home, Father

who could re-sist this most pleading of prayers? "Please, father, dear fa-ther, come home!"

The musical score for "Come Home, Father" is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is a simple, plaintive tune that repeats with a slight variation in the second line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal line.

The Three Sailor Boys

THEO. MARZIALS

Merrily

1. Oh, we're three jol-ly, jol-ly sai-lor boys, And we're new-ly home from
2. There were three pretty girls in mer-ry Portsmouth town, And each one was like a
3. Then up we spoke, we jol-ly sai-lor boys, All arm in arm so

South A-mer-i-kee, With our hearts still ting-ling with the salt, salt wind, And the po-sy on the tree. There was great-aud Mar-ga-ret and trim-set Sal, And sweet jol-ly for to see. "There are girls beside the wa-ter at Ja-nei-ro or Gib-raltar Who can

The musical score for "The Three Sailor Boys" is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice and a grand staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is a lively, cheerful tune that repeats with a slight variation in the second line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal line.

tum - ble and the toss - ing of the sea, O, hon - ey, we've our
 Kit - ty from the north coun - tree, No, hon - ey, tho' your
 dance as right mer - ri - ly as ye;'' So hon - ey, while our

poco rall.

pock - ets full of mon - ey, Will you trip, trip, trip, will you trip it on the Quay For the
 pock - et's full of mon - ey, We won't trip, trip, trip, we won't trip it on the Quay, Till you've
 pock - et's full of mon - ey, Come and trip, trip, trip, come and trip it on the Quay, For we

a tempo

wind's in the sail and the thunder in the gale And our good ship plunging to be free.
 set the clerk a-singing, and the wedding bells a-ringing, And the parson has pocketed the fee.
 sailors love the ocean and the change, and the commotion, And the good ship plunging on the sea.

My Trundle-Bed

J. C. BAKER

Moderato

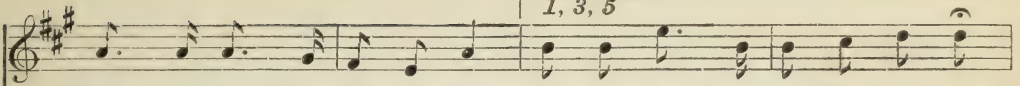
1. As I rum-mag'd thro' the at-tic, List-'ning to the fall-ing
 2. So I drew it from the re-cess, Where it had re-main'd so
 3. As I lis-ten'd, rec-ol-lec-tions, That I thought had been for-
 4. Then it was with hands so gent-ly Placed up-on my in-fant
 5. Years have pass'd, and that dear moth-er Long has mould-er'd 'neath the
 6. This she taught me, then she told me Of its im-port, great and

p

rain, As it pat-ter'd on the shin-gles And a-
 long, Hear-ing all the while the mu-sic Of my
 got, Came with all the gush of mem-'ry, Rush-ing,
 head, That she taught my lips to ut-ter Care-ful-
 sòd, And I trust her saint-ed spir-it Rev-els
 deep— Af-ter which I learned to ut-ter "Now I

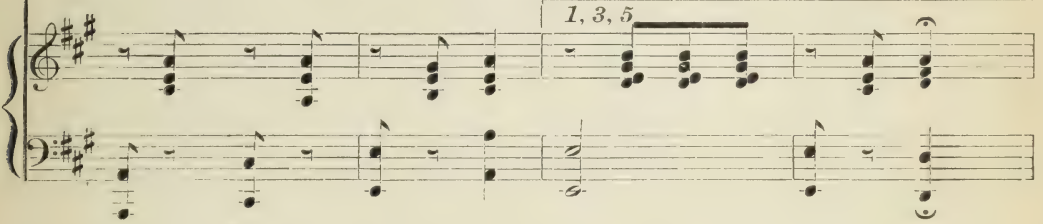
gainst the win-dow pane; Peep-ing o-ver chests and box-es,
 moth-er's voice in song; As she sung in sweet-est ac-cents,
 throng-ing to the spot; And I wan-der'd back to child-hood,
 ly the words she said; Nev-er can they be for-got-ten,
 in the home of God: But that scene at sum-mer twi-light,
 lay me down to sleep:" Then it was with hands up-lift-ed,

1, 3, 5

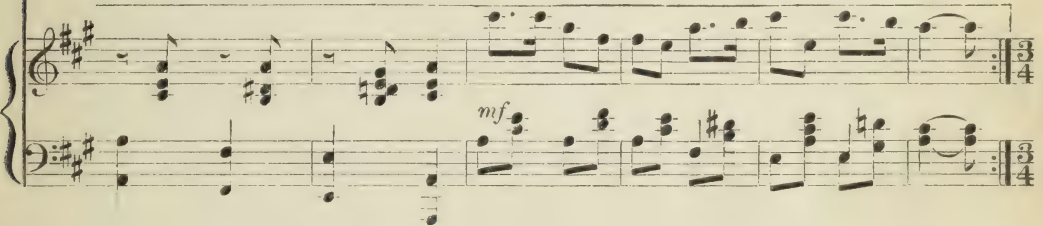


Which with dust were thick-ly spread; Saw I in the farth-est cor-ner
 What I since have oft-en read— (Omit.)
 To those mer-ry days of yore, When I knelt be-side my moth-er,
 Deep are they in mem-'ry riven— (Omit.)
 Nev-er has from mem-'ry fled, And it comes in all its fresh-ness
 And in ac-cents soft and mild, (Omit.)

1, 3, 5

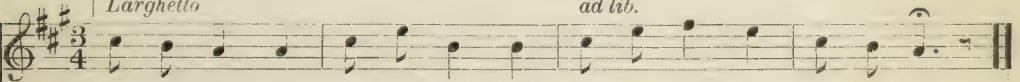


What was once my trun-dle-bed.
 By this bed up-on the floor,
 When I see my trun-dle-bed.



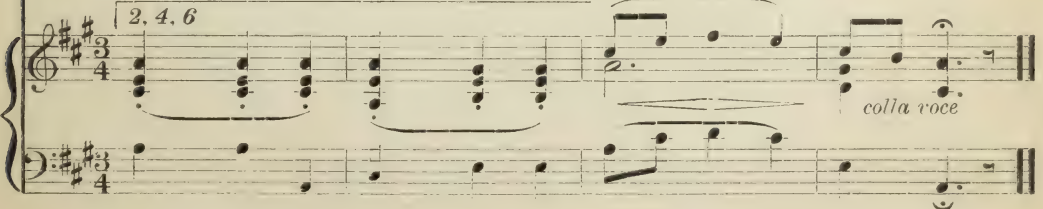
2, 4, 6
Larghetto

ad lib.



2. "Hush, my dear, lie still and slum-ber, Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed."
 4. "Hallowed be Thy name, O Fa-ther! Fa-ther! Thou who art in heaven."
 6. That my moth-er asked—"Our Fa-ther! Fa-ther! do Thou bless my child!"

2, 4, 6



Tom Bowling

T. DIBDIN

♩: *Andante*

1. Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bow-ling, The dar-ling of our crew, No
 2. Tom nev-er from his word de-part-ed, His vir-tues were so rare, His
 3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleas-ant weath-er, When He who all com-mands Shall

more he'll hear the tem-pest howling, For death has broach'd him to. His form was of the
 friends were ma-ny and true-heart-ed, His Poll was kind and fair; And then he'd sing so
 give, to call life's crew to-geth-er, The word to pipe all hands; Thus Death who kings and

man-liest beau-ty, His heart was kind and soft, . . Faith-ful be-low he
 blithe and jol-ly, Ah! many's the time and oft; . . But mirth is turn'd to
 tars dis-patches, In vain Tem's life has doff'd; . . For tho' his bod-y's

cres.

did his du - ty, And now he's gone a - loft, . . And now he's gone a - loft.
mel - an - cho - ly, For Tom has gone a - loft, . . For Tom has gone a - loft.
un - der hatch-es, His soul has gone a - loft, . . His soul has gone a - loft.

Pirates' Chorus

*Moderato**p*

BALFE

Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rate's heart!

Long be thy reign, O'er land and main, By the glaive, by the chart, Queen

of the Pirate's heart! Queen! Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rate's

heart! Pride, pride of the Pi - rate's heart! Pride, pride of the Pi - rate's heart.

The Blue Alsatian Mountains

CLARIBEL

STEPHEN ADAMS

Not too slow

1. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun-tains Dwelt a maid - en young and fair, . Like the
 2. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun-tains Came a stran - ger in the Spring, And he
 3. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun-tains Ma - ny spring-times bloom'd and pass'd, And the

care-less - flow - ing foun-tains Were the rip - ples of her hair, Were the rip - ples
 lin-ger'd by the foun-tains Just to hear the maid-en sing, Just to hear the
 maid-en by the foun-tains Saw she lost her hopes at last, She lost her

of her hair; Angel mild her eyes so win - ning, Angel bright her hap - py smile,
 maid - en sing; Just to whis - per in the moonlight, Word's the sweetest she had known,
 hopes at last. And she with - ered like a flow - er That is wait - ing for the rain;

When be - neath the foun-tains spin - ning, You could hear her song the while. A -
 Just to charm a - way the hours, Till her heart was all his own. A -
 She will nev - er see the stran-ger, Where the foun-tains fall a - gain. A -

dé, A - dé, A - dé, . . Such songs will pass a - way, Tho' the blue Al - sa - tian
 dé, A - dé, A - dé, . . Such dreams may pass a - way, But the blue Al - sa - tian
 dé, A - dé, A - dé, . . The years have passed a - way, But the blue Al - sa - tian

The Blue Alsatian Mountains

229

CHORUS

moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way. A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, Such songs will
[A-day]

pass a - way, Tho' the blue Al - sa-tian mountains Seem to watch and wait al - way.

Lulu is Our Darling Pride

Arr. by C. JARVIS

p A little lively

1. Lu - lu is our dar-ling pride, Lu - lu bright, Lu - lu gay, Danc-ing light-ly
2. As the flow'rs of ear - ly spring Seem more gay, seem more light, As their per - fume
3. When the clouds of trou - ble come, Lu - lu soothes all our care; Ah! how dark would

FINE

at our side All the live - long day. Not a bird that wings the air,
first they fling Fra - grant at our feet. So tho' oth - ers loved there be,
be our home, Were not Lu - lu there! Lu - lu with her sun - ny smiles,

D.C.

Soar-ing to the sun, Free-er is from ev-'ry care, Than our dar - ling one. Oh!
Blooming in our bower, Lu - lu wins our hearts, for she Is our loveliest flow'r. Oh!
Cheer-ing ev -'ry heart, Till each trou - ble she be-guiles, And the clouds de-part. Oh!

They All Love Jack

F. E. WEATHERLY

STEPHEN ADAMS

1. When the ship is trim and rea-dy, And the jol-ly days are done, When the
 2. Where he goes their hearts go with him, E'en his ship he calls her "she;" Up a -
 3. When he's sail'd the world all o - ver, And a - gain he steps a - shore, There are

last good-byes are whisper'd, And Jack a-board is gone; The lass - es fall a -
 loft that "lit - tle che-rub" Sure a maid-en she must be. And as o'er the sea he
 scores of lass - es wait-ing To love him all the more; He may lose his gold - en

weep-ing, As they watch his ves-sel's track, For all the lands-men lov - ers Are
 trav-els, The mer-maids down be - low Would give their crys - tal kingdoms For the
 gui-neas, But a wife he'll nev - er lack, If he'd wed them all, they'd take him, For they

rall.

noth - ing af - ter Jack,
love of Jack, I trow,
all love Jack!

For all the lands-men lov - ers Are noth - ing af - ter
Would give their crys - tal kingdoms For the love of Jack, I
If he'd wed them all, they'd take him, For they all, they all love

*f**tempo.*

Jack. For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen, brave, and free, And the
trow. For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen, brave, and free, And the
Jack! For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen, brave, and free, And the

mf

girls must lonely be, Till his ship comes back ; But if love's the best of all . . That

mf

They All Love Jack

ad lib.

can a man be - fall, . . . Why, Jack's the king of all, . . . For they all love Jack!

f *colla voce.*

The musical score for 'They All Love Jack' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a melisma 'ad lib.' and then enters with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords and a bass line. Dynamics include a forte 'f' and 'colla voce' marking.

Lorena

Rev. H. D. L. WEBSTER

J. P. WEBSTER

1. The years creep slow-ly by, Lo - re - na, The snow is on the grass a - gain, The
 2. A hundred months have pass'd, Lo - re - na, Since last I held that hand in mine, And
 3. We loved each oth - er then, Lo - re - na, More than we ev - er dared to tell; And
 4. The sto - ry of that past, Lo - re - na, A - las! I care not to re - peat, The
 5. Yes, these were words of thine, Lo - re - na, They burn with-in my mem'-ry yet; They
 6. It mat - ters lit - tle now, Lo - re - na, The past — is in th'e-tér - nal Past, Our

sun's low down the sky, Lo - re - na, The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been. But the
 felt that pulse beat fast, Lo - re - na, Tho' mine beat fast - er far than thine. A
 what we might have been, Lo - re - na, Had but our lov - ings prosper'd well — But
 hopes that could not last, Lo - re - na, They lived, but on - ly lived to cheat. I
 touched some tender chords, Lo - re - na, Which thrill and tremble with re - gret. 'Twas
 heads will soon lie low, Lo - re - na, Life's tide is ebb - ing out so fast. There

The musical score for 'Lorena' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is divided into six numbered verses. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and a bass line. The score includes a repeat sign and a final cadence.

heart throbs on as warmly now,
hundred months, 'twas flow'ry May,
then, 'tis past—the years are gone,
would not cause e'en one re-gret
not thy woman's heart that spoke;
is a Fu-ture! O thank God,

As when the summer days were nigh;
When up the hill-y slope we climbed,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
To ran- kle in your bo-som now;
Thy heart was al-ways true to me;
Of life this is so small a part;

Oh! the
To
I'll
For
A
'Tis

sun can nev-er dip so low, . .
watch the dy-ing of the day . .
say to them, "lost years, sleep on!
"if we try, we may for-get" . .
du-ty stern and press-ing, broke
dust to dust be-neath the sod; .

A-down af-fec-tion's cloud-less sky;
And hear the dis-tant church-bells chimed;
Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt-ing storm;"
Were words of thine long years a-go;
The tie which linked my soul with thee;
But there, up there, tis heart to heart:

The
To
I'll
For
A
'Tis

sun can nev-er dip so low, . . .
watch the dy-ing of the day . . .
say to them, "lost years, sleep on! . . .
"if we try, we may for-get" . . .
du-ty stern and pressing, broke . . .
dust to dust be-neath the sod; . . .

A-down af-fec-tion's cloud-less sky.
And hear the dis-tant church-bells chimed.
Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt-ing storm."
Were words of thine long years a-go.
The tie which linked my soul with thee.
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls

From BALFE'S "Bohemian Girl"

Andantino

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With
2. I dreamt that suit - ors sought my hand; That

vas - sals and serfs at my side, . . . And of all who as - sem - bled with - in those
knights up - on bend - ed knees, . . . And with vows no maid - en heart could with -

walls That I was the hope and the pride. . . I had rich - es too great to
stand, They pledg'd their faith to me, . . . And I dreamt that one of that

count; could boast Of a high an - ces - tral name; . . . But I al - so
no - ble host Came forth my hand to claim; . . . But I al - so

Ser...

pp

dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you
 dreamt, which charm'd me most, that you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you

lov'd me still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me, still the same. same.

1. 2.

Retreat

H. STOWELL

T. HASTINGS

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
 3. There is a scene where spi - rits blend, Where friend holds fel - low-ship with friend;
 4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and sin mo - lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
 A place than all be - sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat!

My Mary Anne

Moderato

M. TYTE

1. Fare-you-well, my own Ma-ry Anne, Fare-you-well a - while, For the
 2. ~~Don't~~ you see that tur-tle dove, Sit-ting on yon pine, La -
 3. A lob-ster in a lob-ster pot, A blue fish wrig-gling on a hook, May
 4. The pride of all the pro-duce rare, That in the kit-chen gar-den grow'd, Was

p

ship it is read-y, And the wind it is fair, And I am bound for the
 ment-ing the loss of its own true love? And so am I for
 suf-fer some, but oh, no, not What I do feel for
 pump-kins, but none could com- pare, In an-gel form to

sea, Ma-ry Anne, I am bound for the sea. . .
 mine, Ma-ry Anne, So am I for mine. . .
 my Ma-ry Anne! What I feel for Ma-ry Anne. . .
 my Ma-ry Anne! Could compare with Ma-ry Anne. . .

mf

Barbara Allen

Old Song

Andante

1. In Scar - let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwell-in', Made
 2. And death is print - ed on his face, And o'er his heart is steal-in', Then
 3. When he was dead and in his grave, Her heart was struck with sor - row; "O

ev-'ry youth cry "well-a-way," Her name was Barb'ra Al-len. All in the mer - ry
 haste a-way to com-fort him, O love-ly Bar-b'ra Al-len. So slow-ly, slow - ly
 moth-er, moth-er, make my bed, For I shall die to-mor-row. Fare-well," she said, "ye

month of May, When green buds then were swell-in', Young Jem - my Grove on his
 she came up, And slow - ly she came nigh him; And all she said, when
 vir-gins all, And shun the fault I fell in; Hence - forth take warn - ing

death-bed lay, For love of Bar - b'ra Al - len.
 there she came, "Young man, I think you're dy - ing."
 by the fall Of cru - el Bar - b'ra Al - len."

Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms

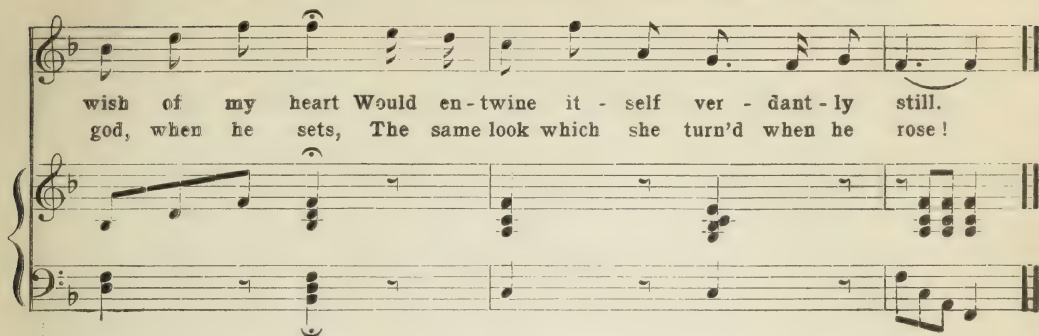
TOM MOORE

1. Be - lieve me if all those en - dearing young charms Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
 2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unpro-fan'd by a

day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts
 tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but

fad - ing a - way, . Thou would'st still be a - dor'd, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
 make thee more dear. . . Oh! the heart that has tru - ly lov'd nev - er for - gets, But as

love - li - ness fade as it will; . . . And a - round the dear ru - in each
 tru - ly loves on to the close; . . . As the sun - flow - er turns on her



Fair Harvard

- 1 Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
By these festival rites, from the age that is past,
To the age that is waiting before.
O relic and type of our ancestor's worth,
That has long kept their memory warm,
First flower of their wilderness! star of their night,
Calm rising through change and through storm!
- 2 To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth,
From the home of our infantile years,
When our fathers had warned, and our mothers had prayed,
And our sisters had blest, through their tears;
Thou then wert our parent, the nurse of our souls,
We were moulded to manhood by thee,
Till freighted with treasure-thoughts friendships, and hopes,
Thou did'st launch us on Destiny's sea.
- 3 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

The Graduates' Farewell

W. T. ADAMS

- 1 How sad mid the sunshine that gladdens this scene,
Comes the thought that to-day we must part;
That the bond which affection has ever kept green
Must be severed to-day in the heart;
That we meet in this home of our childhood no more,
As we lovingly meet to the last;
That we never again on this time-bounded shore
May unite in the songs of the past!
- 2 But fondly our thoughts will return to the spot
On the wings of remembrance borne up;
And our hearts shall rejoice, while we cherish the lot
That permits us to drink of this cup.
Then farewell to our school, and farewell to the friends
Who have lighted our pathway with love;
Though to-day we must part, yet our prayers will ascend
That our school be united above!

Tom-Big-Bee River

S. S. STEELE

1. On Tom-big-bee riv-er so bright I was born, In a hut made ob
 2. All de day in de field de soft cot-ton I hoe, I tink ob my

husks ob de tall yal-ler corn, And dar I fust meet wid my Ju-la so
 Ju-la an sing as I go; Oh, I catch her a bird, wid a wing ob true

CHORUS
 true, An I row'd her a-bout In my gum-tree ca-noe. Sing-ing row a-way,
 blue, An at night sail her round In my gum-tree ca-noe.

row, O'er de wa-ters so blue, Like a fea-ther we'll float, In my gum-tree ca-noe.

- 3 Wid my hands on de banjo and toe on de oar, I sing to de sound ob de river's soft roar;
While de stars dey look down at my Julia so true,
An' dance in her eye in my gum-tree canoe.
Singing row away, etc.
- 4 One night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd jis stay,
Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An' it took us in tow wid my gum-tree canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Slave Hymn

p

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home,

p

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

FIN

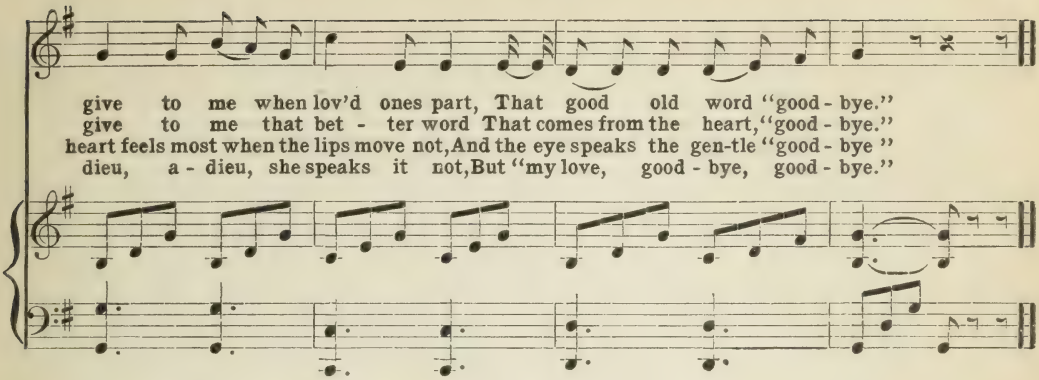
mf

1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see, Com - ing for to car - ry me
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Com - ing for to car - ry me
3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw, Com - ing for to car - ry me
4. I'm some - times up and some - times down. Com - ing for to car - ry me

mf

home? A band of an - gels com - ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
home? Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
home? When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
home? But still my soul feels heav - en - ly bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

D.A.

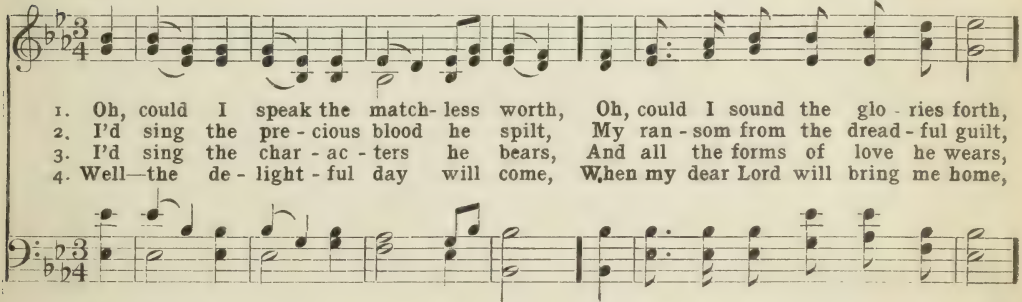


give to me when lov'd ones part, That good old word "good - bye."
 give to me that bet - ter word That comes from the heart, "good - bye."
 heart feels most when the lips move not, And the eye speaks the gen-tle "good - bye"
 dieu, a - dieu, she speaks it not, But "my love, good - bye, good - bye."

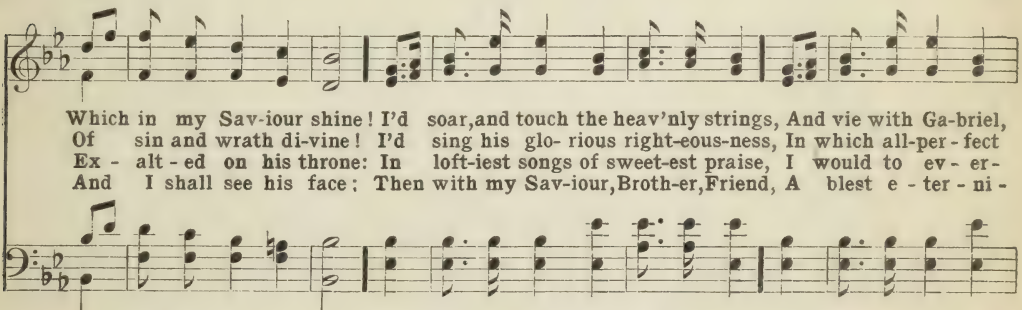
Ariel

S. MEDLEY

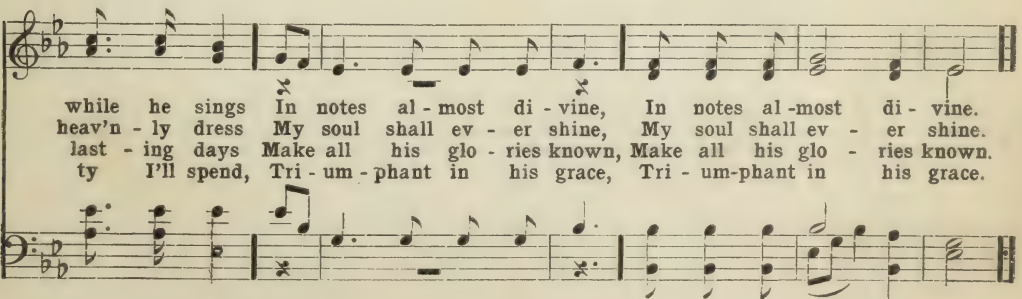
Arr. by L. MASON



1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth,
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran - som from the dread - ful guilt,
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,
 4. Well - the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Sav-iour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel,
 Of sin and wrath di-vine! I'd sing his glo - rious right-eous-ness, In which all-per-fect
 Ex - alt - ed on his throne: In loft-iest songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev - er -
 And I shall see his face: Then with my Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni -



while he sings In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
 heav'n - ly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 last - ing days Make all his glo - ries known, Make all his glo - ries known.
 ty I'll spend, Tri - um - phant in his grace, Tri - um - phant in his grace.

I Wandered by the Sea-Beat Shore

J. W. CHERRY

Moderato con espressione

1. One sum-mer eve, with pen-sive thought, I wander'd on the sea-beat
 2. I stoop'd up-on the peb-bly strand To cull the toys that round me

shore, Where oft in heed-less in-fant sport I gath-er'd shells in days be-
 lay, But as I took them in my hand, I threw them one by one a-

fore, I gath-er'd shells in days be-fore. The splash-ing waves like mu-sic
 way, I threw them one by one a-way. "Oh! thus," I said, "in ev-ry
Sra......

fell, Re-spon-sive to my fan-cy wild, A dream came o'er me like a
 stage By toys our fan-cy is be-guil'd, We gath-er shells from youth to
Sra......

spell, I thought I was a - gain a child; A dream came o'er me like a
age, And then we leave them like a child; We gath-er shells from youth to

fz

espressivo *ad lib.*

spell, I thought I was a - gain, a - gain a child.
age, And then we leave them, leave them like a child."

colla voce

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line includes lyrics and musical notation with various markings like 'fz', 'espressivo', 'ad lib.', and 'colla voce'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both hands.

The Independent Farmer

W. W. FOSDICK

G. F. ROOT

Allegretto

Let sail - ors sing of o - cean deep, Let sol - diers praise their ar - mor, But

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score for 'The Independent Farmer'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line includes lyrics and musical notation. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both hands.

1ST DIVISION

in my heart this toast I'll keep, The In - de - pend - ent Farm - er. He cares not how the

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score for 'The Independent Farmer', marked '1ST DIVISION'. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the previous system. The key signature remains one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4.

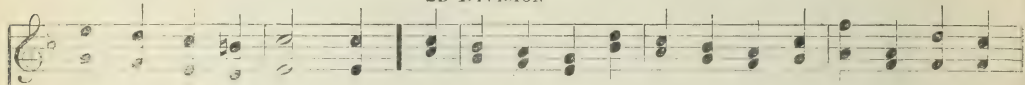
The Independent Farmer



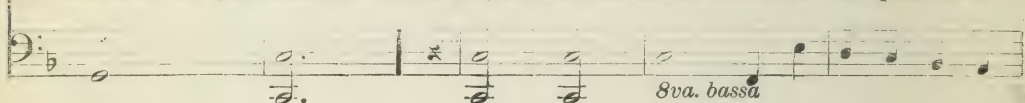
world may move, No doubts nor fears con - found him, His lit - tle flock is linked in love as



2D DIVISION



house hold an - gels round him. The gray old barn whose doors en-fold His am - ple store in



meas - ure, More rich than heaps of hoard - ed gold, A pre - rious, bless - ed treas - ure.



CHORUS



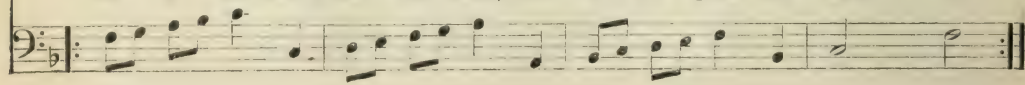
He loves his coun - try and his friends, His hon - es - ty's his ar - mor, He's



na - ture's no - ble - man in life, The in - de - pend - ent farm - er.



He is na - ture's no - ble - man, The in - de - pend - ent farm - er.



Onward, Christian Soldiers

S. BARING-GOULD

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN



1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee ; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God ; Brothers, we are tread - ing
4. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
5. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces



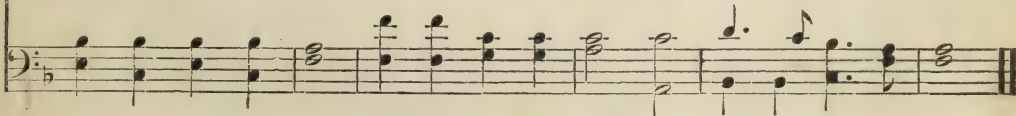
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe,
 On to vic - to - ry. Hell's toun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise ;
 Where the saints have trod ; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we ;
 Con - stant will re - main ; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst the Church pre - vail ;
 In the tri - umph song ; Glo - ry, lead, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,



For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
 Broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
 We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,



March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



You Never Miss the Water

HARRY LINN

R. HOWARD

1. When a child, I lived at Lin - coln with my par - ents at the farm, The
 2. As years roll'd on, I grew to be a mis - chief - mak - ing boy, De -
 3. When I ar - riv'd at man - hood, I em - bark'd in pub - lic life, And
 4. Then I stud - ied strict e - con - o - my, and found to my sur - prise, My
 5. I'm mar - ried now and hap - py, I've a care - ful lit - tle wife, We

mf

les - sons that my moth - er taught to me were quite a charm; She would
 struc - tion seem'd my on - ly sport, it was my on - ly joy; And
 found it was a rug - ged road, be - strewn with care and strife; I
 funds in - stead of sink - ing, ve - ry quick - ly then did rise; I
 live in peace and har - mo - ny, de - void of care and strife; Kind

of - ten take me on her knee when tir'd of child - ish play, And
 well do I re - mem - ber, when oft - times well chas - tised, How
 spec - u - la - ted fool - ish - ly, my loss - es were se - vere, But
 grasp'd each chance, and al - ways struck the i - ron while 'twas hot, I
 For - tune smiles up - on us, we have lit - tle chil - dren three, The

as she press'd me to her breast, I've heard my moth - er say:
fa - ther sat be - side me then, and thus has me ad - vised:
still a ti - ny lit - tle voice kept whis - p'ring in my ear:
seiz'd my op - por - tu - ni - ties, and nev - er once for - got:
les - son that I teach them, as they prat - tle round my knee:

CHORUS

Waste not, want not, is the max - im I would teach, Let your watch - word be des - patch, and

prac - tise what you preach; Do not let your chan - ces like

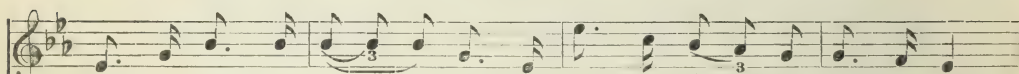
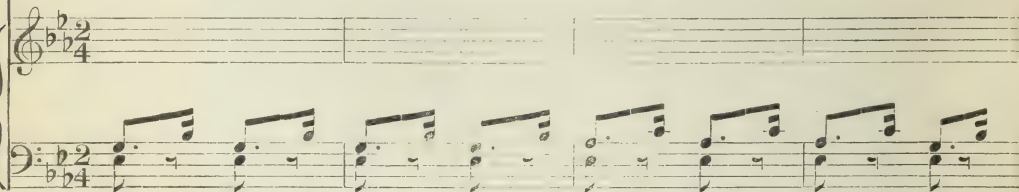
sun - beams pass you by, For you nev - er miss the wa - ter till the well runs dry.

Co-ca-che-lunk

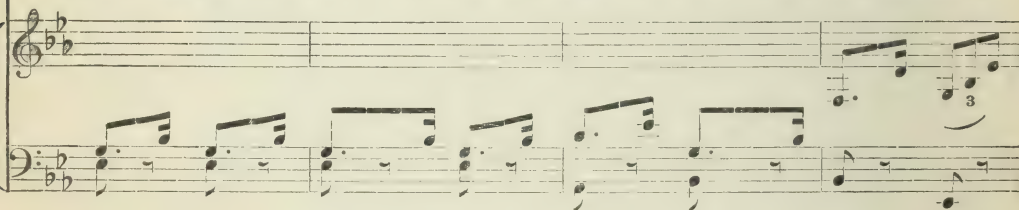
SOLO



1. When we first came on this cam - pus, Fresh - men we, as green as grass;
2. We have fought the fight to - geth - er, We have strug - gled side by side;
3. Some will go to Greece or Hart - ford, Some to Nor - wich or to Rome;
4. When we come a - gain to - geth - er, Vi - gin - ten - ni - al to pass,



Now, as grave and rev - er - end sen - iors, Smile we o - ver the ver - dant past.
 Bro - ken is the bond that held us—We must cut our sticks and slide.
 Some to Green - land's i - cy mountains—More, per - haps, will stay at home.
 Wives and chil - dren all in - clud - ed, Won't we be an up - rear - ious class?



CHORUS (MALE VOICES)



Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - lay,



Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Hi! O chick - a - che - lunk - che - lay.

The musical score for 'Co-ca-che-lunk' is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with the lyrics 'Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Hi! O chick - a - che - lunk - che - lay.' written below the vocal staves. The piano part provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Lead, Kindly Light

Cardinal NEWMAN

J. B. DYKES

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'encir-cling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Should'st lead me on; I lov'd to
 3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day; and, spite of fears, . . Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
 an - gel fa - ces smile, . . Which I have loved long since and lost a - while.

The musical score for 'Lead, Kindly Light' is written for a four-part vocal ensemble and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes three verses of lyrics. The piano part features a variety of dynamics, including *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The melody is simple and expressive, with the lyrics written below the vocal staves.

It's a Way We Have at Old Harvard*

1. It's a way we have at old Har-vard, It's a way we have at old Har-vard, It's a
 2. For we think it is . . no sin, sir, To take the Fresh-men in, sir, And
 3. For we think it is . . but right, sir, On Wednesday and Saturday night, sir, To . .

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal melody with three verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a bass line and a treble line with chords and single notes.

CODA

way we have at old Har-vard, To drive dull care a - way ; To drive dull care a -way, To
 ease them of their tin, sir, To drive dull care a - way ; To drive dull care a -way, To
 get most glorious-ly tight sir, To drive dull care a - way ; To drive dull care a -way, To

The second system continues the melody and includes a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a treble line with chords and a bass line. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

drive dull care a - way, . It's a way we have at old Har-vard, It's a way we have at old

The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a treble line with chords and a bass line. Dynamics include *f* (forte).

* The name " Harvard " may be changed to that of any college

Har - vard, It's a way we have at old Har - vard, To drive dull care a - way. . .

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody and bass line, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, also in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeat sign at the end.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING

When He Cometh

GEO. F. ROOT

Moderato

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els; All His
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom; All the
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren Who love their Re - deem - er, Are the

The musical score is in G major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. It features a simple melody with a repeat sign at the end. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and a treble line with chords.

CHORUS

jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn - ing,
 pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
 jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

The chorus is in G major and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and features a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment is a steady bass line with chords in the treble.

His bright crown a - dorn - ing; They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

The final line of the song is in G major and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and features a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment is a steady bass line with chords in the treble.

Tapping at the Garden Gate

J. LOKER

S. W. NEW

1. Who's that tap-ping at the gar-den gate? Tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate?
 2. Oh, you sly lit-tle "Fox" you know, Fid-get-ting a-bout un-til you go,

Ev-'ry night I have heard of late, Some-bod-y tap-ping at the gar-den gate.
 Drop'd the sugar spoon! Why, there it lies! Bless the girl, where are your eyes?

What? you, sly lit-tle puss, don't know Why do you blush and fal-ter so?
 Were I a-ble to leave my chair, Soon would I find out who is there;

What are you look-ing for un-der the chair? The tap, tap, tap-ping comes not from there.
 Don't tell me you think it's the cat, Cats don't tap, tap, tap like that.

p a tempo.

Ev - 'ry night a - bout half past eight There's tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate,
Cats don't know when it's half past eight, And come tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate,

p a tempo.

f

Ev - 'ry night a - bout half past eight, There's tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate.
Cats don't know when it's half past eight, And come tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate.

f

The musical score for 'Tapping at the Garden Gate' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics about a cat tapping at a garden gate. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte) and tempo markings like 'a tempo'.

Take Back the Heart

CLARIBEL

1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is my an-guish to thee? . .
2. Then, when at last o - ver - tak - en, Time flings its fet-ters o'er thee, . .

Take back the free-dom thou crav - est, Leav-ing the fet-ters to me. . .
Come with a trust still un-shak - en, Come back a cap-tive to me. . .

sf *dim.*

The musical score for 'Take Back the Heart' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is more complex than the first piece, with lyrics about taking back a heart. The piano accompaniment includes chords and single notes, with dynamic markings like 'sf' (sforzando) and 'dim.' (diminuendo).

Take Back the Heart

Take back the vows thou hast spo - ken, Fling them a - side and be free.
 Come back, in sad - ness or sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be;

Stringendo

Smile o'er each pit - i - ful to - ken, Leav - ing the sor - row for me.
 Come as of old, love, to my dar - row Glimp - ses of sun - light from me.

rall. colla parte

Drink deep of life's tend - er - sion, Gaze on the storm-cloud, and flee,
 Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion, Striv - ing no more to be free,

rit. lento

Swift - ly thro' strife and con - fu - sion, Leav - ing the bur - den to me. . .
 When on her world wea - ry pin - ion Flies back my lost love to me. . .

My Ain Countrie

MARY LEE DEMAREST

I. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft-en-whiles, For the
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un-til mine een do see The
D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I

langed-for hame-bring-in', an' my Fai-ther's wel-come smiles, } ain coun-trie.
gow-den gates o' heav'n an' my { Omit
hear the an-gels sing-in' in my { Omit ain coun-trie.


D.C.

{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flow-ers, mon-y tint-ed, fresh an' gay. }
{ The bird-ies war-ble blithe-ly, for my Fai-ther made them sae: }

- 2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair,
For His bluid has made me white, and His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.
- 3 Sae little noo I ken o' yon blessed, bonnie place,
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch forever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.
- 4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate.
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.



My Last Cigar

mf





1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sum - mer day, I
 2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter - rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en
 3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end; I
 4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, I've


mf


sat up - on the quar - ter - deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And
 there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. O,
 watched it as a friend would watch Be - side a dy - ing friend; But
 watched a - bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've



as the val - ued smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to
 what had I at such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bling
 still the flame crept slow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me,
 nev - er known a sor - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca -




f REFRAIN.



think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, It
 tear pro - claimed It was my last ci - gar.
 spare the tale, It was my last ci - gar.
 na - ry Isles, I smoked my last ci - gar.

was my last ci - gar; I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.



My Moustache

(MALE VOICE)

Tune in Second Tenor

1. My mous-tache is grow-ing, Its ge-nial warmth be-stow-ing; Its
2. But when I am drink-ing, I oft - times am think-ing, There's

beau - ty charms the eye of all Broad-way. Come forth like a fair - y so
one thing you will hin - der ve - ry much; The rap - tur - ous bliss-es of

light and so air - y, And ram - ble o'er my up - per lip so gay.
sweet stol - en kiss - es, You'll scarce-ly let the girls our two lips touch.

REFRAIN

Come! come! mous-tache come, Come e'er the dye on thee fades; Come

O come, come, come, come

forth like a fai-ry, so light and so air - y, And ram-ble o'er my up-per lip so gay.

The Old Arm Chair

ELIZA COOKE

HENRY RUSSELL

Andante con espressione

1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To
 2. I sat and watch'd her man - y a day, When her
 3. 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With

chide me for lov - ing that old arm chair? I've treas - ured it long as a
 eye grew dim, and her locks were grey, And I al - most wor - shipp'd her
 quiv - er - ing breath and throb - bing brow; 'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas

ho - ly prize, I've be - dew'd it with tears, and em - balm'd it with sighs; 'Tis
 when she smil'd, And turn'd from her bi - ble to bless her child.
 there she died; And mem - 'ry flows with la - va tide.

bound by a thou - sand bonds to my heart, Not a
 Years roll'd on, but the last one sped, My
 Say it is fol - ly, and deem me weak, While the

tie will break, not a link will start! Would ye learn the spell? A
 i-dol was shatter'd, my earth - star fled, I learnt how much the
 scald - ing drops start down my cheek, But I love it, I love it, and

moth-er sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that old arm chair.
 heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm chair.
 can - not tear My soul from a moth - er's old arm chair.

Love Not

CAROLINE NORTON

JOHN BLOCKLEY

Andantino

1. Love not! love not! ye hap-less sons of clay; Hope's gay-est
 2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die, May per-ish
 3. Love not! love not! the thing you love may change, The ro-sy
 4. Love not! love not! O warn-ing vain-ly said! In pres-ent

wreaths are made of earth-ly flow'rs; Things that are made to
 from the gay and glad-some earth; The si-lent stars, the
 lip may cease to smile on you, The kind-ly beam-ing
 hours, as in the years gone by, Love flings a ha-lo

fade and fall a-way, Ere they have blossomed, for a few . . short hours,
 blue and smiling sky, Beams on its grave as once up-on . . its birth,
 eye grow cold and strange, The heart still warmly beat, yet not . . be true,
 round the dear one's head, Fault - less, im - mor-tal, till they change or die,

ad lib.

Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours. Love not! love not!
 Beams on its grave as once up-on its birth. Love not! love not!
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true. Love not! love not!
 Fault - less, im - mor-tal, till they change or die. Love not! love not!

SCHMOLKE
Tr. BORTHWICK

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt

WEBER

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Though seen thro' ma - ny a tear, Let not my
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
 fu - ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove,

Con-duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 And sor - row'd oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 I trav-el calm-ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

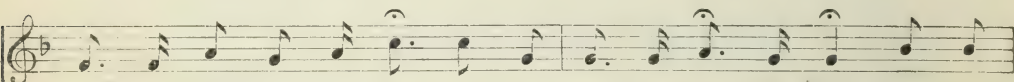
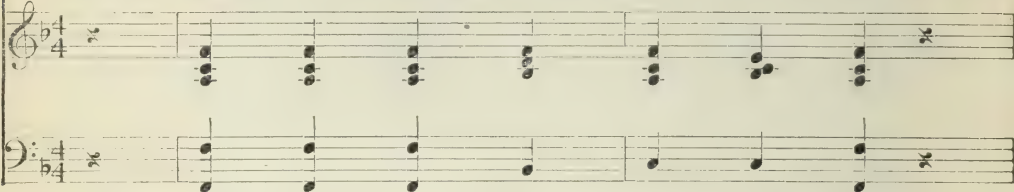
Your Mission

JESSIE R. GATES

S. M. GRANNIS

Moderato

1. If you can not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet, Rock - ing
2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the moun - tain, steep and high; You can
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to com - mend; If you
4. If you can not in the con - flict Prove your - self a sol - dier true, If, where
5. Do not, then, stand i - dly wait - ing, For some great - er work to do; For - tune



on the high - est bil - lows, Laugh - ing at the storms you meet; You can
 stand with - in the val - ley, While the mul - ti - tudes go by; You can
 can not t'wards the need - y, Reach an ev - er o - pen hand; You can
 fire and smoke are thick - est, There's no work for you to do; When the
 is a la - zy god - dess, She will nev - er come to you. Go and



stand a - mong the sail - ors, An - chor'd yet with - in the bay, You can
 chant in hap - py meas - ure, As they slow - ly pass a - long, Though they
 vis - it the af - flict - ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep, You can
 bat - tle - field is si - lent, You can go with care - ful tread, You can
 toil in an - y vine - yard, Do not fear to do or dare, If you



*pp**pp rall.*

lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.
 may for-get the sing-er, They will not for-get the song, They will not for-get the song.
 be a true dis-ci-ple, Sit-ting at the Sav-iour's feet, Sit-ting at the Saviour's feet.
 bear a-way the wounded, You can cov-er up the dead, You can cov-er up the dead.
 want a field of la-bor, You can find it an-y-where, You can find it an-y-where.

rall.

God Speed the Right

W. E. HICKSON

German Air

*Maestoso**mf*

1. Now to heav'n our pray'r as-cend-ing, God speed the right; In a no-ble
2. Be that pray'r a-gain re-peat-ed, God speed the right; Ne'er de-spair-ing,
3. Pa-tient, firm, and per-se-ver-ing, God speed the right; Ne'er th'e-vent nor

cause con-tend-ing, God speed the right; Be our zeal in heav'n re-cord-ed,
 tho' de-feat-ed, God speed the right; Like the good and great in sto-ry,
 dan-ger fear-ing, God speed the right; Pains, nor toils, nor tri-als heed-ing,

*p**cres.**pp*

With suc-cess on earth re-ward-ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 If we fail, we fail with glo-ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 In the strength of heav'n suc-ceed-ing, God speed the right, God speed the right.

Love's Old, Sweet Song

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

J. L. MOLLOY

♩

1. Once in the drear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mist be-gan to fall,
2. E-ven to-day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er more ;

p

Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng Low in our hearts love sang an old sweet song ;
Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day ;

f

And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam, Softly it wove itself in - to our dream.
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Low will be found the sweetest song of all.

p *ril.*

a tempo

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring sha-dows

p cantando

sempre Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

f

soft - ly come and go, Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long,

mf

Ped.

ril.

Still to us at twi - light comes Love's old song, comes Love's old, sweet song.

The musical score for 'Love's Old, Sweet Song' is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The first system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part has a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with a 'ril.' (ritardando) marking.

Jack and Gill

H. L. HANDY

1. Jack and Gill went up the hill, To draw a pail of wa - ter,
 2. Lit - tle Jane ran up the lane, To hang her clothes a - dry - ing,
 3. Nim - ble Dick ran up so quick, He tum - bled o'er a tim - ber,
 4. Care - ful Mat took up the cat, And flung her in the wa - ter,
 5. Whined one young pike, "I do not like A cat here in the riv - er,"
 6. Here came a trout, and flounced a - bout, And made his gills to rat - tle,
 7. 'Twas pike and trout, now in, now out, Till when they both went un - der,
 8. And all this ill, when Jack and Gill Went for that pail of wa - ter,

Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Gill came tum - bling af - ter.
 She called for Nell to ring the bell, For Jack and Gill were dy - ing.
 He bent his bow to shoot a crow, And killed poor puss in the win - dow.
 The fish - es 'round came at the sound, To see what made the splat - ter.
 "Hush! hush! she's dead," an old pike said, And I will eat her liv - er."
 "Leave her for me a - lone," cried he; And then there came a bat - tle.
 An eel slipped in as sly as sin, And car - ried off the plun - der.
 And Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Gill came tum - bling af - ter.

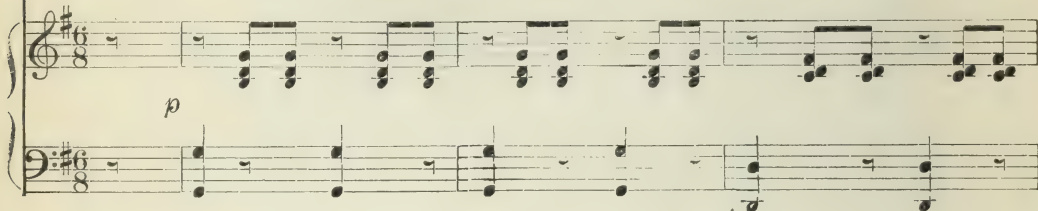
The musical score for 'Jack and Gill' is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The score includes eight numbered lines of lyrics. The piano part consists of a simple melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree

W. GUERNSEY.

Andante moderato

1. I'll hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'll off to the wars a -
2. She took me a - way from my war - like lord, And gave me a silk - en
3. Then I'll hide in my breast ev - 'ry self - ish care, I'll flush my pale cheek with
4. But one gold - en tress of her hair I'll twine, In my hel - met's sa - ble



gain, My peace-ful home has no charms for me, The bat - tle field no pain; The
 suit, I tho't no more of my mas - ter's sword, But play'd my mas - ter's lute; She
 wine; When smiles a - wake the bri - dal pair, I'll has - ten to give them mine. I'll
 plume, And then on the field of Pal - es - tine I'll seek an ear - ly doom; And



la - dy I love will soon be a bride, With a di - a - dem on her brow. Oh!
 seem'd to think me a boy a - bove Her pa - ges of low de - gree, Oh!
 laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed, And I'll walk in the fes - tive train, And
 if by the Sar - a - cen's hand I fall, 'Mid the no - ble and the brave, A



why did she flat - ter my boy-ish pride, She's go-ing to leave me now, Oh! now.
 had I but lov'd with a boy-ish love, It would have been better for me, Oh! me.
 if I sur-vive it I'll mount my steed, And off to the wars a - gain, And gain.
 tear from my La - dy love is 'all I ask for the war-rior's grave, A grave.

Rest for the Weary

S. V. HARMER.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest, There my
 2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my
 3. Pain nor sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in
 4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be with-drawn; Shout for
 5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri-umph as you go; Zi - on's

CHORUS

Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest. There is rest for the
 stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land. On the oth - er side of
 that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
 gladness, O, ye ransomed, Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.

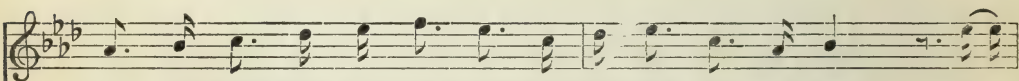
wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you.
 Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

Twenty Years Ago

WILLIAM WILLING

Not too fast

1. I've wan-der'd to	the vil-lage, Tom,	I've sat be-neath the tree,	Up -
2. The grass is just	as green, dear Tom,	bare-foot - ed boys at play	Were
3. The riv - er's run -	ning just as still;	the wil - lows on its side	Are
4. The spring that bub -	bled 'neath the hill,	close by the spread-ing beech,	Is
5. Near by the spring,	up-on an elm,	you know I cut your name,	Your
6. My lids have long	been dry, dear Tom,	but tears came in my eyes;	I
7. Some now are in	the church-yard laid,	some sleep be-neath the sea,	But



on the school-house play-ing	ground, which shel-ter'd you and me.	But
sport - ing just as we did	then, with spir - its just as gay;	But the
larg - er than they were, dear	Tom, the stream ap - pears less wide.	The
ve - ry low, 'twas once so	high that we could al - most reach;	And
sweet-heart's just be - neath it,	Tom, and you did mine the same;	Some
thought of her I loved so	well, those ear - ly bro - ken ties;	I
few are left of our old	class, ex - cept-ing you and me;	And

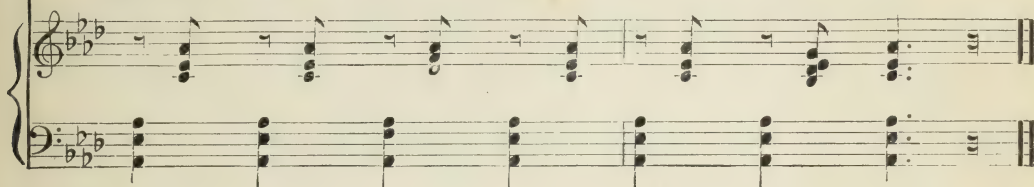


none were there to greet me,	Tom; and few were left to know,	That
Mas - ter sleeps up-on the	hill which, coat - ed o'er with snow,	Af -
grape-vine swing is ru - ined,	now, where once we played the beau,	And
kneel - ing down to get a	drink, dear Tom, I start - ed so	To
heart-less wretch had peeled the	bark, 'twas dy - ing sure but slow,	Just
vis - it - ed the old church-yard,	and took some flow'rs to strew	Up -
when our time shall come, dear	Tom, and we are called to go,	I





play'd with us up - on the grass, some twen - ty years a - go.
 ford - ed us a slid - ing place just twen - ty years a - go.
 swung our sweet-hearts, "pret - ty girls," just twen - ty years a - go.
 see how much that I was changed since twen - ty years a - go.
 as that one, whose name was cut, died twen - ty years a - go.
 on the graves of those we loved some twen - ty years a - go.
 hope they'll lay us where we played just twen - ty years a - go.



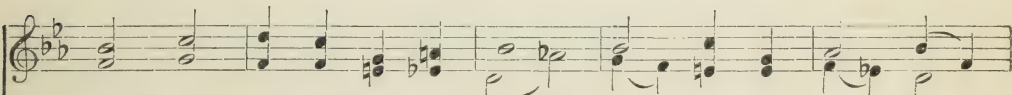
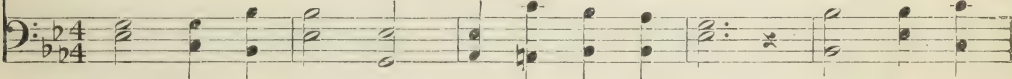
O Weary Feet

CLARA L. HAYES

ALFRED BEIRLY



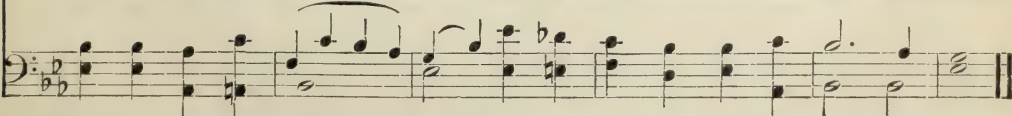
1. O wea - ry feet, the way seems drear and long; O tir - ed
 2. In self - ish toil you can - not find the way; To seek re -
 3. Be strong in hope, nor doubt your Fa - ther's care; Bright is God's



eyes, you peer in - to the night; Soul, sing a - gain hope's
 ward will nev - er bring you gain; O trust God's love, your
 world, the clouds are all your own; Sun - shine, and joy, and

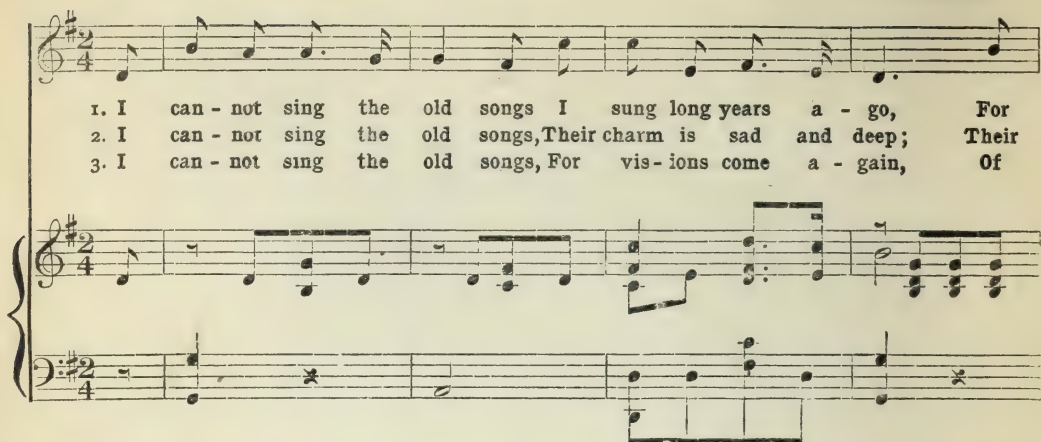


long - for - got - ten song; Look up, dear heart, be - hold the per - fect Light.
 ef - fort He'll re - pay, He giv - eth smiles for tears, and joy for pain.
 glo - ry ev - 'ry - where, Make earth a heav'n where dark - ness is un - known.

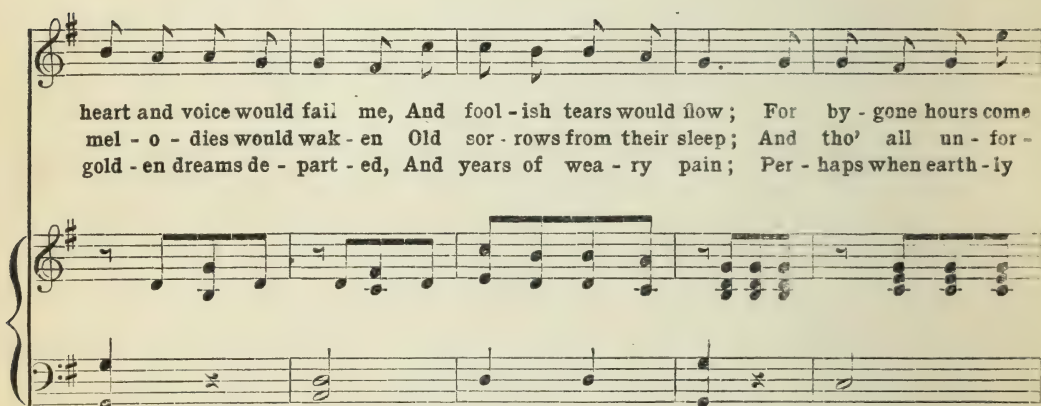


I Cannot Sing the Old Songs

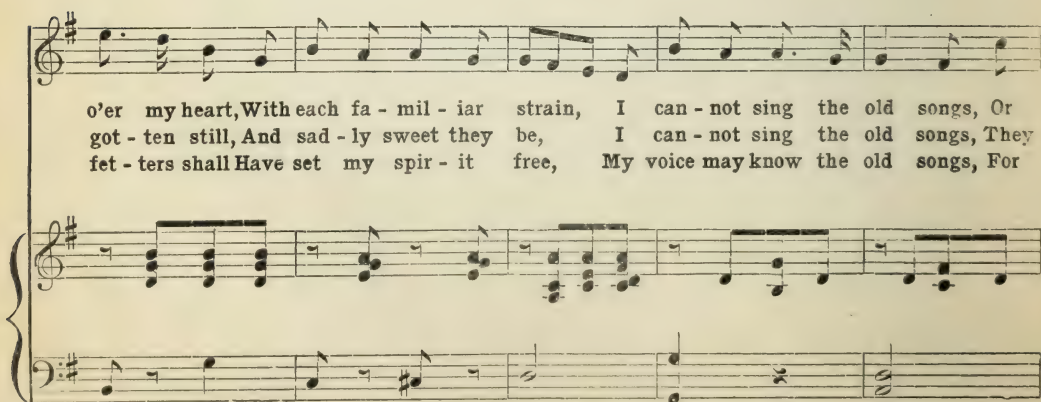
CLARIBEL



1. I can - not sing the old songs I sung long years a - go, For
 2. I can - not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their
 3. I can - not sing the old songs, For vis - ions come a - gain, Of



heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For by - gone hours come
 mel - o - dies would wak - en Old sor - rows from their sleep; And tho' all un - for -
 gold - en dreams de - part - ed, And years of wea - ry pain; Per - haps when earth - ly



o'er my heart, With each fa - mil - iar strain, I can - not sing the old songs, Or
 got - ten still, And sad - ly sweet they be, I can - not sing the old songs, They
 fet - ters shall Have set my spir - it free, My voice may know the old songs, For

dream those dreams a-gain, I can-not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a-gain.
 are too dear to me, I can-not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.
 all e - ter - ni - ty, My voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

Shall We Meet

H. L. HASTINGS

ELISHA S. RICE

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll,
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
 3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine,
 4. Shall we meet there ma - ny loved ones, That were torn from our em - brace?
 5. Shall we meet with Christ, our Sav - iour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an - chor, By the bright, ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?
 Shall we lis - ten to their voi - ces, And be - hold them face to face?
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

FINE

D. S. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

CHORUS

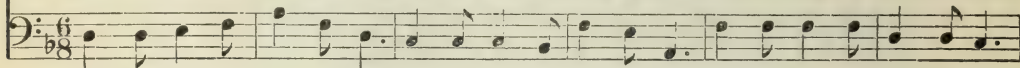
D. S.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

When Shall We Three Meet Again



1. When shall we three meet again? When shall we three meet a-gain? Oft shall glowing hope ex-pire,
2. Tho' in dis-tant lands we sigh, Parch'd beneath the burning sky; Tho' the deep beneath us rolls,
3. When around the youthful pine Moss shall creep, and ivy twine; When these burnish'd locks are gray,
4. When the dreams of life are fled, When its wast-ed lamp is dead; When in cold ob-livion's shade



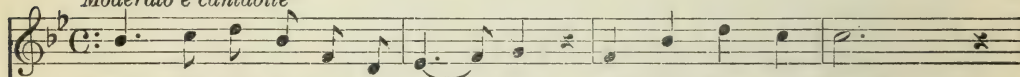
Oft shall wearied love re-tire, Oft shall death and sor-row reign, Ere we three shall meet a-gain.
 Friendship shall unite our souls; Still in Fan-cy's rich domain Oft shall we three meet a-gain.
 Thinned by ma-ny a toil-spent day, May this long-lov'd bow'r remain, Here may we three meet again.
 Beau-ty, wealth, and pow'r are laid, Where immortal spirits reign, There shall we three meet again.



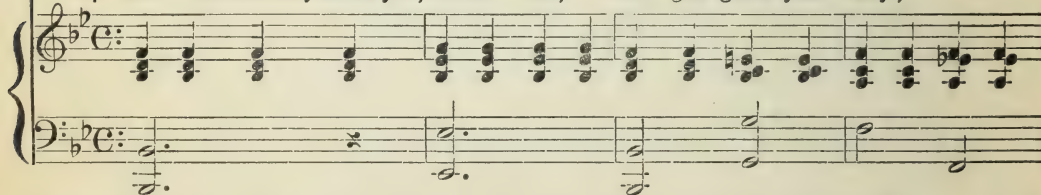
When This Cruel War is Over

CHAS. C. SAWYER

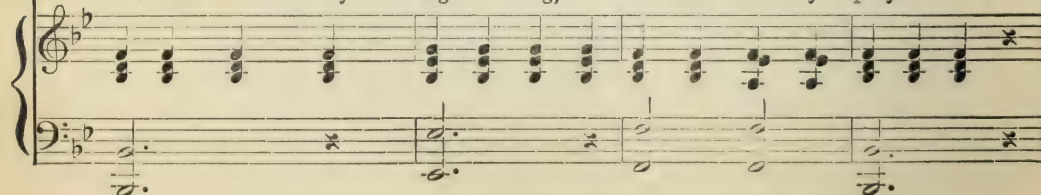
HENRY TUCKER

Moderato e cantabile

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| 1. Dear - est one, do you re - mem - ber | When we last did meet? |
| 2. When the sum-mer breeze is sigh - ing | Mourn - ful - ly a - long; |
| 3. If a - mid the din of bat - tle, | No - bly you should fall; |
| 4. But our coun-try called you, loved one, | An - gels guide your way; |



When you told me how you loved me,	Kneel - ing at my feet?
Or when autumn leaves are fall - ing,	Sad - ly breathes the song.
Far a-way from those who love you,	None to hear you call:
While our "Southern boys" are fight - ing,	We can on - ly pray.



Oh! how proud you stood be - fore me, In your suit of gray; . .
 Oft in dreams I see you ly - ing On the bat - tle plain; . .
 Who would whis - per words of com - fort? Who would soothe your pain? . .
 When you strike for God and Free - dom, Let all na - tions see . .

When you vowed from me and coun - try Ne'er to go a - stray!
 Lone - ly, wound - ed, ev - en dy - ing, Call - ing, but in vain.
 Such are ma - ny cru - el fan - cies Ev - er in my brain!
 How you love our South - ern ban - ner, Em - blem of the free.

CHORUS

Weep - ing, sad and lone - ly, Sighs and tears, how vain;

When this cru - el war is o - ver, Pray - ing then to meet a - gain!

Paddle Your Own Canoe

H. CLIFTON

M. HOBSON

1. I've trav-ell'd a - bout a bit in my time And of
 2. I have no wife to both - er my life, No
 3. It's all ve - ry well to de - pend on a friend, — That
 4. If a hur - ri - cane rise in the mid - day skies, And the

trou - bles I've seen a few, . . . But found it bet - ter in
 lov - er to prove un - true, . . . But the whole day long with a
 is, if you've prov'ed him true, — . . . But you'll find it bet - ter by
 sun is lost to view, . . . Move stead - i - ly by with a

ev - 'ry clime To pad - dle my own ca - noe. . . My wants are small, I
 laugh and a song, I pad - dle my own ca - noe. . . I rise with the lark, and from
 far, in the end, To pad - dle your own ca - noe. . . 'To bor - row is dear - er by
 stead - fast eye, And pad - dle your own ca - noe. . . The dai - sies that grow in the

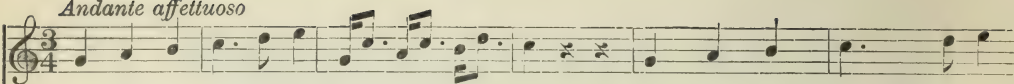
care not at all If my debts are paid when due. . . . I
 day-light till dark - I do what I have to do. . . . I'm
 far than to buy,"— A max-im, tho' old, still true; . . . You
 bright green fields, Are bloom-ing so sweet for you. . . . So

drive a-way strife, in the o - cean of life While I pad-dle my own ca - noe.
 care-less of wealth, if I've on - ly the health To pad-dle my own ca - noe.
 nev - er will sigh, if you on - ly will try To pad-dle your own ca - noe.
 nev - er sit down, with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca - noe.

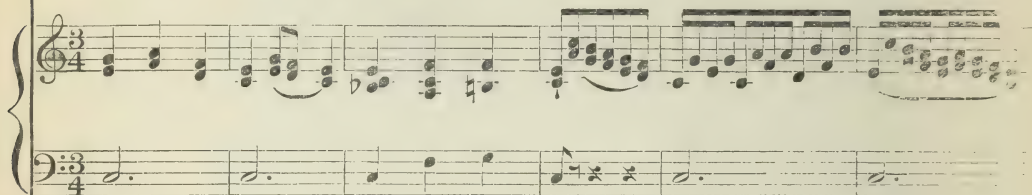
CHORUS

Then love your neigh-bor as your-self, As the world you go trav-el-ing through, And
 nev - er sit down, with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca - noe. . . .

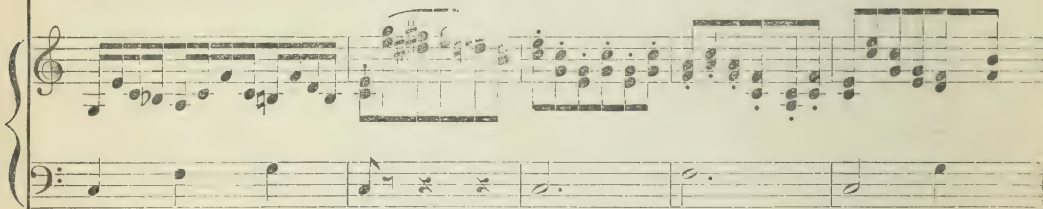
Robin Adair

Andante affettuoso

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; What was't I wish'd to see?
 2. What made th' As-sembly shine? Rob-in A - dair! What made the ball so fine?
 3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair! But now thou'rt cold to me,



What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a
 Rob - in was there! What, when 'twas o'er, What made my
 Rob - in A - dair! You lov'd so well Still in my



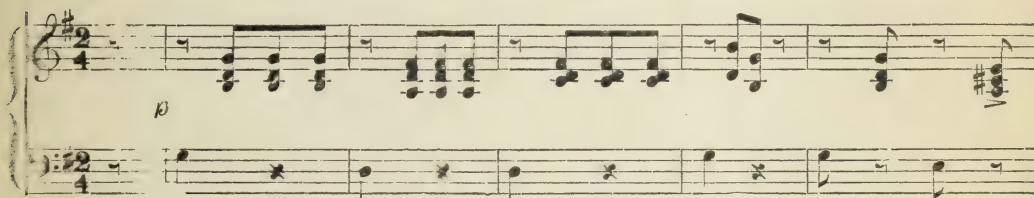
Heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - - - dair!
 heart so sore?—Oh! it was part-ing with Rob-in A - - - dair!
 heart shall dwell! Oh! I can ne'er for-get Rob-in A - - - dair!



Miss Lucy Long

Allegretto

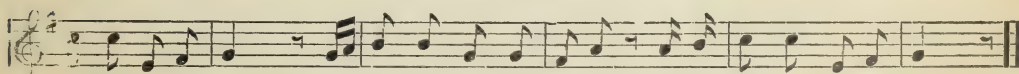
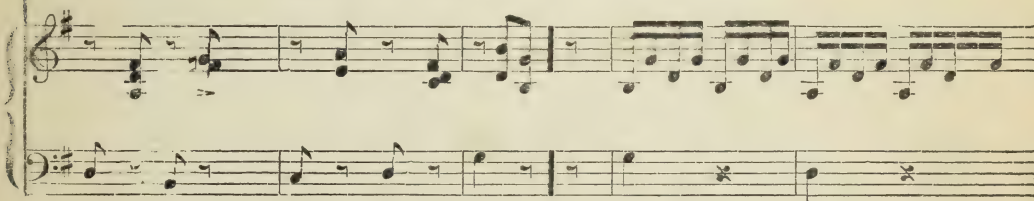
jist come out a - fore you, To sing a lit - tle song, I plays it on de
 2. I ask her for to mar - ry, She hadn't much to say, But said she'd rath - er
 3. My mam - ma's got de tis - ic, My dad - dy's got de gout, Good morn - ing, Mis - ter
 4. I had a scold - ing wife, As sure as she was born, I'd take her down to



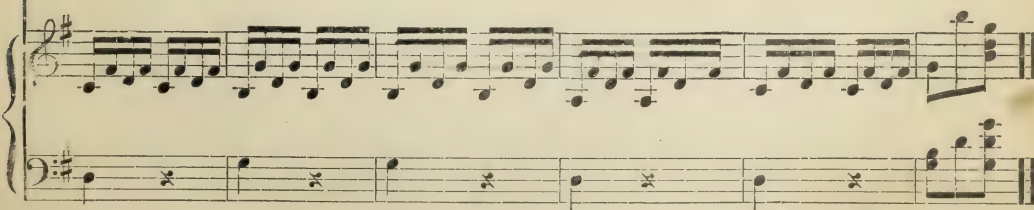
CHORUS



ban - jo. And dey calls it Lu - cy Long. Oh, take your time, Miss Lu - cy, Take your
 tar - ry. So I let her have her way.
 Phis-ick, Does your mother know you're out?
 New-Orleans And trade her off for corn.



time, Miss Lu - cy Long, Oh, take your time, Miss Lu - cy, Take your time, Miss Lu - cy Long.



Stonewall's Requiem

M. DEEVES

1. The muf - fled drum is beat - ing, There's a sad and sol - emn tread, Our
2. They've borne him to an hon - or'd grave, The lau - rel crowns his brow, By

Ban - ner's draped in mourn - ing, As it shrouds "th'illustrious dead." Proud forms are bent with
hal - low'd James's si - lent wave He's sweet - ly sleep - ing now; Vir - gin - ia to the

sor - row, And all South - ern hearts are sore, The He - ro now is sleep - ing, No - ble
South is dear, She holds a sa - cred trust, Our fall - en braves from far and near Are

very slow

Stone - wall is no more. 'Mid the rat - tling of the mus - kets And the
cov - ered with her dust; She . . shrines the spot where now is laid The

a tempo

Stonewall's Requiem

can - non's thun drous roar, He stained the field of glo - ry With his
brav - est of them all, The mar - tyr of our coun - try's cause, Our

ritard.

brave life's pre - cious gore, And though our flag waved proud - ly, We were
i - dol - ized Stone-wall; But though his spir - it's waft - ed To the

ritard.

vic - tors ere sun - set, The gal - lant deeds of Chance-lors-ville Will min - gle with re - gret.
hap - py realms a - bove, His name shall live for - ev - er link'd With rev - er - ence and love.

The Lord's Prayer

- 1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven;
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a - | gainst us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de - | liver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for - | ever. A - | men.

The First Nowell

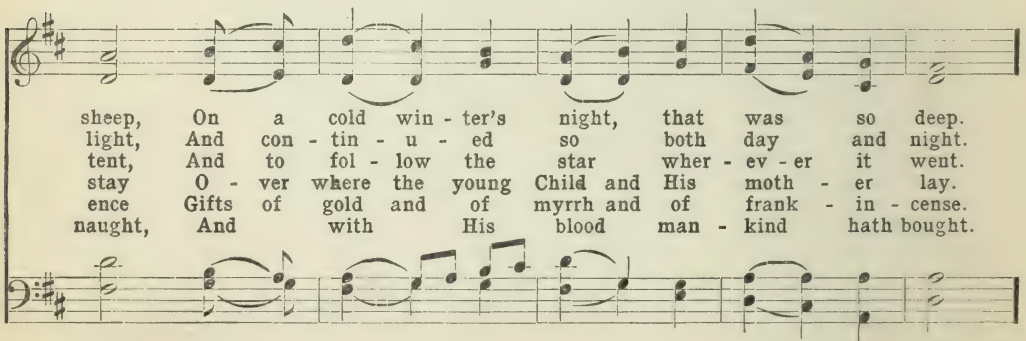
Ancient Song

Moderato

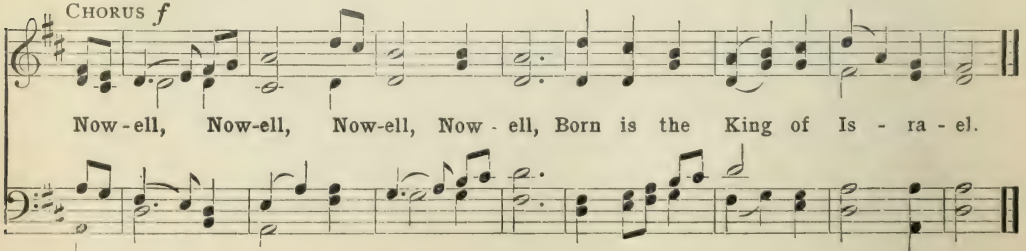

1. The first Now-ell the an - gel lid say, Was to car - ole poor
 2. They looked a - bove, and there saw a star, As it shone in the
 3. And by the light of that same bright star, There were three wise men
 4. The star drew nigh un - to the north-west, O - ver Beth - le - hem
 5. Then en - tered in those wise men all three Ver - y rev - er - ent -
 6. Then let us all with one . . . ac - cord Sing prais - es un -



shep-herds in fields as they lay— In fields where they lay keep - ing their
 east but be - yond them a - far; And to the earth it gave forth great
 came from the east coun - try far; To seek the King it was their in -
 paus - ed, and there it did rest; And there did shine most bright, and did
 ly up - on bend - ed knee, And of - fered there in His pres -
 to . . . our heav - en - ly Lord, That made the heav - ens and earth of



sheep, On a cold win - ter's night, that was so deep.
 light, And con - tin - u - ed so both day and night.
 tent, And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.
 stay O - ver where the young Child and His moth - er lay.
 ence Gifts of gold and of myrrh and of frank - in - cense.
 naught, And with His blood man - kind hath bought.

CHORUS *f*


Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

'Tis Midnight Hour

Moderato scherzando semplice

1. 'Tis midnight hour, the moon shines bright, The dew-drops blaze be-neath her ray, The
 2. 'Tis midnight hour, from flow'r to flow'r The way-ward ze - phyr floats a - long, Or

twink-ling stars their trembling light Like beau-ty's eyes dis-play; Then
 lin-gers in the shad-ed bow'r To hear the night - bird's song; Then

sleep no more, tho' round thy heart Some ten - der dream may i - dly play, For

ritard. *ad lib.*
 mid - night song with mag - ic art Shall chase that dream a - way.

The Lost Chord

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Andante moderato

cres. *f* *dim.*

p *Ped.* *

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was wea-ry and ill at

p *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

ease, And my fin-gers wander'd i - dly O-ver the noi-sy keys; I know not what I was

Ped. *

cres.

play-ing, Or what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the

cres. *dim.* *p*

cres. *f* *poco rall.* *dim.*

sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great A - men.

cres. *f* *dim.* *p* *cres.* *f*

It flood - ed the crim - son twi - light, Like the crose of an An - gel's

dim. *p*

cres. *dim.*

Psalm, And it lay on my fev - er'd spir - it, With a touch of in - fi - nite calm, It

8va.....

cres. *dim.*

cres. *dim.*

qui - et - ed pain and sor - row, Like love o - ver - com - ing strife, It seem'd the har - mo - ni

8va.....

cres. *dim.* *p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo and dynamics are indicated by markings above the notes: 'cres.' (crescendo), 'f' (forte), 'poco rall.' (poco rallentando), 'dim.' (diminuendo), and 'p' (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line.

The Lost Chord

tranquillo sempre

ech - o From our dis-cord - ant life, It link'd all per-plex - ed mean-ings In - to

p tranquillo

poco a poco piu animato

one per - fect peace, And trembled a - way in - to si - lence, As if it were loth to

cres. animato

Ped.

f agitato

cease; I have sought but I seek it vain - ly, That one lost chord di -

f agitato

f

Ped.

vine, Which came from the soul of the Or - gan, And en - ter'd in - to

Ped.

The Lost Chord

297

f grandioso

mine.

It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a-

cres. molto

ritard.

f

f

f

f

gain; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that great A - men. It

sempre. ff

Ped.

Ped.

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

ff ritard.

may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a-gain, It may be that on - ly in

sf

sf

fff ritard.

con gran forza

Heav'n, I shall hear that grand A men.

colla voce con gran forza

a tempo

rall.

Ped.

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

Ped.

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

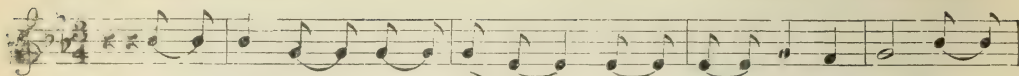
Ped.

** Ped.*

Go 'way, Old Man!

Song of Louisiana Negroes

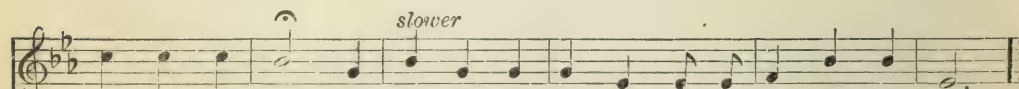
Arranged by A. M. KEITH



1. Oh! build me a lit-tle hut, In the moun-tains so high For to
2. Oh! her eyes spar-kle like de di-a-mond, Like de bright morn-in' star, Oh! her
3. Oh! she do look so sweet, Like de rose on de vine, Long
4. Now s'posin I should go to New Or-leans An' take sick an die, Like de
5. Then come back to your true love When de pun'kins am in bloom, When de



gaze on my true love, As she do pass by! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
 cheeks am so lub-ly Her face am so fa'r! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
 lib dat lub'-ly la-ry Dat dwells in my min'! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
 flies in - to de coun-try, My spir-it would fly! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
 hummin' birds am a sing-in' In de sweet month of June! Go 'way, old man, . . . and



leave me a-lone, For I am a stran-ger, and a long way from home!



Lilly Dale

H. S. THOMPSON

Andante

1. 'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light Shone soft o'er hill and
2. Her cheeks that once glowed with the rose tint of health, By the hand of disease had turned
3. "I go, she said, to the land of rest," And ere my strength shall
4. 'Neath the chest - nut tree, where the wild flow'rs grow, And the stream rip-ples forth thro' the



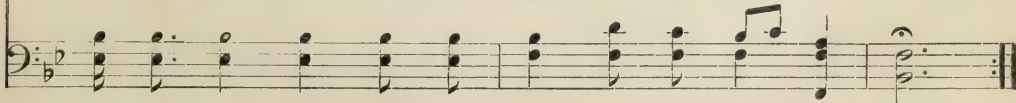
vale; When friends mute with grief stood around the death-bed Of my poor lost Lil-ly Dale.
 pale, And the death damp was on the pure white brow Of my poor lost Lil-ly Dale.
 fail, I must tell you where, near my own loved home, You must lay poor Lilly Dale.
 vale, Where the birds shall war - ble their songs in spring, There lay poor Lil-ly Dale.



Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her



lit - tle green grave, 'Neath the trees in the flow - 'ry vale.



In the Gloaming

META ORRED
Andante

ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON

1. In the gloam-ing O my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low—
 2. In the gloam-ing O my dar-ling! think not bit-ter-ly of me!

rall.

And the qui-et shad-ows fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft-ly go,—
 Tho' I passed a-way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free,

Agitato

When the winds are sob-bing faint-ly with a gen-tle, un-known woe,—
 my heart was crushed with long-ing, what had been could nev-er be.

con anima

Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a-go?
 It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and best for (Omit.)

2 *rall.* *cres.*

me,— It was best to leave you thus, . . . Best for you and best for me. . .

Annie Laurie

Lady JOHN SCOTT

Tenderly

1 Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew. And 'twas there that
 2 Her brow is like the snow drift, Her throat is like a swan, Her face it
 3. Like dew on the gow-an-y lag Is th' fa'o' her fair-y feet, And like winds in

cres.

An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true. Gave me her prom-ise true, Which
 is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on, And
 sung her sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet. Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

p

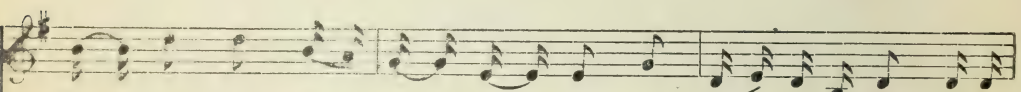
ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and dee.
 dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and dee.
 a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and dee.

My Grandma's Advice

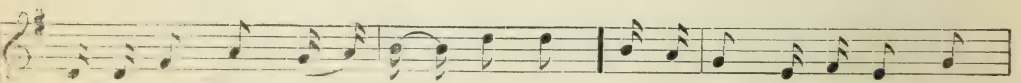
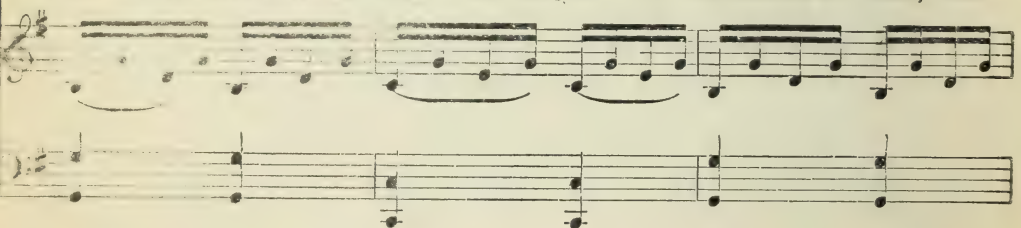
Anonymous



1. My Grand - ma lives on yon - der lit - tle green, Fine old la - dy as
2. These false young men they flat - ter and de - ceive, So, my love, you must
3. The first came a court - ing was lit - tle Johnny Green, Fine young man as
4. The next came a court - ing was young El - lis Grove, 'Twas then we met with a
5. Thinks I to my - self, there's some mis - take: What a fuss these



ev - er was seen; She of - ten cau - tioned me with care, Of
 not be - lieve; They'll flat - ter, they'll coax, till you are in their snare, And a -
 ev - er was seen; But the words of my Grand - ma ran in my head, And I
 joy - less I am; With a joy - ous love I couldn't be a - fraid, You'd
 old the make! If the boys and the girls had all been so a - fraid, Then



all false young men to be - ware. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
 way goes poor old grand - ma's care. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
 could not hear one word he said. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
 bet - ter get mar - ried than die an old maid. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
 Grand - ma her - self would have died an old maid. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum



tim - e - um pa ta, . . . Of all false young men to be - ware.
 tim - e - um pa ta, . . . And a - way goes poor old Grand - ma's care.
 tim - e - um pa ta, And I could not hear one word he said.
 tim - e - um pa ta, . . . You'd bet - ter get mar - ried than die an old maid.
 tim - e - um pa ta, . . . Then Grandma her - self would have died an old maid.

O Come, Come Away

1. Oh come, come a - way, from la - bor now re - pos - ing, Let bi - sy care a -
 2. From toil, and the cares, with which the day is clos - ing, The hour of eve brings
 3. While sweet Phil - o - mel the wea - ry trav - 'ler cheer - ing, With eve - ning songs her
 4. The bright day is gone, the moon and stars ap - pear - ing, With sil - ver light il -

while for - bear, Oh, come, come a - way. Come, come our so - cial joys re - new,
 sweet re - prieve, Oh, come, come a - way. Oh, come, where love will smile on thee,
 note pro - longs, Oh, come, come a - way. In an - sw'ring songs of sym - pa - thy,
 lume the night, Oh, come, come a - way. We'll join in grate - ful songs of praise,

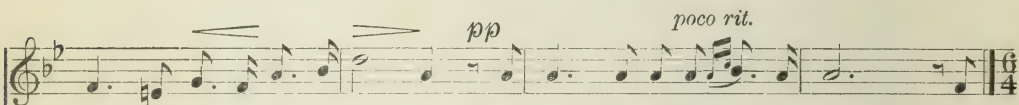
And there, where love and friendship grew, Let true hearts welcome you, Oh, come, come a - way.
 And round its hearth will gladness be, And time fly mer - ri - ly, Oh, come, come a - way.
 We'll sing in tune - ful har - mo - ny, Of hope, joy, lib - er - ty, Oh, come, come a - way.
 To Him who crowns our peaceful days, With health, hope, happiness, Oh, come, come a - way.

Embarrassment

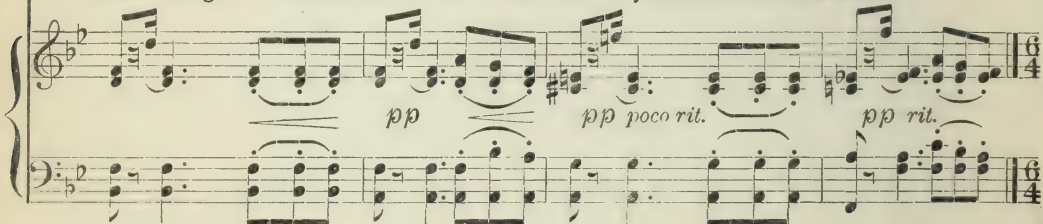
F. ABT

Andantino grazioso

1. I fain a winning tale would tell thee, And know my-self scarce what it is! And
 2. I fain would sing in plain-tive mea-sure A lay that to thy heart should go, But
 3. I fain would write a lov-ing let - ter That might to me thy heart in-cline, But
- Con leggerezza*



if the question thou shouldst ask me, My an - swer should be on-ly this: 'Tis
 when I seek the tuneful trea - sure, A voice within me an-swears so: 'Tis
 here a - gain I fare no bet - ter For all my tho'ts in this com-bine: I

*molto espressivo**molto cres. e appassionato*

thee I love with all my heart, 'Tis thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . . I
 thee I love with all my heart, 'Tis thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . . I
 love but thee with all my heart, But thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . . I



love but thee with all my heart, But thee a-lone, yes, thee!

p pp *f* *p* *p* *rall.* *pp*

The musical score for 'Embarrassment' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with dynamics *p* and *pp*. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 4/4 time, with dynamics *f*, *p*, and *pp*. The piano part includes triplets and a *rall.* (rallentando) section.

The Son of God Goes Forth to War

Bishop HEBER

H. S. CUTLER

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Mas-ter
3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came, Twelve valiant saints, their
4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid, A-round the Saviour's

The musical score for 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War' is in G major, 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in G major, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part includes a variety of chords and a steady rhythm.

streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe,
in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with par-don on his tongue
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame: They met the ty-rant's brandished steel,
throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed: They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n

The musical score for 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War' continues with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in G major, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part includes a variety of chords and a steady rhythm.

Tri-umphant o-ver pain, Who patient bears his cross below, He fol-lows in His train.
In midst of mor-tal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
The li-on's go-ry mane; They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who follows in their train?
Thro' per-il, toil, and pain: O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train. A-men.

The musical score for 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War' concludes with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in G major, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part includes a variety of chords and a steady rhythm.

In Old Madrid

CLIFTON BINGHAM

H. TROTÈRE

Tempo di Bolero

1. Long years a -
2. Far, far a -

go, in old Ma-drid, Where soft-ly sighs of love the light gui-tar, Two sparkling
way from old Ma-drid, Her lov-er fell, long years a-go, for Spain;—A con-vent

eyes a lat-tice hid, Two eyes as dark-ly bright as love's own star! There
veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain! But

on the casement ledge, when day was o'er, A ti-ny hand was light-ly laid; A
still, between the dusk and night, 'tis said, Her white hand opes the lat-tice wide, The

rall.

face looked out, as from the riv - er shore There stole a ten - der ser - e -
faint sweet ech - o of that ser - e - nade Floats wierd - ly o'er the mist - y

a tempo

nade! . . . Rang the lov - er's hap - py song, Light and low from
tide! . . . Still she lists her lov - er's song, Still he sings up -

shore to shore, But ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long Be -
on the shore, Though flows a stream than all more strong Be -

f

tween them ev - er - more. . . .

rall.

con tenerezza

"Come, my love, the stars are shin - ing, Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh - ing ;

a tempo

Come, for thee a heart is pin - ing, Here a-lone I wait for thee!

1 *D.C.V*

thee, a-lone I wait, . . I wait for thee, my love, . . I wait for

a tempo

thee; O come, my love, . . I wait for thee, I wait for

rall.

colla voce

dim.

thee, my love, for thee!

Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOSEPH BARNEY

pp *Larghetto*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
 moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; O - ver the
 Fa - ther will come to his will

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
 wa - ters go, Come from the from the moon and blow,
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
 come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

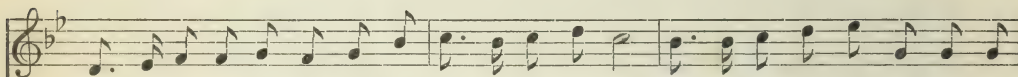
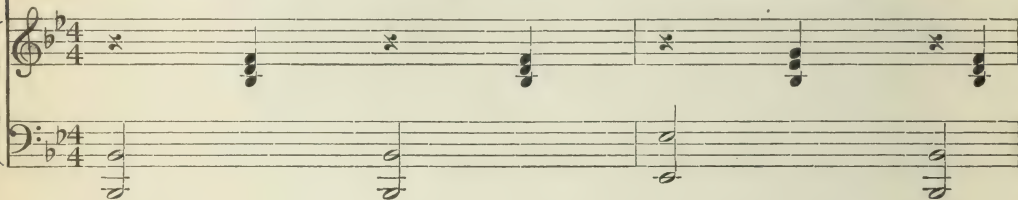
me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
 moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep.

Marching Through Georgia

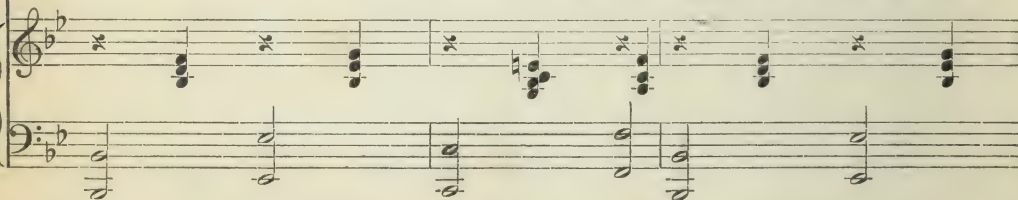
HENRY C. WORK



1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song -
2. How the dar - keys shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound!
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears,
4. "Sher - man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!"
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train,



Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long—Sing it as we used to sing it,
 How the turkeys gobbled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 When they saw the honor'd flag they had net seen for years; Hardly could they be restrained from
 So the sau - cy reb - els said, and 'twas a handsome boast, Had they not for - got, a - las! to
 Six - ty miles in la - ti - tude—three hundred to the main; Treason fled be - fore us, for re -



fil - ty thou - sand strong, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 break - ing forth in cheers, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 reck - on with the host, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 sis - tance was in vain, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.



CHORUS

"Hur-rah! Hur-rah! we bring the Ju-bi-lee! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! the flag that makes you free!"

The musical score for the chorus is written for four staves. The top two staves are for vocal parts (treble and bass clef), and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

So we sang the cho-rus from At-lan-ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia.

This section continues the musical score with four staves. The vocal parts and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Stars of the Summer Night

MALE VOICES

I. B. WOODBURY

p dolce

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sink, sink in
 3. Wind of the sum-mer night, Where yon - der wood - bine creeps, Fold, fold thy
 4. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch, while in

The musical score for 'Stars of the Summer Night' is written for male voices and piano. It features four staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

p *rall. pp*

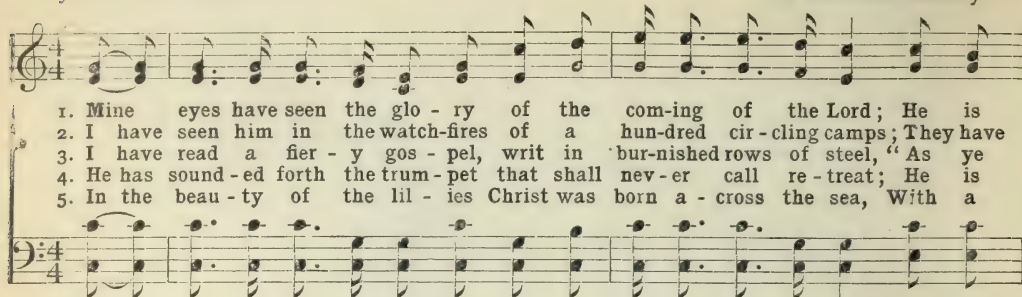
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 pin - ions light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 slumbers light She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

This section continues the musical score for 'Stars of the Summer Night'. It features four staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

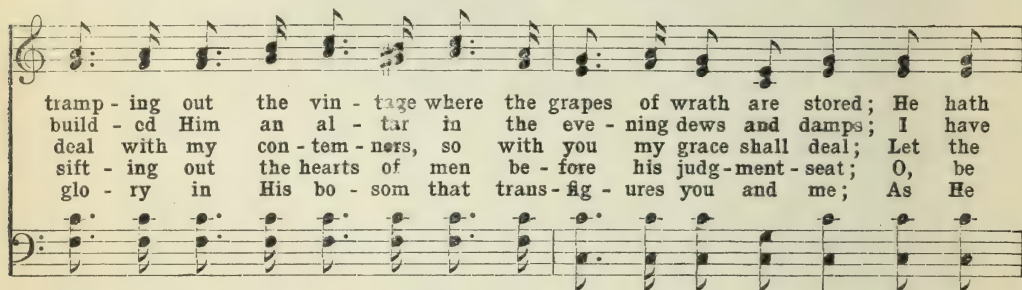
Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

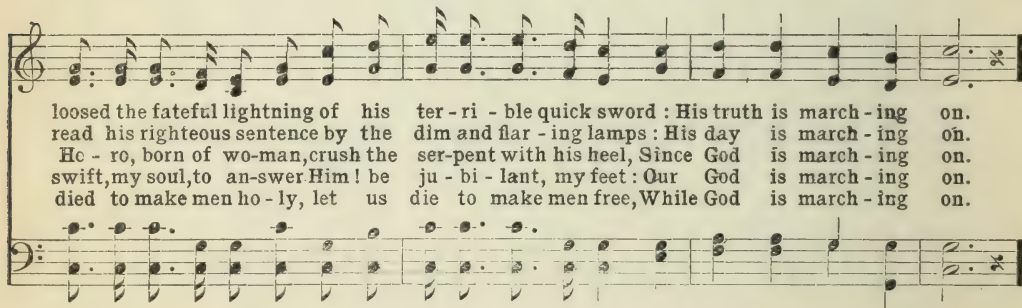
Old Plantation Melody



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
 3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in bur - nished rows of steel, "As ye
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

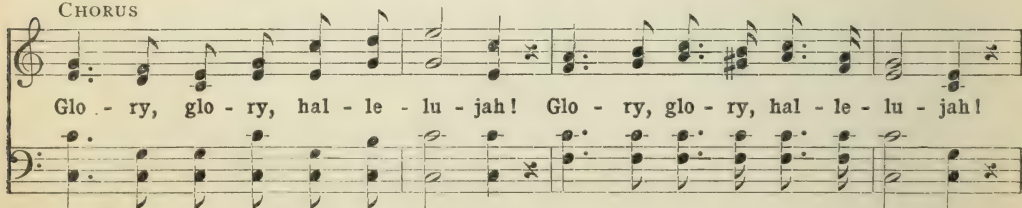


tramp - ing out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I have
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment - seat; O, be
 glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He

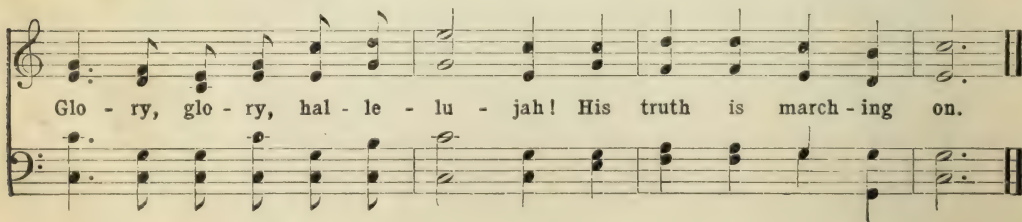


loosed the fateful lightning of his ter - ri - ble quick sword: His truth is march - ing on.
 read his righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march - ing on.
 He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet: Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

John Brown's Body

- 1 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
 His soul is marching on!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 His soul is marching on!
- 2 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 On the grave of old John Brown! Cho. — Glory, etc.
- 3 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
 His soul is marching on. Cho. — Glory, etc.
- 4 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
 His soul is marching on. Cho. — Glory, etc.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY (Another Version)

- 1 Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in the grave,
 Old John Brown lies slumbering in his grave —
 But John Brown's soul is marching with the brave,
 His soul is marching on.
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 His soul is marching on.
- 2 He has gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
 He is sworn as a private in the ranks of the Lord —
 He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave old sword,
 When Heaven is marching on.
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
 For Heaven is marching on.
- 3 He shall file in front where the lines of battle form —
 He shall face to front when the squares of battle form →
 Time with the column, and charge with the storm,
 Where men are marching on.
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
 True men are marching on.
- 4 Ah, foul tyrants! do ye hear him where he comes?
 Ah, black traitors! do ye know him as he comes?
 In thunder of the cannon and roll of the drums,
 As we go marching on.
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
 We all go marching on.
- 5 Men may die, and moulder in the dust —
 Men may die, and arise again from dust,
 Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of the Just,
 When Heaven is marching on.
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
 The Lord is marching on.

H. H. BROWNELL

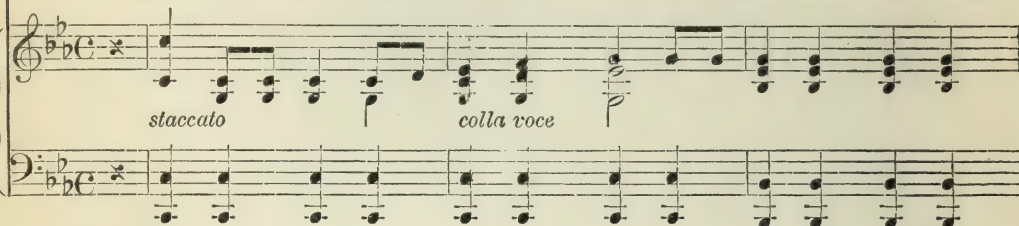
The Old Sexton

PARK BENJAMIN

HENRY RUSSELL



1. Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made, Lean'd a sex - ton old, on his
2. "I gath - er them in; for, man and boy, Year af - ter year of
3. "Ma - ny are with me, but still I'm a - lone; I'm king of the dead—and I
4. "I gath - er them in and their fi - nal rest is here, down here, in the



earth - worn spade; His work was done, and he paused to wait The
grief and joy, I've build - ed the hous - es that lie a - round, In
make my throne On a mon - u - ment slab of mar - ble cold, And my
earth's dark breast!" And the Sex - ton ceased—for the fu - n'ral train Wound



fu - n'ral train thro' the o - pen gate: A rel - ic of by - gone
ev - 'ry nook of this bu - rial ground. Moth - er and daugh - ter,
scep - tre of rule is the spade I hold; Come they from cot - tage or
mute - ly o'er that sol - emn plain; And I said to my heart—when



days was he, And his locks were white as the foam - y sea; And
fa - ther and son, Come to my sol-i - tude, one by one,— But
come they from hall, Man - kind are my sub - jects— all, all, all! Let them
time is told, A might - ier voice than that sex - ton's old Will

these words came from his lips so thin, "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
come they stran-gers or come they kin,— I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
loi - ter in pleas - ure, or toil - ful - ly spin— I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
sound o'er the last trump's dread - ful din—"I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,

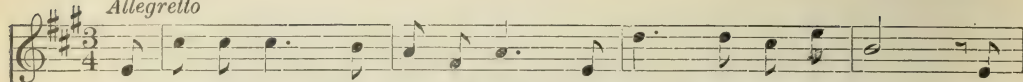
gath-er, gath-er, gath-er, I gath-er them in."

Sra

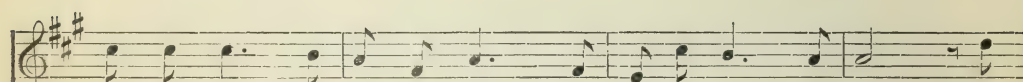
The Sword of Bunker Hill

W. R. WALLACE

B. COVERT

Allegretto

1. He lay up-on his dy-ing bed; His eye was grow-ing dim, When
 2. The sword was bro't, the sol-dier's eye Lit with a sud-den flame; And
 3. "'Twas on that dread, im-mor-tal day, I dared the Brit-on's band, A
 4. "Oh, keep the sword!"—his ac-cents broke— A smile—and he was dead! His



with a fee-ble voice he call'd His weep-ing son to him: "Weep
 as he grasp'd the an-cient blade, He murmured War-ren's name: Then
 cap-tain raised this blade on me— I tore it from his hand; And
 wrin-kled hand sti'll grasped the blade Up-on that dy-ing bed. The



not, my boy!" the vet-ran said, "I bow to Heav'n's high will,— But
 said, "My boy, I leave you gold,— But what is rich-er still, I
 while the glo-rious bat-tle raged, It light-ened free-dom's will— For
 son re-mains; the sword re-mains— Its glo-ry grow-ing still— And



quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; But
 leave you, mark me, mark me now — The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; I
 boy, the God of free - dom blessed The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; For,
 twen - ty mil - lions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker Hill; And

quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."
 leave you, mark me, mark me now — The Sword of Bun - ker Hill.
 boy, the God of free - dom blessed The Sword of Bun - ker Hill.
 twen - ty mil - lions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker Hill.

The Spring

ROUND

Dr. HAVES

¹
 The Spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush.

²
 Hark! hark! I hear them sing.

³
 The lin - net and the lit - tle wren, the black-bird and the thrush.

The Field of Monterey

M. DIX SULLIVAN



1. The sweet church bells are peal - ing out A cho - rus wild and free, And
 2. When spring was here with op - 'ning flow'rs And I the proud May queen, And
 3. The per - sim - mon is blush - ing now, The paw - paw's fruit is red, But
 4. The bu - gles swell their wild - est notes And loud the can - non roar, And



ev - 'ry thing re - joic - ing For the glo - rious vic - to - ry; But
 all the young and gay were met To dance up - on the green; The
 he, the loved and man - ly one, Lies low a - mong the dead. And
 mad - ly peal the sweet church bells For ho - ly rest no more; But



bit - ter tears are gush - ing For the gal - lant and the gay, Who
 no - blest and the man - li - est Was by my side that day, Who
 bit - ter tears are fall - ing For the gal - lant and the gay, Who
 lone - ly hearts are bleed - ing Up - on this glo - ri - ous day, For the



now in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey; On the
 now in death is sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey; On the
 now in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey; On the
 loved in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey; On the

field of Mon - te - rey, Who now in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey
 field of Mon - te - rey, Who now in death is sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey
 field of Mon - te - rey, Who now in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey
 field of Mon - te - rey, For the lov'd in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey

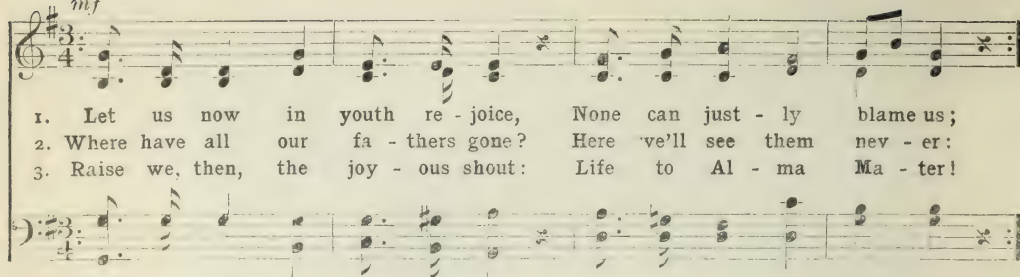
Our Native Song

METHFESSEL

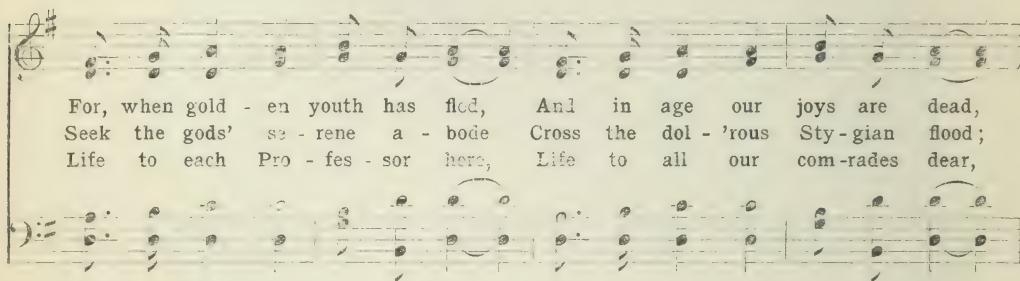
1. O sing with voi - ces clear and strong, The song of songs up - rais - ing; Our
 2. Thou old - en, bard - ic fa - ther - land, Thou land of truth and beau - ty, Thou
 3. With thee for aye we cast our lot; To home and vir - tue tru - ly We

own, our fa - thers' na - tive song, Set wood - land ech - oes prais - ing.
 dear, thou well - be - lov - ed land, Thy praise is joy and du - ty.
 ded - i - cate our hand, and heart, And soul, and spir - it new - ly.

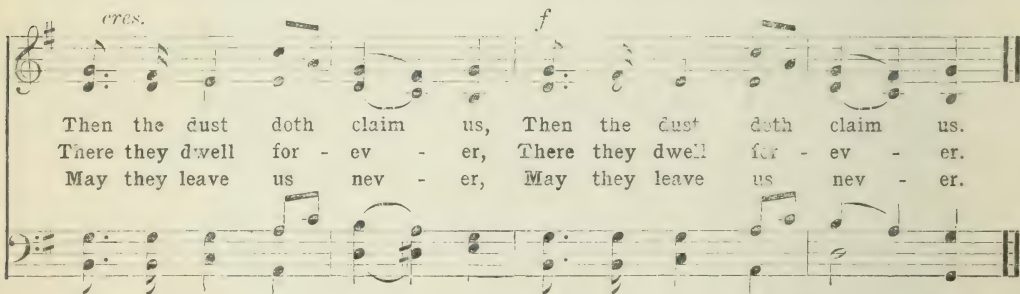
Gaudeamus Igitur

Andante
mf


1. Let us now in youth re-joice, None can just-ly blame us;
 2. Where have all our fa-thers gone? Here we'll see them nev-er;
 3. Raise we, then, the joy-ous shout: Life to Al-ma Ma-ter!



For, when gold-en youth has fled, And in age our joys are dead,
 Seek the gods' se-rene a-bode Cross the dol-'rous Sty-gian flood;
 Life to each Pro-fes-sor here, Life to all our com-rades dear,



cres. Then the dust doth claim us, Then the dust doth claim us.
 There they dwell for-ev-er, There they dwell for-ev-er.
 May they leave us nev-er, May they leave us nev-er.

Gaudeamus Igitur

Gaudeamus igitur,
 Juvenes dum sumus;
 Gaudeamus igitur,
 Juvenes dum sumus;
 Post jucundam juventutem,
 Post molestam senectutem,
 Nos habebit humus,
 Nos habebit humus.

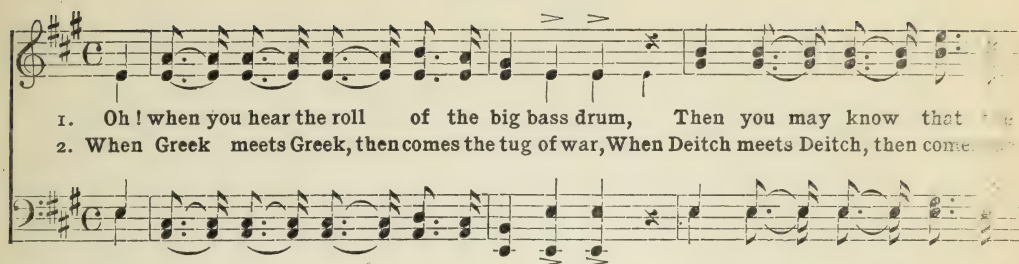
Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
 In mundo fuere?
 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
 In mundo fuere?

Transeas ad superos,
 Abeas ad inferos,
 Quos si vis videre,
 Quos si vis videre.

Vivat academia,
 Vivant professores,
 Vivat academia,
 Vivant professores,
 Vivat membrum quodlibet,
 Vivant membra quaelibet,
 Semper sint in flore,
 Semper sint in flore.

The Dutch Company

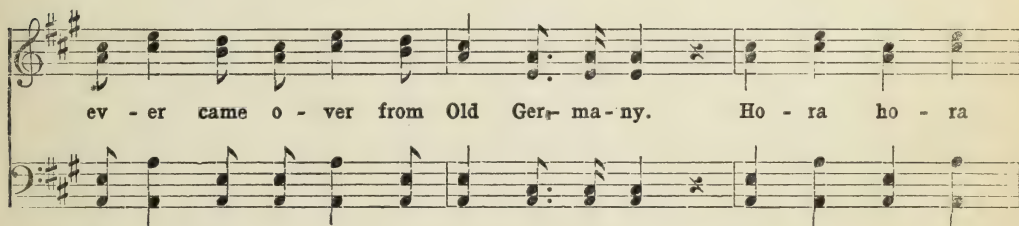
MALE VOICES



1. Oh! when you hear the roll of the big bass drum, Then you may know that
2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch, then come



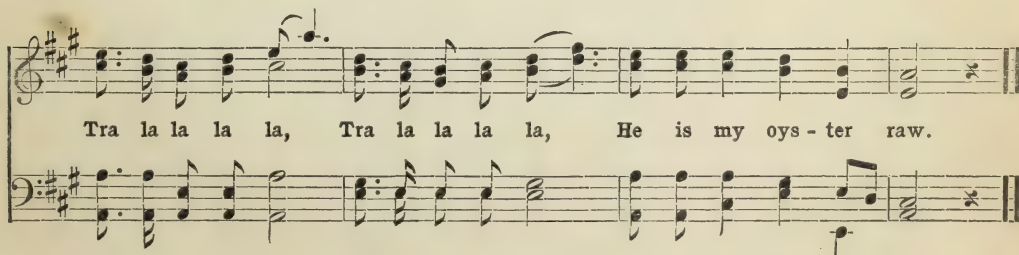
Deitch have come; For the Deitch com-pa-ny is the best com-pa-ny That
la - ger beer; For the Deitch com-pa-ny is the best com-pa-ny That



ev - er came o - ver from Old Ger- ma-ny. Ho - ra ho - ra



ho - ra la la la la, Ho - ra, Ho - ra, ho - ra la la la la,



Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, He is my oys - ter raw.

Love's Young Dream

THOMAS MOORE

Moderato con espressione

1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau - ty bright My heart's chain
 2. Tho' the bard to a pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's
 3. Oh! that hal - lowed form is ne'er for - got Which first love

wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still
 past, Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd be - fore, To smile at
 trac'd; Still it lin - g'ring haunts the green - est spot On mem - 'ry's

love! New hope may bloom, And days may come, Of mild - er, calm - er
 last; He'll nev - er meet A joy so sweet In all his noon of
 waste! 'Twas o - dor fled As soon as shed, 'Twas morn - ing's wing - ed

beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young
 fame, As when first he sung to wo - man's ear His soul - felt
 dream, 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull

dream! Oh! there's noth-ing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream!
 flame, And, at ev - 'ry close, she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name!
 stream! Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.

Cradle Song

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy fa - ther guards the sheep, Thy moth - er shakes the
 2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep, The lit - tle ones the
 3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our Sav - iour loves His sheep, He is the Lamb of

dreamland-tree, And from it fall sweet dreams for thee; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
 lambs, I guess, The gen - tle moon the shep - herd - ess; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
 God on high, Who for our sakes came down to die; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

Jerusalem

NELLA
Moderato*p dolce*

HENRY PARKER

1. From out their peace-ful vil-lage A-long the sun-lit
 2. He rides as Is-rael's rul-ers Once rode in king-ly

*p ma sempre marc.**cres.*

way, The Prince of Peace leads on-ward A pil-grim band this day. Then
 state, The palm-leaves wave a-round Him, The peo-ple throng the gate. Re -

dim.

lo! with shout tri-umph-ant They hear the hill-side ring, With shouts of crowds that
 joice, ● Gold-en Ci-tty! Let loud Ho-san-nas ring, While thro' thy streets He

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

* Ped. * Ped.

cres.

has-ten To greet their pro-phet King.
 rid-eth, Thy Sav-iour and thy King.

Ho-san-na! Ho-
 Ho-san-na! Ho-

*cres.**f**f*

Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

*

Ped.

*

ff rit. *Andante non troppo*

san-na, Ho-san - - na! Lord, now as we meet Thee,

molto rit. *ff* *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *con Ped.*

Sing we Ho-san - na, Sav - iour, we greet Thee, Lord and

p *cres.*

poco rit. *f a tempo*

King. . . Lord, now as we meet Thee, Sing we Ho -

poco rit. *f a tempo*

cres. *ff*

san - na! Sav - iour, we greet Thee, Re - deem - er, Lord . . and

cres. *marcato.* *ff* *rit.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system also continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The tempo and mood markings are 'Andante non troppo' and 'molto rit.'. The dynamics range from 'ff' (fortissimo) to 'p' (piano). The score also includes pedal markings and a 'con Ped.' instruction.

Jerusalem

1. *D.C.* 2.

King! . . King! . . Ho - san - - - - -

na, Ho - san - - - na!

f *p trem.* *ff*

Farewell Song

From the German, by H. ZICK

f *p*

1. A last good - bye! The part - ing hour draws near - er, So
 2. For - get us not! This word shall be the to - ken, Our
 3. Fare - well! fare - well! Thou can'st no lon - ger lin - ger. Time

grows our friend-ship dear - er, Auf Wie - der-seh'n! Auf Wie - der-seh'n!
 faith shall not be bro - ken. For - get us not! For - get us not!
 bends the warn - ing fin - ger. Fare-well, fare-well, For - get us not!

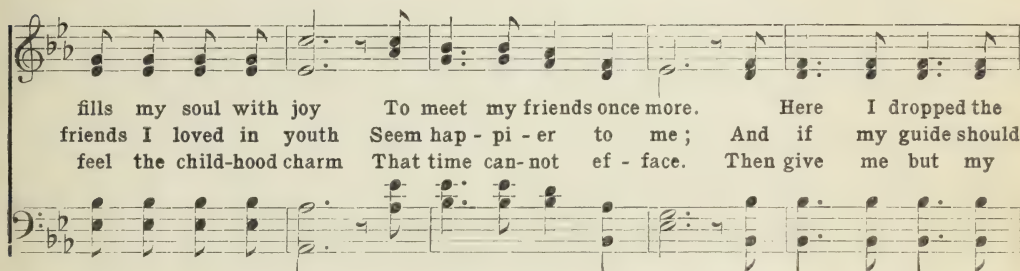
cres. *ff*

Home Again

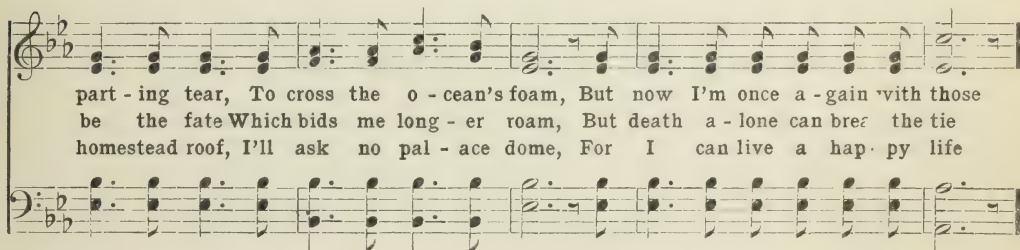
MARSHALL S. PIKE



1. Home a - gain, home a - gain From a for - eign shore! And oh, it
 2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, But oh, the
 3. Mr sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers round the place, And oh, I

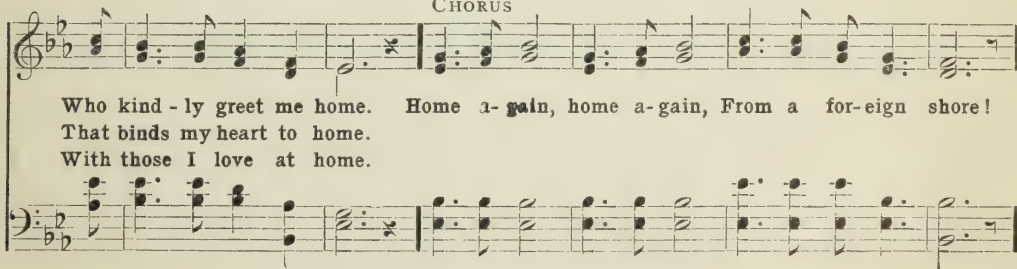


fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more. Here I dropped the
 friends I loved in youth Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should
 feel the child-hood charm That time can - not ef - face. Then give me but my

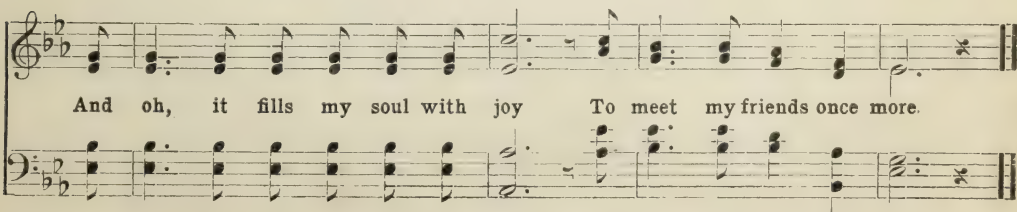


part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those
 be the fate Which bids me long - er roam, But death a - lone can break the tie
 homestead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome, For I can live a hap - py life

CHORUS



Who kind - ly greet me home. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign shore!
 That binds my heart to home.
 With those I love at home.



And oh, it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.

Belle Mahone

J. H. McNAUGHTON

*With simplicity**cres.**dim.*

1. Soon be-yond the har-bor bar, Shall my bark be sail-ing far,— O'er the world I
 2. Lone-ly like a withered tree, What is all the world to me? Life and light were
 3. Calm-ly, sweet-ly slumber on, (On-ly one I call my own!) While in tears I

*p**cres.**dim.*

wan-der lone, Sweet Belle Ma-hone. . . O'er thy grave I weep good-bye,
 all in thee, Sweet Belle Ma-hone. . . Dai-sies pale are grow-ing o'er
 wan-der lone, Sweet Belle Ma-hone. . . Fa-ded now seems ev-'ry-thing,

*p**cres.**tenuto mf**dim.**p*

Hear, O hear my lone-ly cry, O without thee what am I, Sweet Belle Ma-hone?
 All my heart can e'er a-dore, Shall I meet thee nev-er-more, Sweet Belle Ma-hone?
 But when comes e-ter-nal spring, With thee I'll be wan-der-ing, Sweet Belle Ma-hone?

*cres.**mf**dim.**p**pp*

CHORUS

cres.

p dolce

Sweet Belle Mahone! Sweet Belle Ma-hone! Wait for me at Heaven's gate, Sweet Belle Mahone!

Come, Ye Disconsolate

THOMAS MOORE

SAMUEL WEBBE

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel! Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure.
come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sor-rows but heav'n can re-move.

Would I Were with Thee

Mrs. NORTON

CARLO BOSETTI



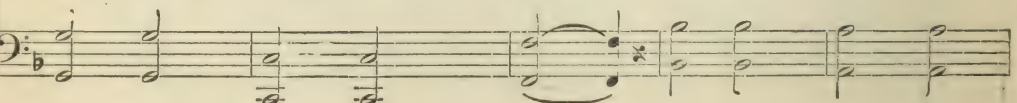
1. Would I were with thee ev - 'ry day and hour, Which now I
 2. Would I were with thee when, the world for - get - ting, Thy wea - ry
 3. Would I were with thee when, no lon - ger feign - ing The hur - ried
 4. Would I were with thee when the day is break - ing, And when the

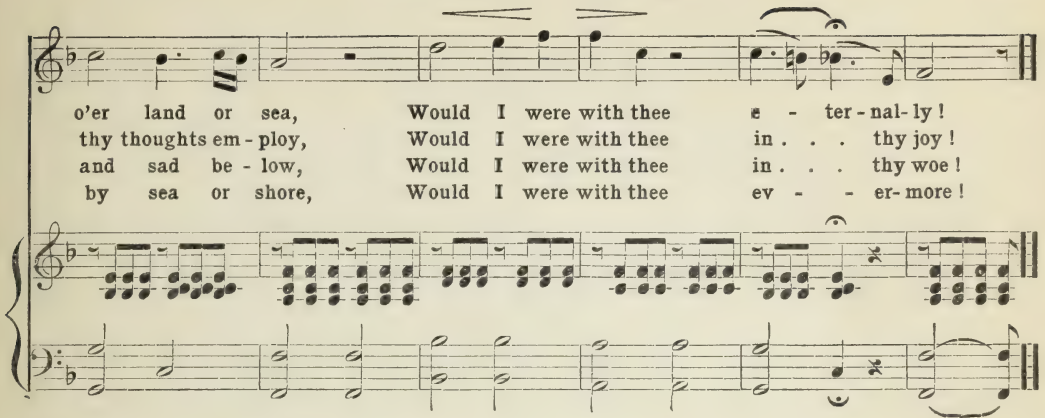


pass so sad - ly far from thee; Would that my form pos-sers'd the ma-gic
 limbs up - on the turf are thrown, While bright and red our eve - ning sun is
 laugh that sti - fles back a sigh, When thy young lip pours forth its sweet com -
 moon has lit the lone - ly sea, Or when in crowds some care - less note a -



power To follow where my heavy heart would be ; What-e'er thy lot
 set-ting, And all thy tho'ts be-long to heav'n a-lone ; While hap-py dreams
 plaining, And tears have quench'd the light within thine eye, When all seems dark
 waking Speaks to thy heart in mem-o-ry of me! In joy or pain,

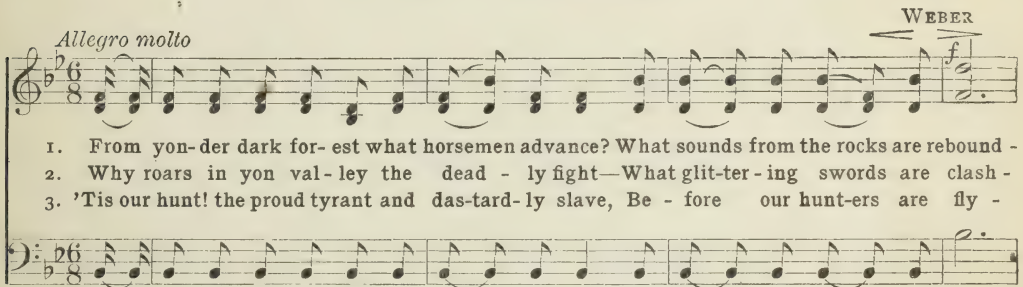




o'er land or sea, Would I were with thee e - ter - nal - ly !
 thy thoughts em - ploy, Would I were with thee in . . . thy joy !
 and sad be - low, Would I were with thee in . . . thy woe !
 by sea or shore, Would I were with thee ev - er - more !

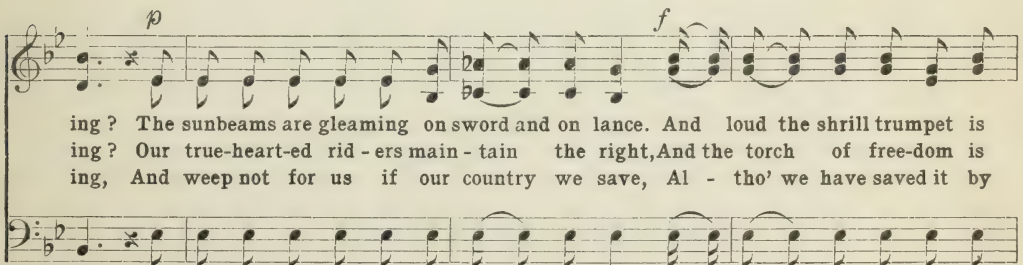
Lutzwow's Wild Hunt

Allegro molto WEBER



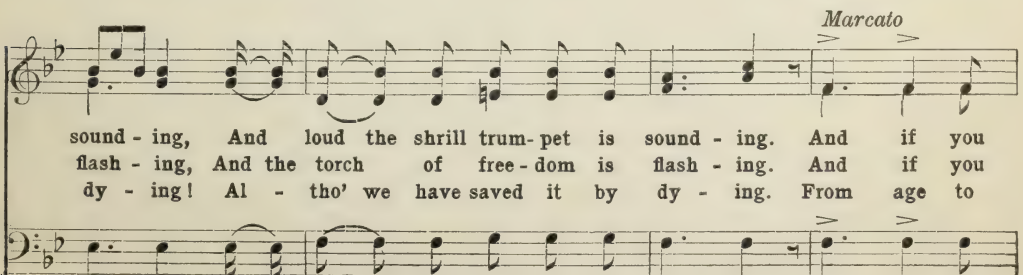
1. From yon - der dark for - est what horsemen advance? What sounds from the rocks are rebound -
 2. Why roars in yon val - ley the dead - ly fight—What glit - ter - ing swords are clash -
 3. 'Tis our hunt! the proud tyrant and das - tard - ly slave, Be - fore our hunt - ers are fly -

p *f*



ing ? The sunbeams are gleaming on sword and on lance. And loud the shrill trumpet is
 ing ? Our true - heart - ed rid - ers main - tain the right, And the torch of free - dom is
 ing, And weep not for us if our country we save, Al - tho' we have saved it by

Marcato



sound - ing, And loud the shrill trum - pet is sound - ing. And if you
 flash - ing, And the torch of free - dom is flash - ing. And if you
 dy - ing ! Al - tho' we have saved it by dy - ing. From age to

Lut-zow's Wild Hunt

Slower

1 & 2. ask what you there be - hold — 'Tis the hunt, 'Tis the hunt.
3. age it shall still be told — 'Twas the hunt, 'Twas the hunt.

pp Allegro vivace

1 & 2. 'Tis the hunt of Lut - zow the free and the bold, the bold;
3. 'Twas the hunt of Lut - zow the free and the bold, the bold;

Repeat ff

'Tis the hunt of Lut - zow, the free and the bold.
'Twas the hunt of Lut - zow, the free and the bold.

Lovely Night

MALE VOICES

F. X. CHWATAL

Andantino cres.

1. Love-ly night! O love-ly night, Spreading o - ver hill and meadow Soft and slow thy
2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night, Plac - ing brighter worlds be - fore us, Hap - pi-ness thou

ha - zy shadow, Soon our wea-ried eyelids close, And slum-ber in thy blest re - pose;
shad-dest o'er us, O that we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn;

Soon our wea - ried eye - lids close, And slum-ber in thy blest re-pose.
O that we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn.

Santa Lucia

Neapolitan Boat Song

Moderato

mf



1. O, moon, whose mys-tic veil, From the skies fall-ing, Gilds sigh-ing
2. Zeph-yrs are ne'er at rest O'er the sea bring-ing Cool-ness to
3. What great-er joy can be In our love-dream-ing, Than thus to

Moderato

mf



wave-lets pale, To our hearts call-ing; Glo-rious the sum-mer night,
brow and breast, Far a-way sing-ing. Still waits my bark for thee,
drift with thee, O'er wave-lets gleam-ing? Bride borne o'er sum-mer sea,

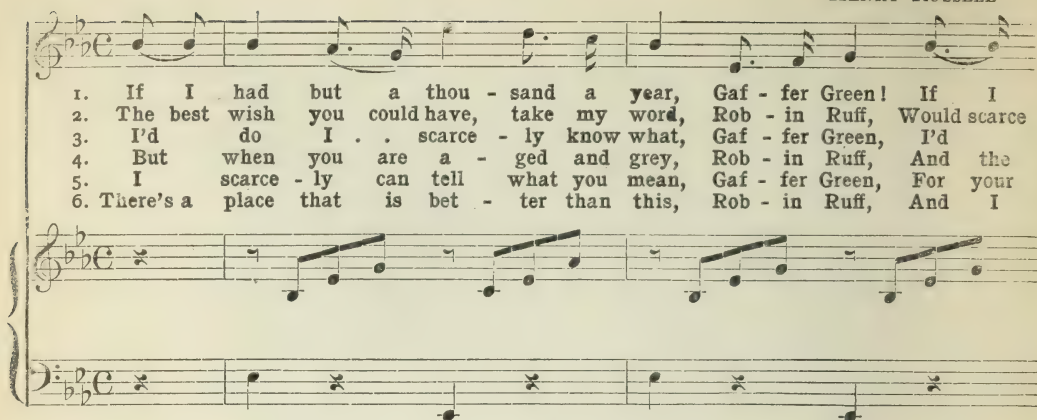


Sea-strand and billows white, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a!
Come, dream and drift with me, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a!
Na-ples, thy pride to be, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a!

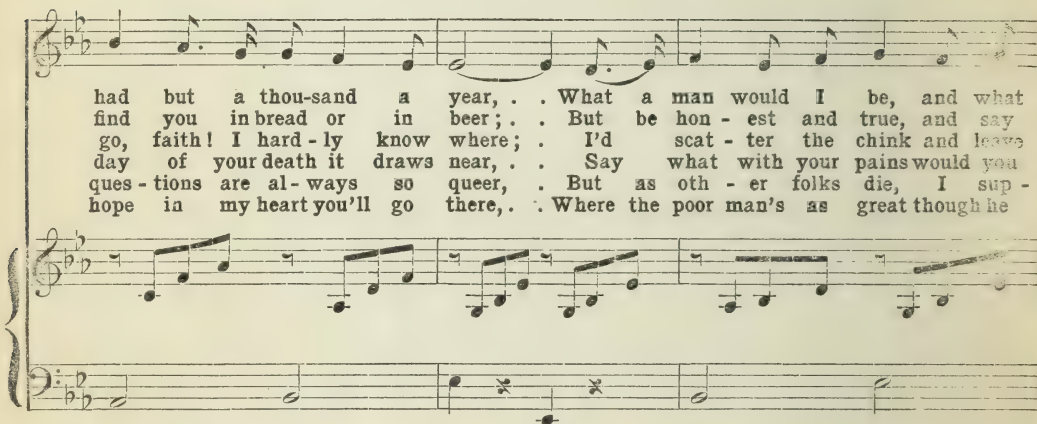


Robin Ruff

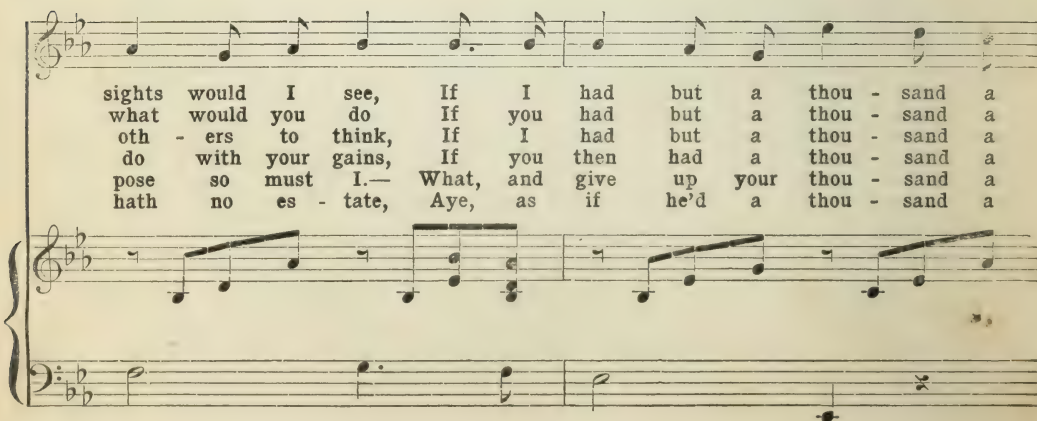
HENRY RUSSELL



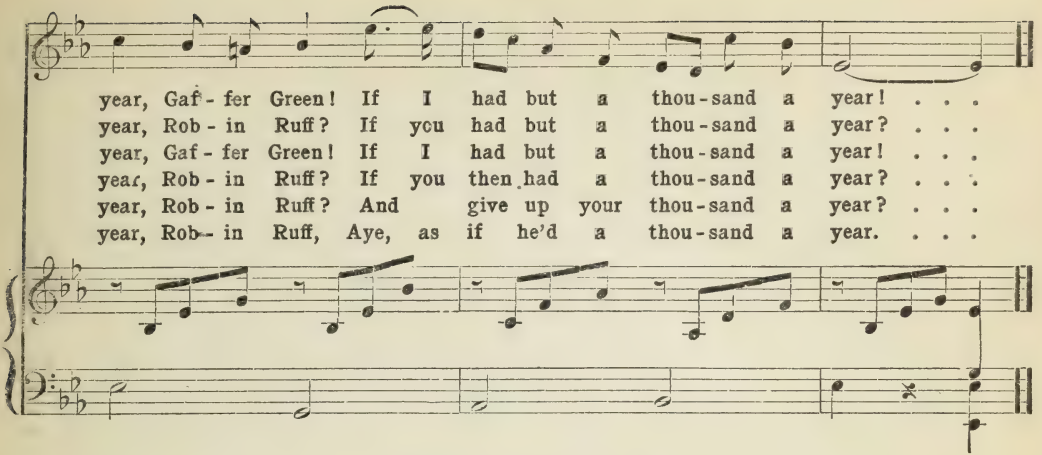
1. If I had but a thou - sand a year, Gaf - fer Green! If I
 2. The best wish you could have, take my word, Rob - in Ruff, Would scarce
 3. I'd do I . . scarce - ly know what, Gaf - fer Green, I'd
 4. But when you are a - ged and grey, Rob - in Ruff, And the
 5. I scarce - ly can tell what you mean, Gaf - fer Green, For your
 6. There's a place that is bet - ter than this, Rob - in Ruff, And I



had but a thou - sand a year, . . What a man would I be, and what
 find you in bread or in beer; . . But be hon - est and true, and say
 go, faith! I hard - ly know where; . . I'd scat - ter the chink and leave
 day of your death it draws near, . . Say what with your pains would you
 ques - tions are al - ways so queer, . . But as oth - er folks die, I sup -
 hope in my heart you'll go there, . . Where the poor man's as great though he



sights would I see, If I had but a thou - sand a
 what would you do, If you had but a thou - sand a
 oth - ers to think, If I had but a thou - sand a
 do with your gains, If you then had a thou - sand a
 pose so must I.— What, and give up your thou - sand a
 hath no es - tate, Aye, as if he'd a thou - sand a

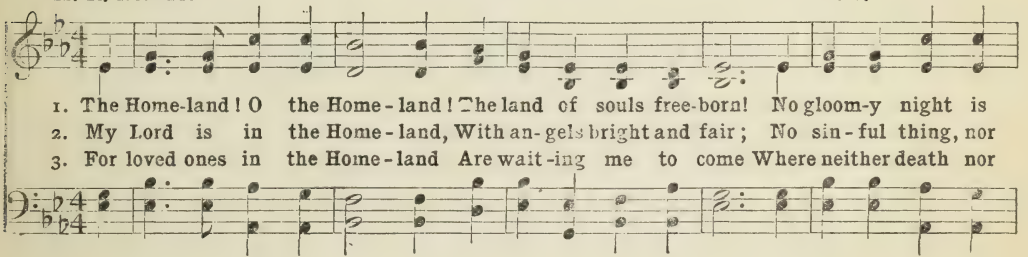


year, Gaf-fer Green! If I had but a thou-sand a year! . . .
 year, Rob-in Ruff? If you had but a thou-sand a year? . . .
 year, Gaf-fer Green! If I had but a thou-sand a year! . . .
 year, Rob-in Ruff? If you then had a thou-sand a year? . . .
 year, Rob-in Ruff? And give up your thou-sand a year? . . .
 year, Rob-in Ruff, Aye, as if he'd a thou-sand a year. . . .

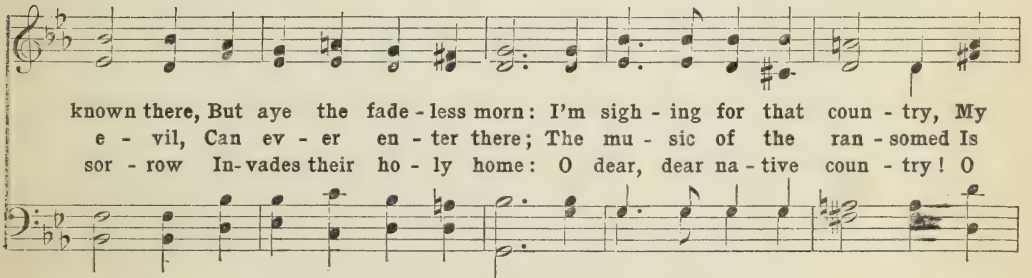
The Homeland

H. R. HAWEIS

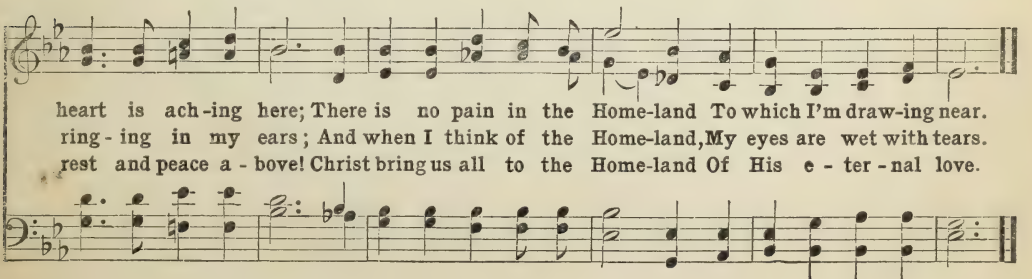
A. S. SULLIVAN



1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born! No gloom-y night is
 2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair; No sin-ful thing, nor
 3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come Where neither death nor



known there, But aye the fade-less morn: I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My
 e-vil, Can ev-er en-ter there; The mu-sic of the ran-somed Is
 sor-row In-vades their ho-ly home: O dear, dear na-tive coun-try! O



heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
 ring-ing in my ears; And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
 rest and peace a-bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of His e-ter-nal love.

When the Lights are Low

GERALD M. LANE

Moderato

p

1. When twi-light falls on the dim old walls, And day is past and done; As we
 2. With dis-tant sounds in the streets a-round, The throng goes surg-ing by; But

sit and dream in the fad-ing gleam, Come mem-'ries one by one. . . .
 far a-way in dreams we stray, Where ver-dant mead-ows lie. . . .

Old friends known in the years long gone, In fan-cy greet us still, And
 There once more, as in days of yore, To roam each well-known way, Till

rall.

voi-ces dear, that we long to hear, The si-lence seem to fill.
 o-ver all night's shad-ows fall, And dreamland fades a-way.

rall.

When the Lights are Low

331

p Allegretto

Just when the day is o - ver, Just when the lights are low, . . .

pp

*Ped. * Ped. * rall.*

Back to the heart re - turn - eth Life's gold - en long a - go; . . .

rall.

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

a tempo

Far, far a - way we wan - der, Watch - ing the fire - light gleams; . .

a tempo

p rit.

Far, far a - way from the world's shadows grey, In - to the land of dreams.

p rit.

f

Andante moderato

1. There are
2. That happy

tho'ts which seem to come from heav'n . . . To calm all pain, all pain and strife ; As dew falls
tho't . . . shed o'er my life . . . A bright, a bright and joy - ful ray, As sun-light

on gilds the parch-ed flower To nur-ture it, to nourish it to
the night's dim clouds Ere breaks, ere breaks the glo-rious

f espress.

life. . . . There came to me a hap - py thought, One morn when hope seem'd
day. . . . My soul is bath'd in sun - shine, All gloom - y dreams are

dim.

O Loving Heart, Trust On

339

cres. animato

gone; It whis-per'd low in ac-cents sweet, it whis-per'd
gone; For that hap-py thought, that hap-py thought, that hap-py

p ril.

un poco più lento

low . . in ac - cents sweet, "O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust
thought . . still . . . whis-pers, "O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust
armonioso, colla voce

ril.

on, One true heart beats for you a - lone; O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust

f ril.

on, O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust on."

on."

1 2 1 2

O Give Me a Home by the Sea

E. A. HOSMER

Con spirilo

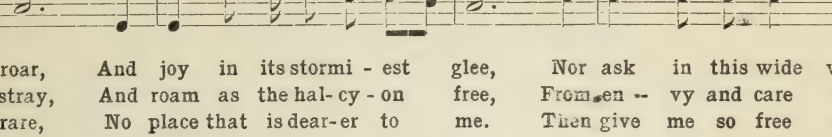
1. Oh! give me a home by the sea,
2. At morn when the sun from the east
3. At eve when the moon in her pride

Where wild waves are crest - ed with
 Comes man - tled in crim - son and
 Rides queen of the soft sum - mer

foam, Where shrill winds are car - ol - ing free, As
 gold, Whose hues on the bil - lows are cast, Which
 night, And gleams on the mur - mur - ing tide, With

o'er the blue wa - ters they come;
 spar - kle with splendor un - told, —
 floods of her sil - ver - y light, —

For I'd list to the ocean's loud
 Oh! then by the shore would I
 Oh earth has no beau - ty so



more, . . . Than a home by the deep heav-ing sea, A home, a
way, . . . At my home by the deep heav-ing sea ! My home, my
fair, . . . A home by the deep heav-ing sea ! A home, a

home, A home by the heav - ing sea, A
 home, My home by the heav - ing sea, My
 home, A home by the heav - ing sea, A

O Give Me a Home by the Sea

home, A home, A home by the heav - ing sea.
 home, My home, My home by the heav - ing sea.
 home, A home, A home by the heav - ing sea.

tr

There's Music in the Air

1. There's mu-sic in the air, When the in-fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is
 2. There's mu-sic in the air, When the noontide's sul-try beam Re-flects a gold - en
 3. There's mu-sic in the air, When the twilight's gen-tle sigh Is lost on eve-ning's

seen On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ecs-tat-ic sound Thrills us with its
 light On the distant mountain stream. When beneath some grateful shade Sorrow's ach-ing
 breast, As its pensive beauties die; Then, O, then, the loved ones gone Wake the pure, ce -

joy pro-found, While we list, en-chant-ed there, To the mu-sic in the air.
 head is laid, Sweet-ly to the spir-it there Comes the mu-sic in the air.
 les-tial song; An-gel-ic voi-ces greet us there, In the mu-sic in the air.

Rig-a-jig

(MALE VOICES)

Presto

f

1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -
 2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -

o, heigh-o, A pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.
 o, heigh-o, Said she to me, "I'm a weav-er's maid," Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.

CHORUS

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a-way we go, a-way we go;

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh - o.

D.S.

heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.

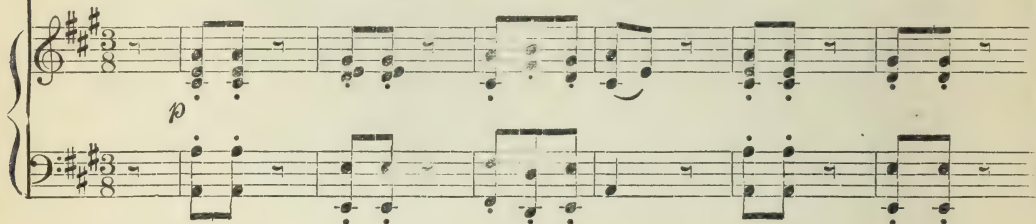
What Fairy-like Music

Mrs. C. B. WILSON

J. DE-PINNA

SOLO *Grazioso*

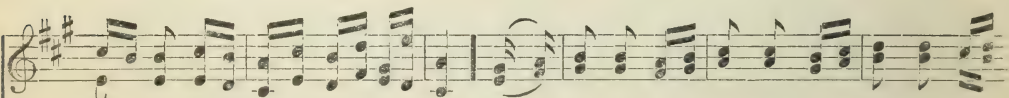
1. What fai-ry-like mu-sic steals o-ver the sea, En-trancing the sen-ses with
 2. The winds are all hush'd and the wa-ters at rest; They sleep like the passions in



DUET



- charm'd mel-o-dy? What fairy-like mu-sic steals o-ver the sea, En-trancing the
 in-fan-cy's breast! The winds are all hush'd and the waters at rest; They sleep like the



- sen-ses with charm'd mel-o-dy? 'Tis the voice of the mer-maid, that floats o'er the
 pas-sions in in-fan-cy's breast. Till storms shall un-chain them from out their dark



main, As she mingles her song with the gon-do-lier's strain! 'Tis the voice of the cave, And break the re-pose of the soul and the wave, 'Till storms shall un-

poco cres.

mermaid that floats o'er the main, As she mingles her song with the gon-do-lier's strain. chain them from out their dark cave, And break the re-pose of the soul and the wave.

p

Mary Had a Little Lamb

1. Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, lit-tle lamb, lit-tle lamb, Ma-ry had a
2. And ev-'rywhere that Ma-ry went, Ma-ry went, Ma-ry went, And ev-'rywhere that

lit-tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow.
Ma-ry went, The lamb was sure to go.

- 3 It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
- 4 It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.
- 5 And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near.
- 6 And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

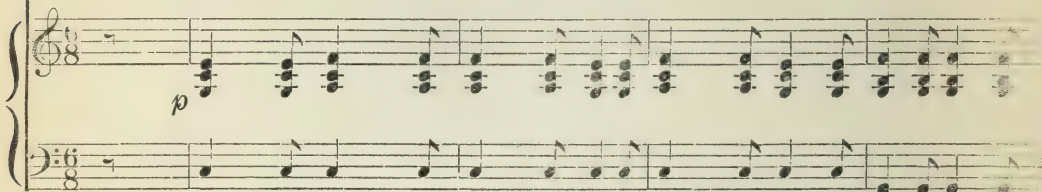
Over the Garden Wall

HARRY HUNTER

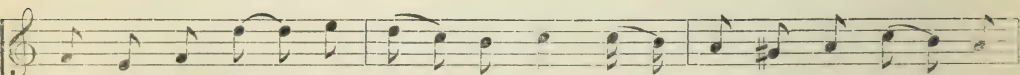
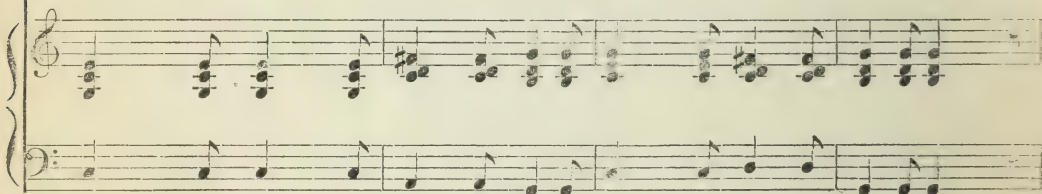
G. D. Fox

Vivace

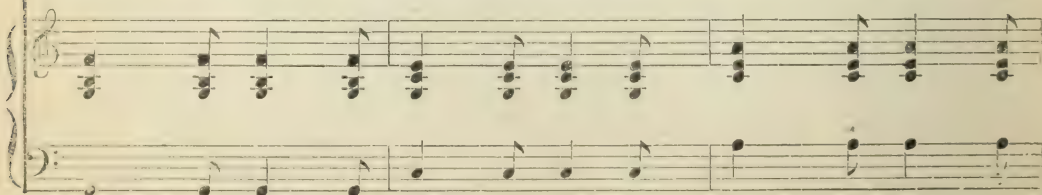
1. Oh, my love stood un-der the wal - nut tree, O - ver the gar - den wall, She
 2. But her fa - ther stamped, and her fa - ther raved, O - ver the gar - den wall, And
 3. One day I jumped down on the oth - er side, O - ver the gar - den wall, And
 4. But where there's a will, there's al - ways a way, O - ver the gar - den wall, There's



whis-per'd and said she'd be true to me, O - ver the gar - den wall, She'd
 like an old mad - man he be-haved, O - ver the gar - den wall. She
 brave - ly she prom-ised to be my bride, O - ver the gar - den wall; But she
 al - ways a night as well as day, O - ver the gar - den wall, We



beau - ti - ful eyes, and beau-ti - ful hair, She was not ver - y tall so she
 made a bou - quet of ro - sea red, But im - me - di - ate - ly I
 scream'd in a fright, "Here's fa - ther, quick, I have an im - pres-sion he's
 had - n't much mon-ey, but wed-dings are cheap, So while the old fel-low was





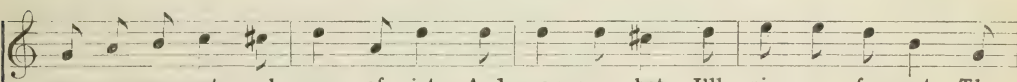
stood on a chair, And ma-ny a time have I kissed her there, O-ver the gar-den wall.
 popped up my head, He gave me a buck-et of wa-ter instead, O-ver the gar-den wall.
 bring-ing a brick;" But I got the im-pression of one good kick, O-ver the gar-den wall.
 snor-ing a-sleep, With a lad and a lad-der she man-aged to creep O-ver the gar-den wall.



CHORUS



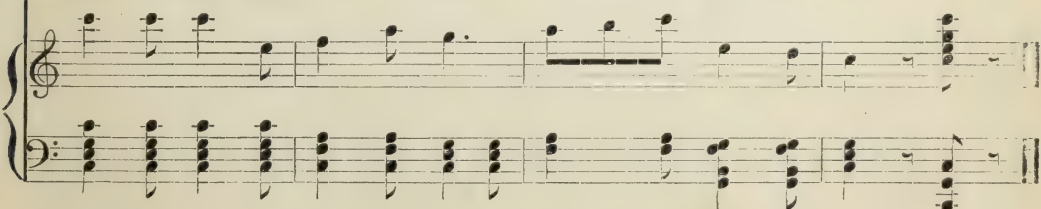
O - ver the gar - den wall, . . The sweet-est girl of all, . . There



nev-er were yet such eyes of jet, And you may bet, I'll nev-er for-get The



night our lips in kiss-es met, O - ver the gar - den wall. . .

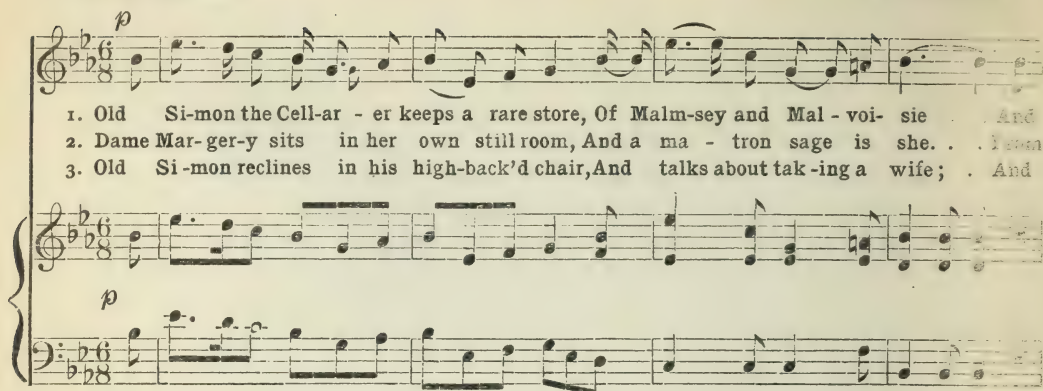


Simon the Cellarer

W. H. BELLAMY

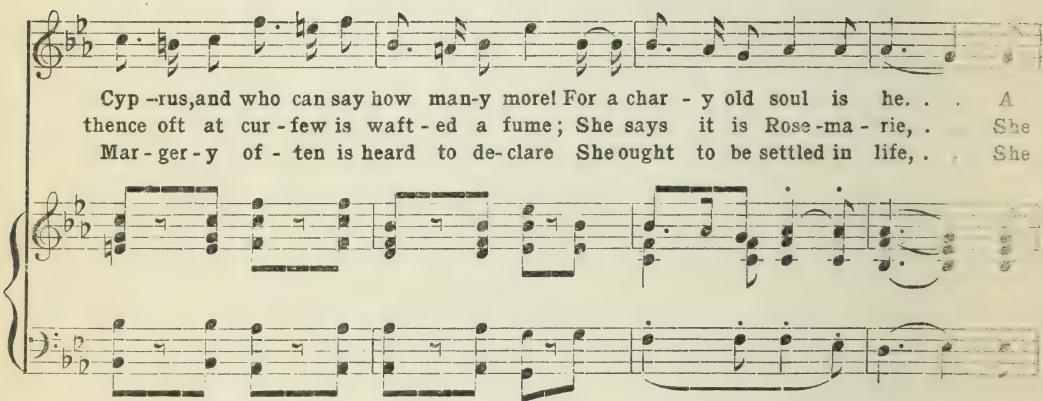
J. L. HATTON

p

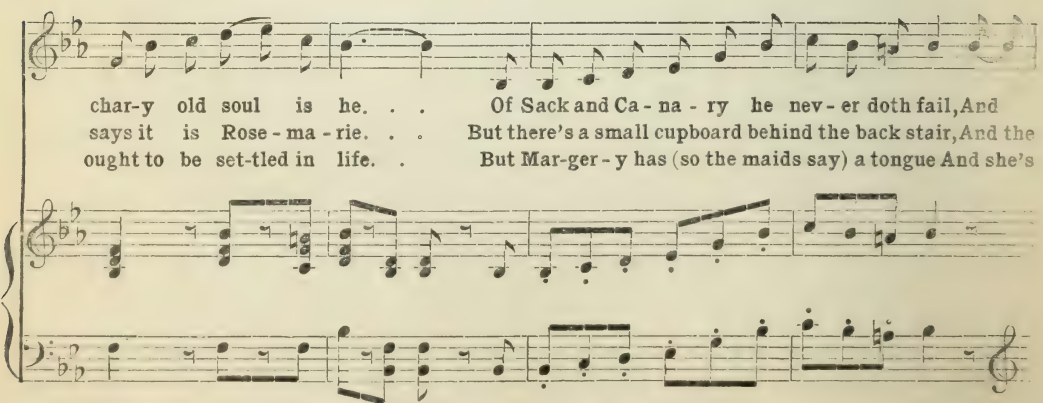


1. Old Si-mon the Cell-ar - er keeps a rare store, Of Malm-sey and Mal - voi - sie . . . And
 2. Dame Mar-ger-y sits in her own still room, And a ma - tron sage is she. . . .
 3. Old Si-mon reclines in his high-back'd chair, And talks about tak-ing a wife; . . . And

p



Cyp -rus, and who can say how man-y more! For a char - y old soul is he. . . . A
 thence oft at cur-few is waft-ed a fume; She says it is Rose-ma - rie, . . . She
 Mar-ger-y of - ten is heard to de-clare She ought to be settled in life, . . . She



char-y old soul is he. . . . Of Sack and Ca - na - ry he nev - er doth fail, And
 says it is Rose-ma - rie. . . . But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair, And the
 ought to be set-tled in life. . . . But Mar-ger-y has (so the maids say) a tongue And she's

ad lib.

all the year round there is brew-ing of ale, Yet he nev-er ail-eth, he
maids say they of-ten see Mar-ger - y there, Now Mar-ger-y says that she
not ver - y hand-some, and not ver - y young, So somehow it ends with a

8va

leggiero

col voce

sosten.

a tempo

quaint - ly doth say, While he keeps to his so - ber six flag - ons a day ;
grows ver - y old And must take a some-thing to keep out the cold !
shake of the head, And Si - mon he brews him a tank - ard in - stead,

a tempo


p

But ho ! ho ! ho ! His nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
But ho ! ho ! ho ! Old Si-mon doth know, Where many a flask of his best doth go.
While ho ! ho ! ho ! He will chuckle and crow, What ! marry old Mar-ger-y no, no, no !

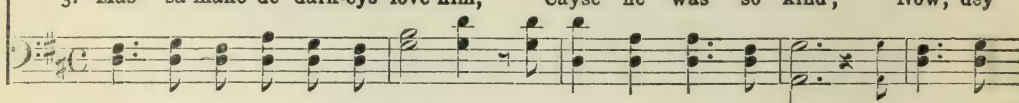
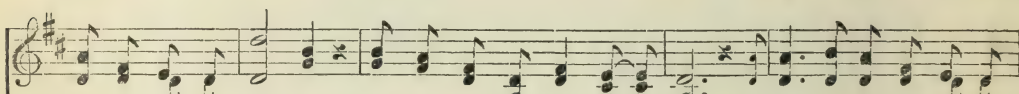
p

Massa's in de Cold Ground



STEPHEN C. FOSTER



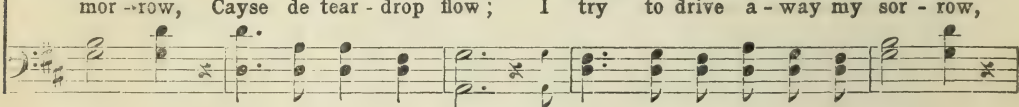
1. Round de mea-dows am a - ring - ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song, While de
 2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
 3. Mas - sa make de dark-eyes love him, Cayse he was so kind; Now, dey

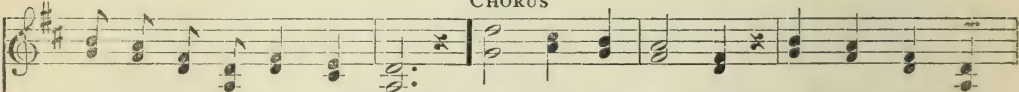
mock-ing-bird am sing-ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
 hear old mas - sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or-ange-trees am
 sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem be-hind. I can-not work be-fore to -



creep - ing O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing,
 bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de sum-mer days am com - ing,
 mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,




CHORUS



Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful
 Mas - sa ne-ber calls no more.
 Pick-in' on de old ban - jo.

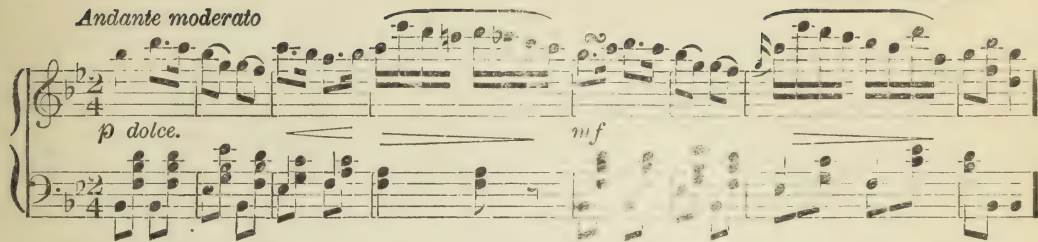



sound; All de dark-eyes am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

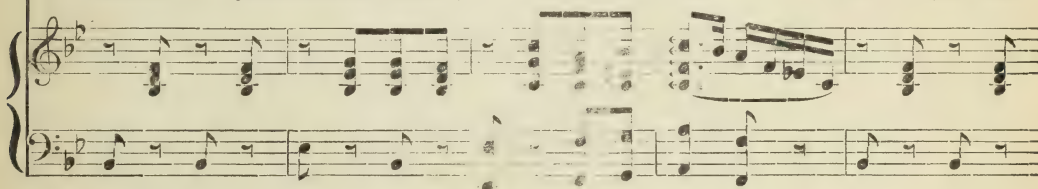


Annie Lisle

H. S. THOMPSON

Andante moderato

1. Down where the wav-ing wil-lows 'Neath the sunbeams smile, Shad-ow'd o'er the
 2. Sweet came the hal-low'd chiming Of the Sabbath bell, Borne on the
 3. "Raise me in your arms, dear mother, Let me once more look On the green and

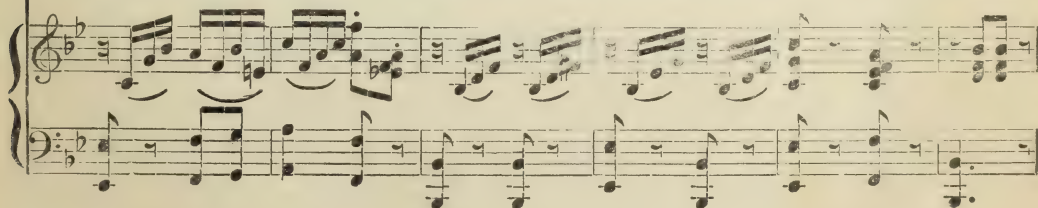


murm'ring wa-ters Dwelt sweet Annie Lisle; Pure as the for-est lil-y,
 morn-ing breez-es Down the wool-ly dale. On a bed of pain and an-guish
 wav-ing wil-lows, And the flow-ing brook; Hark! those strains of an-gel mu-sic,



Nev-er thought of guile
 Lay dear An-nie Lisle,
 From the choirs a-bove,

Had its home within the bo-som of sweet Annie Lisle.
 Chang'd were the lovely fea-tures, Gone the hap-py smile.
 Dear-est moth-er, I am go-ing; Tru-ly 'God is Love.'"



SOLO, then CHORUS

Wave wil-lows, mur-mur wa-ters, Gold - en sun-beams, smile!

mf

Repeat pp

Earth - ly mu - sic can - not wa - ken Love - ly An - nie Lisle.

Camptown Races

S. C. FOSTER

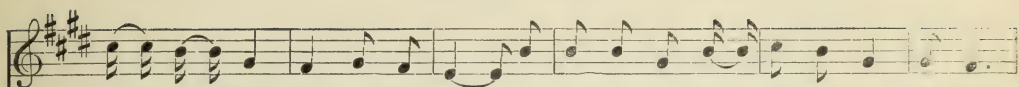
Allegro vivace

1. De Camptown la - dies sing dis song, Doo-dah! doo-dah! De Camptown race-track
 2. De long-tail'd fil - ly, and de big black hoss, Doo-dah! doo-dah! Dey fly de track, and dey
 3. Old mu - ley cow came on to de track, Doo-dah! doo-dah! De bob-tail fling her
 4. See dem fly - in' on a ten-mile heat, Doo-dah! doo-dah! Round de race - track,

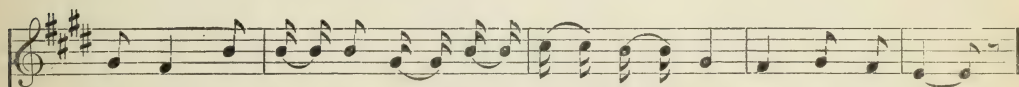
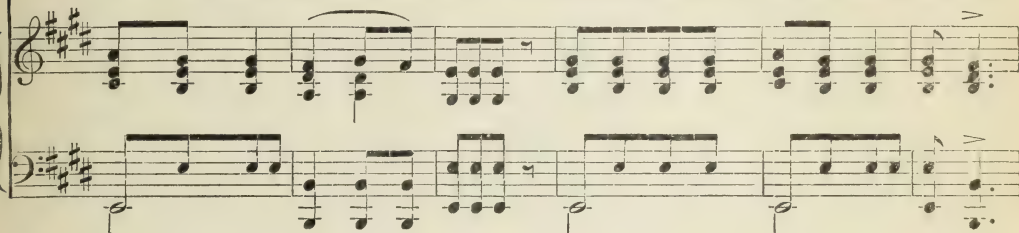
mp

Camptown Races

406



nine miles long, Oh! doo-dah day! I came down dar wid my hat cay'd in, Doo-dah!
both cut a-cross, Oh! doo-dah day! De blind hoss stick'n in a big mud-hole, Doo-dah!
o-ber his back, Oh! doo-dah day! Den fly a-long like a rail-road car, Doo-dah!
den re-peat—Oh! doo-dah day! I win my money on de bob-tail nag, Doo-dah!



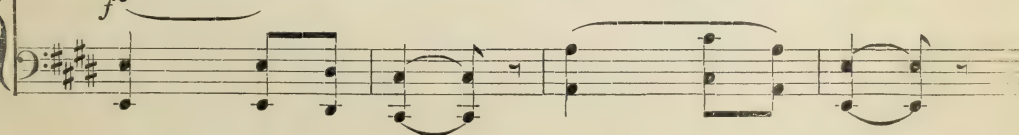
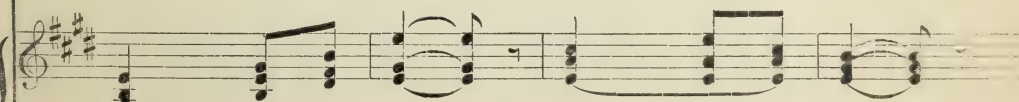
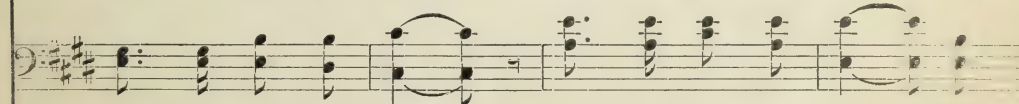
doo-dah! I go back home wid a pock-et full of tin, Oh! doo-dah day!
doo-dah! Can't touch de bottom wid a ten-feet pole, Oh! doo-dah day!
doo-dah! Run-nin a race wid a shoot-in' star, Oh! doo-dah day!
doo-dah! I keep my mon-ey in an old tow bag, Oh! doo-dah day!



SOLO; then CHORUS



Gwine to run all night, . Gwine to run all day, . I'll



Camptown Races

bet my mon-ey on de bob-tail nag, Some-bo-dy bet on de bay. . .

The musical score for 'Camptown Races' features a lively melody in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It includes a vocal line with lyrics, a bass line, and a piano accompaniment with chords and arpeggiated figures.

Gentle Annie

S. C. FOSTER

Andante con moto

1. Thou wilt come no more, gen-tle An-nie, Like a flow'r thy spir-it did de-
 2. We have roam'd and lov'd 'mid the bow-ers, When thy down-y cheeks were in their
 3. Ah! the hours grow sad while I pon-der Near the si-lent spot where thou art

part;
 bloom;
 laid,

Thou art gone, a-las! like the man-y
 Now I stand a-lone 'mid the flow-ers,
 And my heart bows down when I wan-der

That have
 While they
 By the

The musical score for 'Gentle Annie' is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, marked 'Andante con moto'. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a bass line, and a piano accompaniment with chords and arpeggiated figures.

Gentle Annie

511

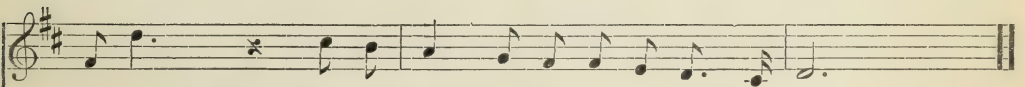


bloom'd in the sum-mer of the heart.
min - gle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.
streams and the meadows where we stray'd.

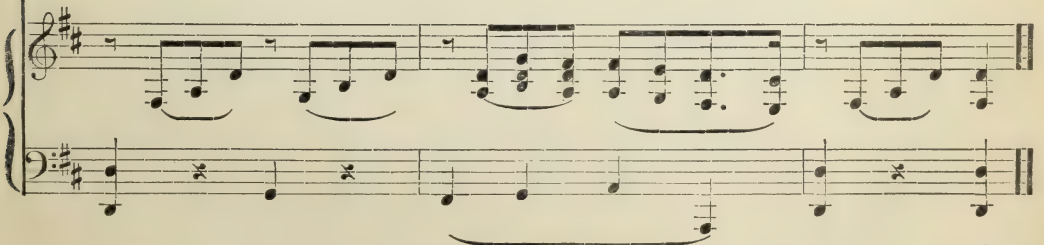
Shall we nev - er more be -
Shall we nev - er more be -
Shall we nev - er more be -



hold thee, Nev-er hear thy winning voice a - gain? When the Spring-time comes, gen-tle



An - nie, When the wild flow'rs are scat-ter'd o'er the plain?



Baby Mine

CHARLES MACKEY

ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON

p

1. I've a let - ter from thy sire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; I could
 2. Oh, I long to see his face, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; In his
 3. I'm so glad, I can - not sleep, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; I'm so

p

cres.

read and nev - er tire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; He is sail - ing o'er the
 old ac - cus - tom'd place, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; Like the rose of May in
 hap - py, I could weep, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; He is sail - ing o'er the

cres.

sea, He is com - ing home to me, He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by
 bloom, Like a star a - mid the gloom, Like the sun - shine in the room, Ba - by
 sea, He is com - ing home to me, He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by

Baby Mine

35

cres. *f* *rit.*

mine! Ba - by mine; He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by mine. . .
 mine! Ba - by mine; Like the sun - shine in the room, Ba - by mine. . .
 mine! Ba - by mine; He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by mine. . .

cres. *f* *rit.*

Ten Little Niggers

1. Ten lit - tle nig - gers go - ing out to dine, One chok'd his
 2. Eight lit - tle nig - gers slept un - til e - leven, One o - ver -
 3. Six lit - tle nig - gers play - ing with a hive, A bum - ble - bee
 4. Four lit - tle nig - gers go - ing out to sea, A red her - ring
 5. Two lit - tle nig - gers sit - ting in the sun, One got
 6. One lit - tle nig - ger with his lit - tle wife, Lived all his

lit - tle self, and then there were nine; Nine lit - tle nig - gers
 slept him - self, and then there were seven; Seven lit - tle nig - gers
 killed one, and then there were five; Five lit - tle nig - gers
 swal-low'd one, and then there were three; Three lit - tle nig - gers
 friz - zled up, and then there was one; One lit - tle nig - ger
 days a hap - py lit - tle life; One lit - tle cou - ple

cry - ing at his fate, One cried him - self a - way, and then there were eight.
 cut - ting up sticks, One chopp'd him - self in halves, and then there were six.
 go - ing in for law, One got in chan - cer - y, and then there were four.
 walk - ing in the Zoo, A big bear cud - dled one, and then there were two.
 liv - ing all a - lone, He got mar - ried, and then there were none.
 dwell - ing by the shore, Soon raised a fam - i - ly of ten nig - gers more.

CHORUS

1-5. One lit - tle, two lit - tle, three lit - tle, four lit - tle, five lit - tle nig - ger boys;
 6. One lit - tle, two lit - tle, three lit - tle, four lit - tle, five lit - tle nig - gers more;

Six lit - tle, seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle, ten lit - tle nig - ger boys.
 Six lit - tle, seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle, ten lit - tle nig - gers more.

Hark! I Hear a Voice

Allegro

Hark! I hear a voice, Way up in the moun-tain top, tip-top, De -

scend - ing down be - low, De - scend - ing down be - low. low.

CHORUS

Let us all u - nite in love, Trust - ing

Let us all u - nite in love,

in the pow'rs a - bove. Mer - ri - ly now we

Trust - ing in the pow'rs a - bove.

roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer - ri - ly now we

roll, we roll, O'er . . the deep blue sea. . .

Peter Gray

(MALE VOICES)

Andante

Once on a time there was a man, his name was Pe - ter Gray; He

rit.

lived way down in that 'ere town call'd Penn - syl - va - ni - a.

CHORUS

Blow, ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow, ye winds, heigh - o;

Blow, ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow, blow, blow!

- 2 Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl;
The first three letters of her name were L-U-C, Anna Quirl. Cho.
- 3 But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent way off to Ohio. Cho.
- 4 And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp-y-ed, by the bloody Inji-ins. Cho.
- 5 When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di-ed. Cho.

The Mermaid

Moderato

1. 'Twas Fri - day morn . . . when we . . . set . . . sail, And we
 2. Then up spake the cap - tain . . . of our gal - lant ship, And a
 3. Then up spake the cook of our gal - lant ship, And a
 4. Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And

were not far from the land, When the cap - tain spied a
 well - spok - en man was he; "I have mar - ried a wife in
 red hot cook was he; "I care much more for my
 three times a - round went she; Then three times a - round went our

love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand. O, the
 Sa - lem town, And to - night she a wid - ow will be." O, the
 kt - tles and my pots, Than I do for the depths of the sea." O, the
 gal - lant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea. O, the

o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While

we poor sail - ors go skip - ping to the tops, And the land - lub - bers lie down be -

low, be - low, be - low, And the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.

Forsaken

(MALE VOICES)

KOSCHAT

pp *Slow*

1. For - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en am I; Like a
2. A mound in the church-yard, that blos - soms hang o'er; It is

mf
pp

stone in the cause-way, my bur - ied hopes lie; I go to the
there my love sleep - eth, to wak - en no more; 'Tis there all my

church-yard, my eyes fill with tears; And kneel - ing I weep there, Oh, my
foot - steps, my pas - sions all lead; And there my heart turn - eth; I'm for -

ff *p*

love, loved for years; And kneel - ing I weep there; Oh, my love, loved for years.
sak - en in - deed; And there my heart turn - eth; I'm for - sak - en in - deed.

ff *p*

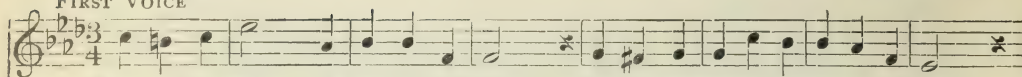
Beautiful Bells

GEORGE COOPER

DUET AND CHORUS

Arr. by W. F. WELLMAN, Jr.

FIRST VOICE

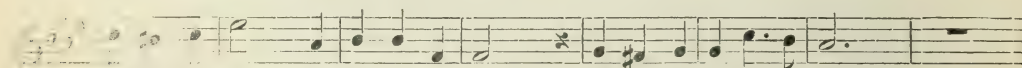


1. Beau-ti-ful bells! O beau-ti-ful bells! Ring-ing so sweetly a-gain and a-gain!
 2. Voice of the morn And voice of the night, Wak-en, O wak-en the mem'ries of old!

PIANO.



BASS with octaves throughout



Welcomes of joy and wea-ry fare-wells, Chim-ing in sunlight and rain.
 Bring to my heart your dreams of delight, Visions of beauty un-told!



SECOND VOICE

BOTH

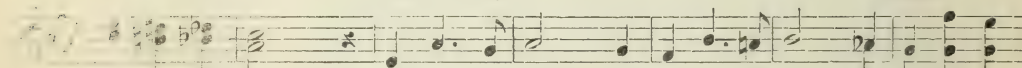


Long, long a-go, so dear un-to me, O hap-py and pure was the



SECOND VOICE

BOTH



mes-sage you bore, Loud o'er the vale, and soft o'er the sea, O could I but



hear you once more! Beau-ti-ful bells! or mer-ry or sad,



Tell - ing your mes - sage of good - ness to all; Whis - per of

mo - ments hopeful and glad, Van-ished be-yond our re-call!

CHORUS

Beau-ti - ful bells! O beau-ti - ful bells! Ring-ing so sweet-ly a-gain and a-gain

Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful bells! Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful bells!

Welcomes of joy and wea-ry farewells, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful bells!

Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful bells! Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful bells!

rall.

Sva.

Lullaby

From JAKOBOWSKI'S "Erminie"

Moderato

p

1. Dear moth - er, in dreams I see her, . . With lov'd face sweet and calm, . . And
 2. Ah! e'en when her life was ebb - ing, . . Her words were all to me, . . My

hear her voice With love re - joice When nest - ling on her arm. . . . I
 fu - ture years Were all her fears, Her fate 'twas not to see. . . . My

think how she soft - ly press'd me, Of the tears in each glist'-ning eye, . . As her
 fa - ther, I heard him weep - ing, As in sor - row he hov - er'd nigh, . . And my

mf

watch she'd keep, When she rock'd to sleep Her child with this lul - la - by, Bye,
 moth - er's plaint, In her ac - cent faint, Was ev - er this lul - la - by, Bye,

mf

Lullaby

365

p

bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.

p

mf First SOLO, then with CHORUS.

Bye, bye, drowsiness o'er-taking, Pret-ty lit-tle eye - lids sleep. Bye, bye,

p (Only second time.)

Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,

rall. dim. *pp*

I'll await thy waking. Darling, be thy slumbers deep! deep, bye, bye, bye, bye.

rall. dim. *pp*

bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.

rall. dim. *pp*

Buffalo Gals

1. As I went lum-brin' down de street,
 2. I ax'd her if she'd hab some talk,
 3. I'd like to make dat gal my wife,

mp *p*

down de street, down de street, A lub-ly gal I chanc'd to meet, Oh!
 hab some talk, hab some talk, Her feet cov-er'd up de whole side walk, As
 gal my wife, gal my wife; I would be hap-py all my life, If I

she was fair to view. Oh! Buf-fa-lo gals, will ye come out to-night, will ye
 she stood side by me. Oh! Buf-fa-lo gals, will ye come out to-night, will ye
 had her by my side. Oh! Buf-fa-lo gals, will ye come out to-night, will ye

come out to-night, will ye come out to-night, Buf-fa-lo gals, will ye

come out to-night, And dance by de light ob de moon?

The musical score for 'Buffalo Gals' is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the voice part, and the piano accompaniment is in the left and right hand parts. The lyrics are: 'come out to-night, And dance by de light ob de moon?'.

Keller's American Hymn

M. KELLER

f Maestoso

1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high, Lead us in path-ways of
2. Fore - most in bat - tle, for Free - dom to stand, We rush to arms when a -
3. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wing o'er this

The first system of the hymn is in 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat. The lyrics are: '1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high, Lead us in path-ways of; 2. Fore - most in bat - tle, for Free - dom to stand, We rush to arms when a -; 3. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wing o'er this'.

jus - tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
roused by its call; Still as of yore when George Wash - ing - ton led,
fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old!

The second system of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'jus - tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all,; roused by its call; Still as of yore when George Wash - ing - ton led,; fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old!'.

Gir - dle with vir - tue, the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our
Thunders our war - cry, "We con - quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our
Show that it still is for free - dom un - furled! Hail! three times hail to our

The third system of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Gir - dle with vir - tue, the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our; Thunders our war - cry, "We con - quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our; Show that it still is for free - dom un - furled! Hail! three times hail to our'.

coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
coun - try and flag! Still as of yore when George Wash - ing - ton led,
coun - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old!

The fourth system of the hymn concludes the piece. The lyrics are: 'coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all,; coun - try and flag! Still as of yore when George Wash - ing - ton led,; coun - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old!'.

'Tis but a Little Faded Flower

J. R. THOMAS

Andante semplice

1. 'Tis but a lit - tle fa - ded flow'r, But, oh, how fond - ly dear! 'Twill
 2. Where is the heart that doth not keep With - in its in - most core, Some

espress. bring me back one gold-en hour, Through many, thro' ma - ny a wea - ry year. I
 fond remembrance, hid - den deep, Of days, of days that are no more?

may not to the world im - part The se - cret, the se - ret of its pow'r, But
 Who hath not sav'd some trifling thing, More priz'd, more priz'd than jewels rare! A

cres. treas - ur'd in my in - most heart, I keep my fad - ed flow'r, I keep my
 fad - ed flow'r, a bro - ken ring, A tress of gold - en hair, A tress of

dim. *p ril.* *dim.* *p colla voce*

fad - ed flow'r. 'Tis but a lit - tle fad - ed flow'r, But oh, how fond - ly
gold - en hair? 'Tis but a lit - tle fad - ed flow'r, But oh, how fond - ly

dear ! 'Twill bring me back one gold-en hour, Through ma-ny, thro' ma-ny a wea-ry year.

poco rit.
p colla voce

Old Hundred

Rev. ISAAC WATTS

GOUDIMEL

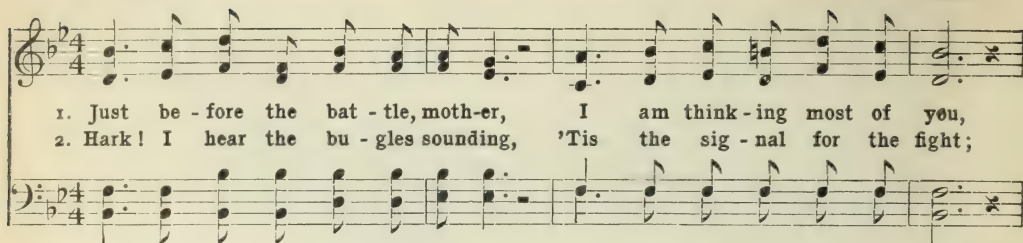
1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise ;
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord ; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word ;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

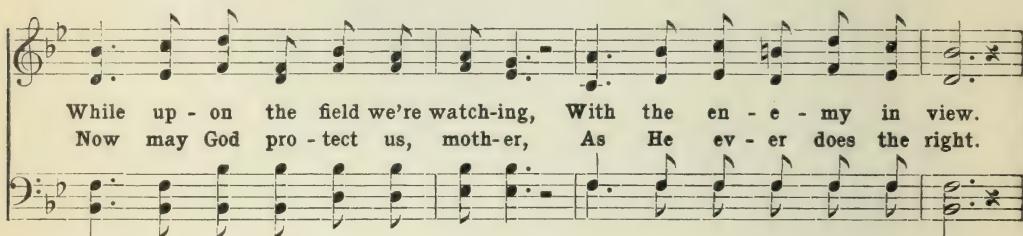
Just Before the Battle, Mother

G. F. Root

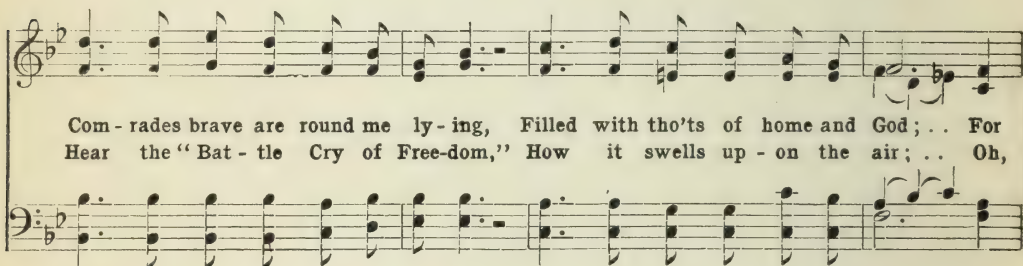
G. F. Root



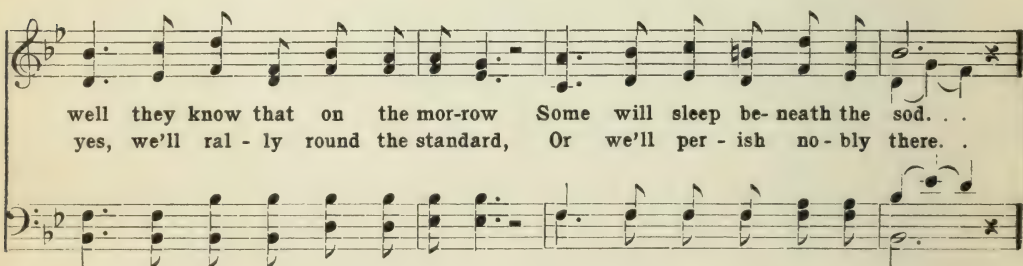
1. Just be - fore the bat - tle, moth - er, I am think - ing most of you,
2. Hark! I hear the bu - gles sounding, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight;



While up - on the field we're watch - ing, With the en - e - my in view.
Now may God pro - tect us, moth - er, As He ev - er does the right.

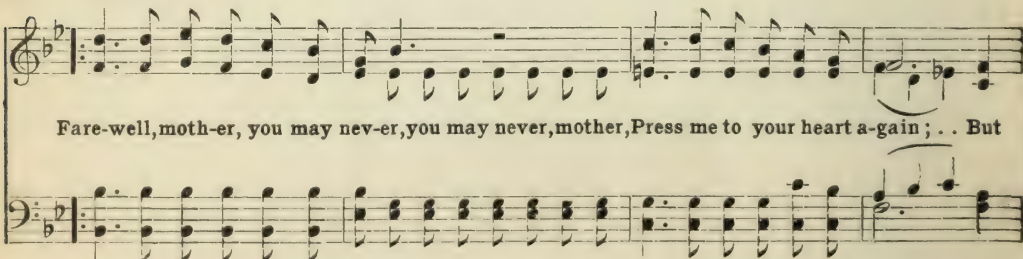


Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God; . . For
Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free - dom," How it swells up - on the air; . . Oh,



well they know that on the mor - row Some will sleep be - neath the sod. . .
yes, we'll ral - ly round the standard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there. .

CHORUS



Fare - well, moth - er, you may nev - er, you may never, mother, Press me to your heart a - gain; . . But

rit. *Repeat pp.*

oh, you'll not for- get me, Moth-er, you will not forget me If I'm numbered with the slain.

Juanita

mf Andante

1. Soft o'er the foun- tain, Ling-'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the mountain,
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a- gain, And day-light beam-ing

mf

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re- lent-ing, For thy ab- sent lov- er sigh,

p slower *mf a tempo*

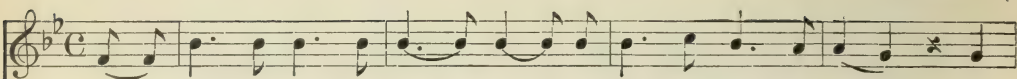
Wea- ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare- well! Ni- ta! Jua- ni- ta!
In thy heart con- sent-ing To a pray'r gone by! Ni- ta! Jua- ni- ta!

p tenderly. rit.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni- ta! Jua- ni- ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin- ger by thy side! Ni- ta! Jua- ni- ta! Be my own fair bride!

A Little More Cider

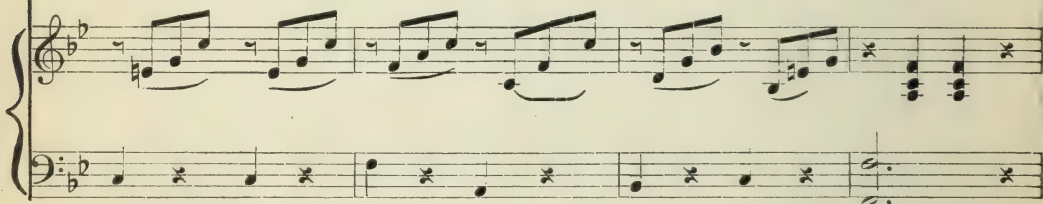
A. HART



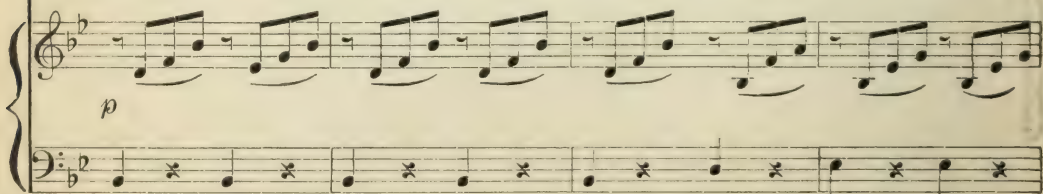
1. I love the white girl and the black, And I love all the rest, I
 2. When first I saw Miss Snow - flake 'Twas on Broadway I spied her, I'd
 3. Oh! I wish I was an ap - ple, And Snow-flake was an - oth - er, Oh!
 4. But now old age comes creep - ing, We grow down and don't get bigger, And



love the girls for lov - ing me, But I love my - self the best; O,
 give my hat and boots, I would, If I could have been be - side her; She
 what a pret - ty pair we'd make, Up - on a tree to - geth - er; How
 ci - der sweet and sour then, And I am just de nig - ger; But



dear, I am so thirst - y, I've just beendown to sup - per, I've
 look'd at me, I look'd at her, And then I cross'd the street, And
 bad the dar - kies all would feel, When on the tree they spied her, To
 let the cause be what it will, Short, small, or wi - der, She





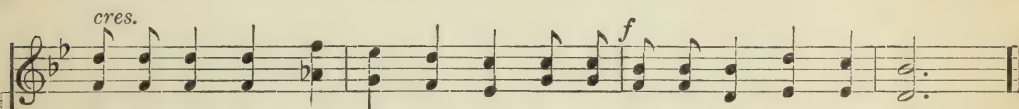
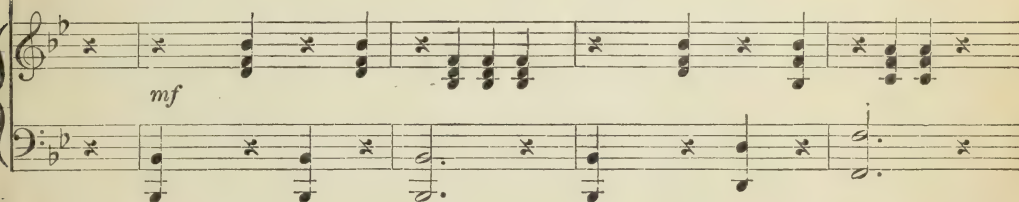
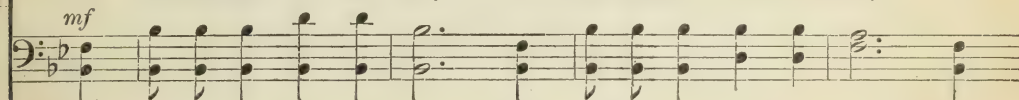
drank three pails of ap - ple jack, And a tub of ap - ple but - ter.
 then she smil - ing said to me, "A lit - tle more ci - der sweet."
 think how lus - cious we would be, When we're made in - to ci - der.
 am de ap - ple of my soul, And I'm bound to be be - side her.



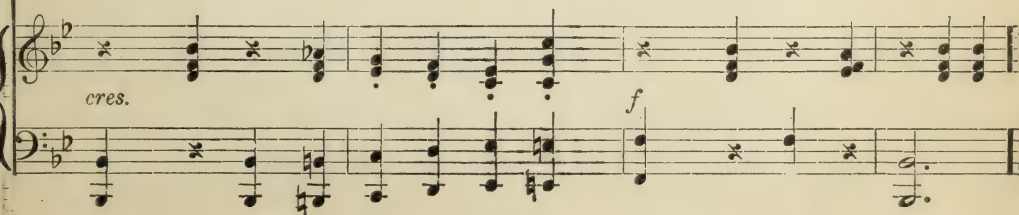
CHORUS



A lit - tle more ci - der too, A lit - tle more ci - der too, A



lit - tle more ci - der for Miss Di - nah, A lit - tle more ci - der too.



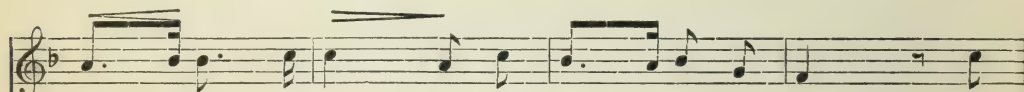
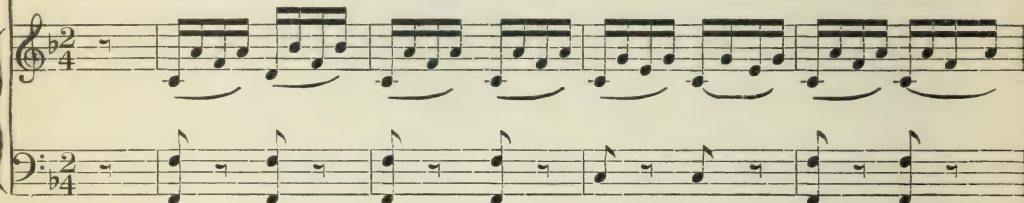
Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

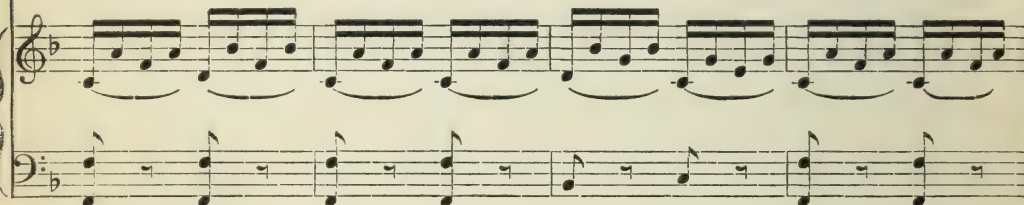
HENRY R. BISHOP

Moderato

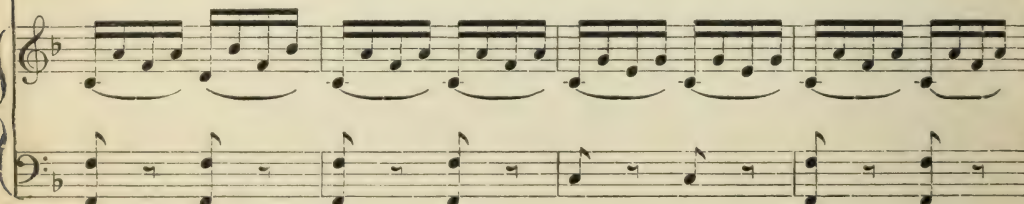
1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, Be it
 2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh!
 3. How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond fa - ther's smile, And the
 4. To thee I'll re - turn, o - ver - bur - den'd with care, The



ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home! A
 give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The
 cares of a moth - er to soothe and be - guile; Let
 heart's dear - est so - lace will smile on me there; No

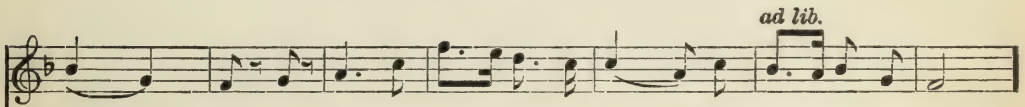
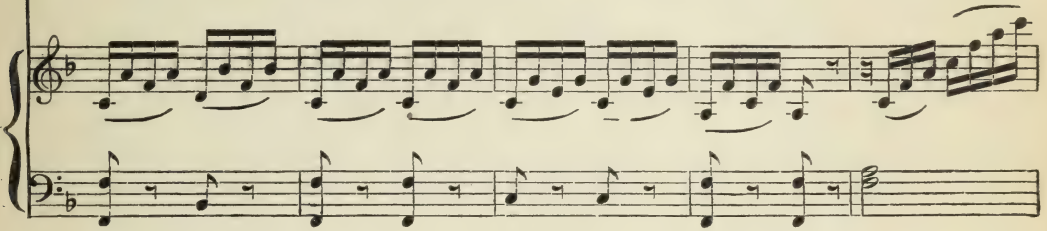


charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
 birds sing - ing gai - ly, that come at my call; Give me
 oth - ers de - light 'mid new pleas - ures to roam, But
 more from that cot - tage a - gain will I roam, Be it





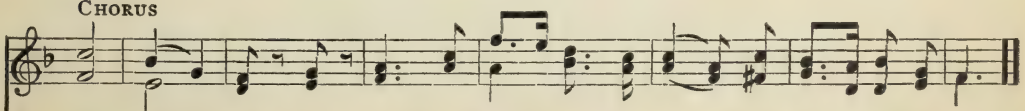
seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where; Home!
 them with that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home!
 give me, oh! give me the pleas-ures of home. Home!
 ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home. Home!



home! sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, there's no place like home!
 home! sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home, there's no place like home!
 home! sweet, sweet home; But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!
 home! sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home, there's no place like home!



CHORUS



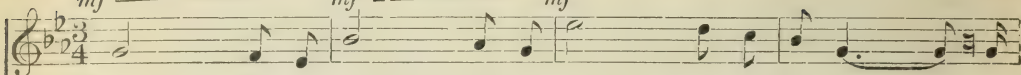
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home.



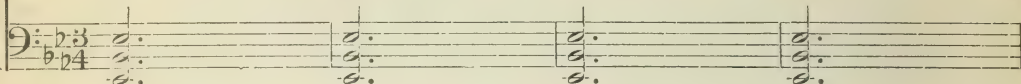
Kathleen Mavourneen

Mrs. CRAWFORD

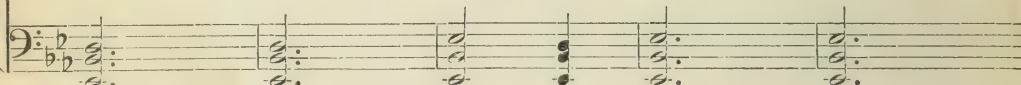
F. NICHOLLS CROUCH

*Andante e penseroso**mf* *mf* *mf*

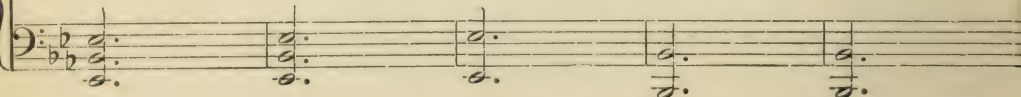
1. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! the grey dawn is break-ing, . . . The
 2. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! a - wake from thy slum - bers; . . . The



horn of the hun - ter is heard on the hill; The lark from her
 blue mountains glow in the sun's gold-en light; Ah! where is the



light wing the bright dew is shak - ing, Kathleen . . . Mavour-neen! what,
 spell that once hung on my num - bers? A - rise in . . . thy beau-ty, thou



*mf**mf*

slum - b'ring still! Oh, hast thou for - got - ten how soon we must sev - er? Oh,
 star of my night. Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vourneen, my sad tears are falling, To

Espressivo e legato

hast thou for - got - ten this day we must part? It may be for
 think that from E - rin and thee I must part; It may be for

years, and it may be for - ev - er; Oh, why . . art thou si - lent, thou
 years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then why . . art thou si - lent, thou

voice of my heart? It may . . . be for years, and it may be for -

The musical score for the first system of 'Kathleen Mavourneen' features a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

ev - er; Then why . . . art thou si - lent, Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen?

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a measure marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with some chords in the right hand.

John Anderson, My Jo

ROBERT BURNS

Andante

1. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent, Your
2. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill the-gith-er, And
3. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When na - ture first be - gan To
4. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We've seen our bairns' bairns, And

The musical score for 'John Anderson, My Jo' is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It is marked *Andante* and *mf*. The vocal melody is simple and folk-like. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The score includes four verses of lyrics.

locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - ny brow was brent; But
 mon-y a can - ty day, John, We've had wi' ane an - ith - er; Now
 try her can - ny hand, John, Her mas - ter-wark was man; And
 yet, my dear John An - der-son, I'm hap - py in your arms, And

now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw; Yet
 we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go; And we'll
 you a-mang the lave, John, Sae trig frae tap to toe— She
 sae are ye in mine, John; I'w sure ye'll ne'er say no, Tho' the

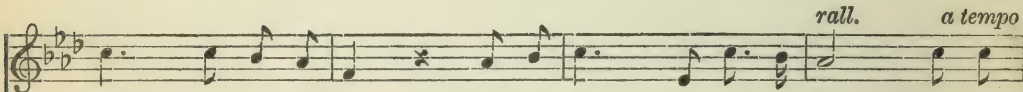
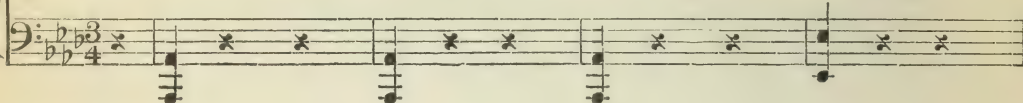
bles - ings on your frost - y pow, John An - der-son, my jo!
 sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der-son, my jo.
 proved her - sel' nae jour - ney - wark, John An - der-son, my jo.
 days are gane that we ha'e seen, John An - der-son, my jo.

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

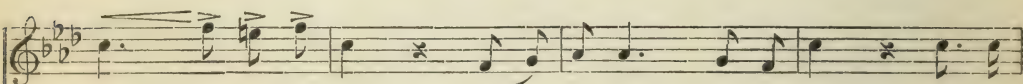
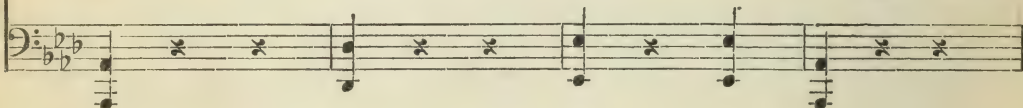
W. T. WRIGHTON

With expression

1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we may not meet a - gain; I have
 2. At the first sweet dawn of light, When I gaze up - on the deep, Her
 3. I've sail'd 'neath a - lien skies, I have trod the des - ert path, I have

*legato*

strug - gled to for - get, But the strug - gle was in vain; For her
 form still greets my sight, While the stars their vig - ils keep; When I
 seen the storm a - rise, Like a gi - ant in his wrath; Ev - 'ry

*rall. a tempo*

voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at will; In the
 close mine ach - ing eyes, Sweet dreams my sen - ses fill; And from
 dan - ger I have known, That a reck - less life can fill; Yet her



mid - night, on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still. For her
 sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still. When I
 pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still. Ev - 'ry

rall. *tr* *a tempo*

rall. *ff* *a tempo*

voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at will ; In the
 close mine ach - ing eyes, Sweet dreams my sens - es fill, And from
 dan - ger I have known, That a reck - less life can fill ; Yet her

mid - night, on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still.
 sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still.
 pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still.

Yankee Doodle



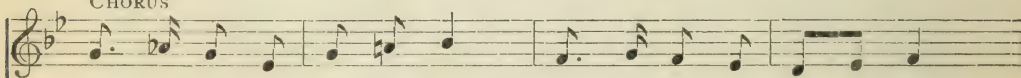
1. Fath'r and I went down to camp A - long with Cap - tain Good - win, And
2. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton Up - on a slap - ping stal - lion, A
3. And then the feath - ers on his hat, They look'd so tar - nal fin - ey, I
4. And there they had a wamp - ing gun, As big as a log of ma - ple,
5. And ev - 'ry time they fired it off It took a horn of pow - der; It
6. I went as near to it my - self, As Ja - cob's un - der - pin - in', And



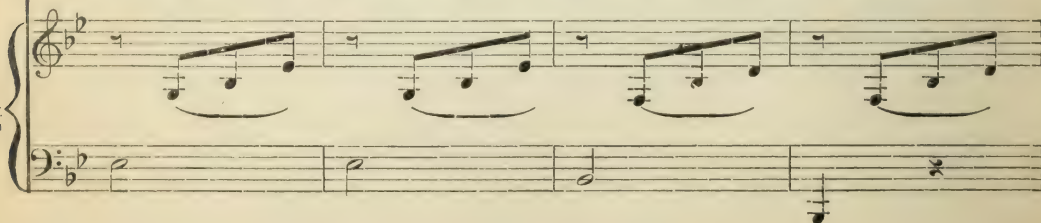
there we saw the men and boys, As thick as has - ty pud - ding.
 giv - ing or - ders to his men, I guess there was a mil - lion.
 want - ed pes - ki - ly to get, To give to my Je - mi - ma.
 On a deu - ced lit - tle cart, — A load for fa - ther's cat - tle.
 made a noise like fa - ther's gun, On - ly a na - tion loud - er.
 fa - ther went as near a - gain, — I tho't the deuce was in him.



CHORUS



Yan - kee doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy,



val - ley, . . . the val - ley, . . . She's sleep - ing in the
tem - ber, . . . Sep - tem - ber, . . . 'Twas in the mild Sep -
sa - ken, . . . for - sa - ken, . . . I feel like one for -

val - ley, And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies.
tem - ber, And the mock-ing bird was sing-ing far and wide.
sa - ken, Since my Hal - ly is no lon - ger with me now.

First, SOLO; then CHORUS

Lis - ten to the mock-ing bird, Lis - ten to the mock-ing bird, The

8va
tr *tr* *tr* *tr*

Listen to the Mocking Bird

mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,

8va tr

The musical score for the first system of 'Listen to the Mocking Bird' features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The vocal line is accompanied by a piano accompaniment consisting of a right-hand treble staff with chords and a left-hand bass staff with a simple harmonic line. The lyrics are 'mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,'. The piano part includes trills marked 'tr' in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

Lis-ten to the mocking bird, Still sing-ing where the weeping willows wave.

tr

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Lis-ten to the mocking bird, Still sing-ing where the weeping willows wave.' The piano part continues with trills in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

O Music

ROUND

¹
O mu - sic sweet mu - sic, your prais - es we'll sing, We


²
will tell of the pleas - ure and glad - ness you bring.

The 'O Music Round' is presented in two parts. Part 1 is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with the melody starting on a whole note. Part 2 is in F major (two flats) and 4/4 time, with the melody starting on a whole note. The lyrics are 'O mu - sic sweet mu - sic, your prais - es we'll sing, We will tell of the pleas - ure and glad - ness you bring.' The notation is simple, using whole notes for the melody and chords for the accompaniment.

The Blue Bells of Scotland

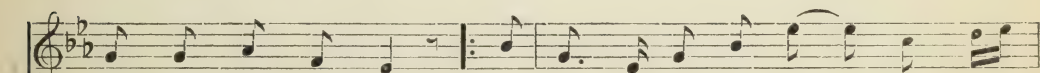
Mrs. JAMES GRANT

Folksong

Andante moderato


1. Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland lad - die gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
 2. Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland lad - die dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your
 3. Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain? Oh! what, tell me what if your

p



High - land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming ban - ners where
 High - land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where
 High - land lad be slain? Oh, no! true love will be his guard and

cres.



no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh, . . in my heart I wish him safe at home.
 blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's oh, . . in my heart I lo'e my lad - die well.
 bring him safe a - gain, For it's oh, my heart would break if my Highlaud lad were slain

p

We'd Better Bide a Wee

CLARIBEL

Moderato

1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail-ing sair, And weel I ken they'd
 2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their blessing fell sae free, They gave no tho't to
 3. I fear me sair, they're failing baith, For when I sit a - part, They'll talk o' Heav'n sae

miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae mair; The grist is out, the
 self at all, They did but think of me; But, lad - die, that's a
 earn - est - ly, It well nigh breaks my heart; So, lad - die, din - na

times are hard, The kin are on - ly three, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd
 time a - wa, And mith-er's like to dee, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd
 urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na be, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd

bet-ter bide a - wee, I can -na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet-ter bide a - wee. . .

The musical score for 'We'd Better Bide a Wee' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are: 'bet-ter bide a - wee, I can -na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet-ter bide a - wee. . .'

He Leadeth Me

Rev. JOSEPH H. GILMORE

W. B. BRADBURY

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O words with heav'n'ly com - fort fraught!
 2. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
 3. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won,

The first system of the musical score for 'He Leadeth Me' is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It includes a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics for three verses are provided below the staff.

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's - hand that lead - eth me. He
 Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me. He
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me. He

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics for three verses are provided below the staff.

lead-eth me, He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me. He lead - eth me.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It includes a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics for three verses are provided below the staff. The system is marked with a first ending bracket (1) and a second ending bracket (2).

Sailing

GODFREY MARKS

1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free; A pleas - ant gale is on our lee, And
 2. The sai - lor's life is bold and free; His home is on the roll - ing sea, And
 3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale; Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev - 'ry sail. The

cres.
 soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant barque shall brav - ly steer; But ere we
 nev - er heart more true or brave Than he who launch - es on . . the wave. A - far he
 har - bor bar we soon shall clear, Fare - well once more to home so dear; For when the

p legato

part from England's shores tonight A song we'll sing for home and beau - ty bright.
 speeds in dis - tant climes to roam; With jo - cund song he rides the sparkling foam.
 temp - est ra - ges loud and long, That home shall be our guid - ing star a - mong.

Then here's to the sail - or and here's to the hearts so true Who will think of him up -

p

ad lib.

on the wa-ters blue. Sail - ing, sail - ing o-ver the bound-ing main; For

colla voce

p

ma-ny a storm - y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain. Sail - ing, sail - ing

f

ad lib

o-ver the bounding main; For ma-ny a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain.

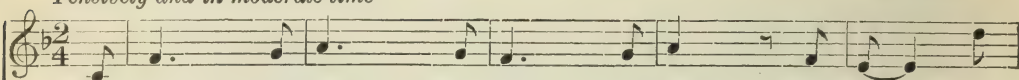
colla voce.

Those Evening Bells

THOMAS MOORE

Pensively and in moderate time

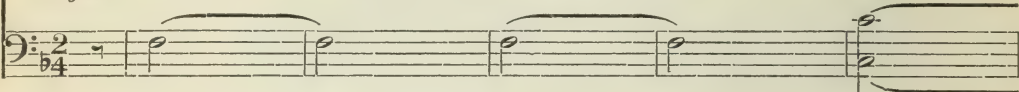
Attributed to BEETHOVEN



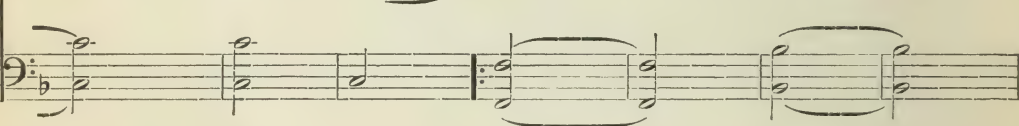
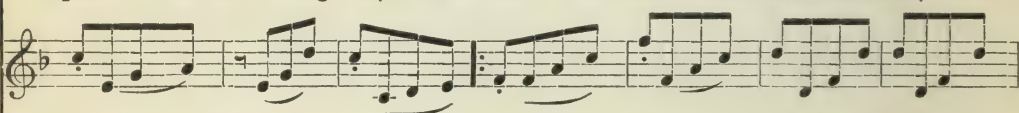
1. Those eve - ning bells, those eve - ning bells, How ma - ny a
 2. Those joy - ous hours are past a - way, And, ma - ny a
 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful



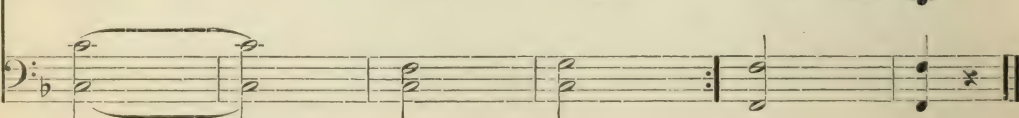
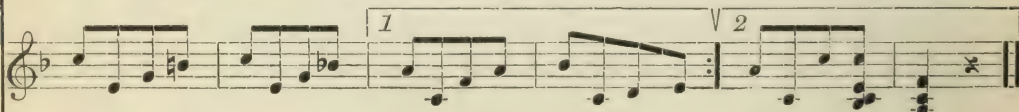
legato



tale . their mu - sic tells, Of youth and home and that sweet time, When
 heart, that then was gay, With - in . the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And
 peal will still ring on, While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And



last I heard their sooth - ing chime! Of sooth - ing chime!
 hears no more those eve - ning bells! With - eve - ning bells!
 sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells. While eve - ning bells.



The Bull-Dog

Modrato

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank! And the bull-frog in the pool; Oh! the bull-dog on the
 2. Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the snapper caught his paw; Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to
 3. Says the mon-key to the owl, "O what'll you have to drink?" Says the mon-key to the
 4. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank; Lit - tle Mo - ses in the pool; Pharaoh's daughter on the

Più allegro

bank! And the bull-frog in the pool; Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the
 catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw; Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the
 owl, "O what'll you have to drink?" Says the mon-key to the owl, "O
 bank; Lit - tle Mo - ses in the pool; Pha-raoh's daugh-ter on the bank; Lit - tle
ritard.

bull-frog in the pool. The bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa - ter fool.
 snap-per caught his paw; The pol-ly-wog died a-laughing To see him wag his jaw.
 what'll you have to drink?" "Since you are so ver-y kind, I'll take a bottle of ink."
 Mo - ses in the pool; She fish'd him out with a ten-foot pole, And sent him off to school.

CHORUS

Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, Sing-ing

Repeat pp

tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra la, la, la, la.
 tra, la, la.

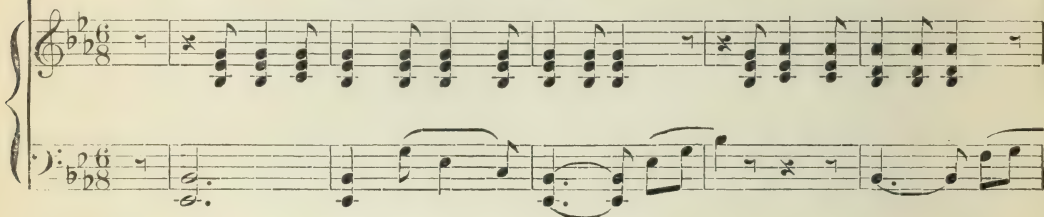
Nancy Lee

FRED E. WEATHERLY

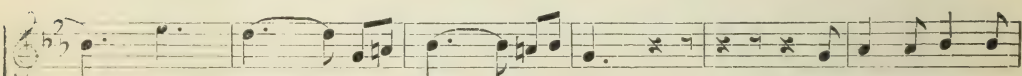
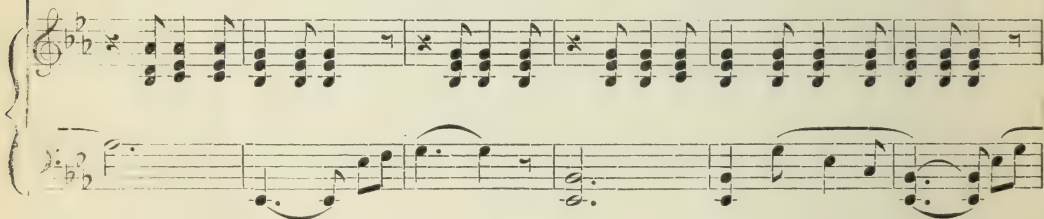
STEPHEN ADAMS

With spirit

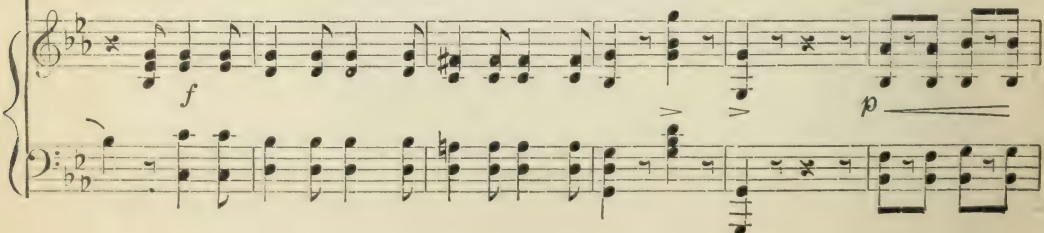
1. Of all . . the wives as e'er you know, . . . Yeo ho! . . lads!
 2. The har - bor's past, the breez - es blow, . . . Yeo ho! . . lads!
 3. The boa' - s'n pipes the watch be - low; . . . Yeo ho! . . lads!



ho! Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! There's none like Nan - cy Lee I trow, . .
 ho! Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! 'Tis long e'er we come back I know, . .
 ho! Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! Then here's a health be - fore we go, . .



. . Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! . . yeo ho! See there she stands an'
 . . Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! . . yeo ho! But true an' bright from
 . . Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! . . yeo ho! A long, long life to



waves her hand up - on . . the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a-way, she'll
morn till night my home . will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for
my sweet wife and mates . at sea, An' keep my bones from Dav - y Jones wher-

watch . for me, An' whis-per low when tem-pests blow, for Jack . . at
Jack . at sea, An' Nan-cy's face to bless the place an' wel - come
o'er . we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy

sea; Yeo ho! . . lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's
me; Yeo ho! . . lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's
Lee; Yeo ho! . . lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's

rall. *p*

star . shall be, Yeo ho! . we go a - cross the sea! . The sail - or's

wife, the sail-or's star shall be, The sail - or's wife his star shall be. . . .

colla voce

Out on the Deep

SAMUEL K. COWAN

FREDERIC N. LOHR

mf Allegro moderato

1. Out . . on the deep, when the sun is low, . . And the sea with splen - dor
2. Out . . on the deep, when the sun is dead, . . And the first sweet star doth

mf

marcato *cres.*

burns, . . . With his sca - ly spoil from his eve - ning toil, The
gleam, . . . Of a day that is dead and a love is fled, The

cres.

Piano introduction for 'Out on the Deep'. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music begins with a treble staff containing a whole note G4, followed by a series of rests and a final whole note G4. The bass staff contains a series of eighth notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4, G4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Aura Lee

Vocal melody for 'Aura Lee'. The score is in F major (two flats) and 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The melody begins with a whole note F4, followed by a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, E32, F32, G32, A32, B32, C33, D33, E33, F33, G33, A33, B33, C34, D34, E34, F34, G34, A34, B34, C35, D35, E35, F35, G35, A35, B35, C36, D36, E36, F36, G36, A36, B36, C37, D37, E37, F37, G37, A37, B37, C38, D38, E38, F38, G38, A38, B38, C39, D39, E39, F39, G39, A39, B39, C40, D40, E40, F40, G40, A40, B40, C41, D41, E41, F41, G41, A41, B41, C42, D42, E42, F42, G42, A42, B42, C43, D43, E43, F43, G43, A43, B43, C44, D44, E44, F44, G44, A44, B44, C45, D45, E45, F45, G45, A45, B45, C46, D46, E46, F46, G46, A46, B46, C47, D47, E47, F47, G47, A47, B47, C48, D48, E48, F48, G48, A48, B48, C49, D49, E49, F49, G49, A49, B49, C50, D50, E50, F50, G50, A50, B50, C51, D51, E51, F51, G51, A51, B51, C52, D52, E52, F52, G52, A52, B52, C53, D53, E53, F53, G53, A53, B53, C54, D54, E54, F54, G54, A54, B54, C55, D55, E55, F55, G55, A55, B55, C56, D56, E56, F56, G56, A56, B56, C57, D57, E57, F57, G57, A57, B57, C58, D58, E58, F58, G58, A58, B58, C59, D59, E59, F59, G59, A59, B59, C60, D60, E60, F60, 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D89, E89, F89, G89, A89, B89, C90, D90, E90, F90, G90, A90, B90, C91, D91, E91, F91, G91, A91, B91, C92, D92, E92, F92, G92, A92, B92, C93, D93, E93, F93, G93, A93, B93, C94, D94, E94, F94, G94, A94, B94, C95, D95, E95, F95, G95, A95, B95, C96, D96, E96, F96, G96, A96, B96, C97, D97, E97, F97, G97, A97, B97, C98, D98, E98, F98, G98, A98, B98, C99, D99, E99, F99, G99, A99, B99, C100, D100, E100, F100, G100, A100, B100, C101, D101, E101, F101, G101, A101, B101, C102, D102, E102, F102, G102, A102, B102, C103, D103, E103, F103, G103, A103, B103, C104, D104, E104, F104, G104, A104, B104, C105, D105, E105, F105, G105, A105, B105, C106, D106, E106, F106, G106, A106, B106, C107, D107, E107, F107, G107, A107, B107, C108, D108, E108, F108, G108, A108, B108, C109, D109, E109, F109, G109, A109, B109, C110, D110, E110, F110, G110, A110, B110, C111, D111, E111, F111, G111, A111, B111, C112, D112, E112, F112, G112, A112, B112, C113, D113, E113, F113, G113, A113, B113, C114, D114, E114, F114, G114, A114, B114, C115, D115, E115, F115, G115, A115, B115, C116, D116, E116, F116, G116, A116, B116, C117, D117, E117, F117, G117, A117, B117, C118, D118, E118, F118, G118, A118, B118, C119, D119, E119, F119, G119, A119, B119, C120, D120, E120, F120, G120, A120, B120, C121, D121, E121, F121, G121, A121, B121, C122, D122, E122, F122, G122, A122, B122, C123, D123, E123, F123, G123, A123, B123, C124, D124, E124, F124, G124, A124, B124, C125, D125, E125, F125, G125, A125, B125, C126, D126, E126, F126, G126, A126, B126, C127, D127, E127, F127, G127, A127, B127, C128, D128, E128, F128, G128, A128, B128, C129, D129, E129, F129, G129, A129, B129, C130, D130, E130, F130, G130, A130, B130, C131, D131, E131, F131, G131, A131, B131, C132, D132, E132, F132, G132, A132, B132, C133, D133, E133, F133, G133, A133, B133, C134, D134, E134, F134, G134, A134, B134, C135, D135, E135, F135, G135, A135, B135, C136, D136, E136, F136, G136, A136, B136, C137, D137, E137, F137, G137, A137, B137, C138, D138, E138, F138, G138, A138, B138, C139, D139, E139, F139, G139, A139, B139, C140, D140, E140, F140, G140, A140, B140, C141, D141, E141, F141, G141, A141, B141, C142, D142, E142, F142, G142, A142, B142, C143, D143, E143, F143, G143, A143, B143, C144, D144, E144, F144, G144, A144, B144, C145, D145, E145, F145, G145, A145, B145, C146, D146, E146, F146, G146, A146, B146, C147, D147, E147, F147, G147, A147, B147, C148, D148, E148, F148, G148, A148, B148, C149, D149, E149, F149, G149, A149, B149, C150, D150, E150, F150, G150, A150, B150, C151, D151, E151, F151, G151, A151, B151, C152, D152, E152, F152, G152, A152, B152, C153, D153, E153, F153, G153, A153, B153, C154, D154, E154, F154, G154, A154, B154, C155, D155, E155, F155, G155, A155, B155, C156, D156, E156, F156, G156, A156, B156, C157, D157, E157, F157, G157, A157, B157, C158, D158, E158, F158, G158, A158, B158, C159, D159, E159, F159, G159, A159, B159, C160, D160, E160, F160, G160, A160, B160, C161, D161, E161, F161, G161, A161, B161, C162, D162, E162, F162, G162, A162, B162, C163, D163, E163, F163, G163, A163, B163, C164, D164, E164, F164, G164, A164, B164, C165, D165, E165, F165, G165, A165, B165, C166, D166, E166, F166, G166, A166, B166, C167, D167, E167, F167, G167, A167, B167, C168, D168, E168, F168, G168, A168, B168, C169, D169, E169, F169, G169, A169, B169, C170, D170, E170, F170, G170, A170, B170, C171, D171, E171, F171, G171, A171, B171, C172, D172, E172, F172, G172, A172, B172, C173, D173, E173, F173, G173, A173, B173, C174, D174, E174, F174, G174, A174, B174, C175, D175, E175, F175, G175, A175, B175, C176, D176, E176, F176, G176, A176, B176, C177, D177, E177, F177, G177, A177, B177, C178, D178, E178, F178, G178, A178, B178, C179, D179, E179, F179, G179, A179, B179, C180, D180, E180, F180, G180, A180, B180, C181, D181, E181, F181, G181, A181, B181, C182, D182, E182, F182, G182, A182, B182, C183, D183, E183, F183, G183, A183, B183, C184, D184, E184, F184, G184, A184, B184, C185, D185, E185, F185, G185, A185, B185, C186, D186, E186, F186, G186, A186, B186, C187, D187, E187, F187, G187, A187, B187, C188, D188, E188, F188, G188, A188, B188, C189, D189, E189, F189, G189, A189, B189, C190, D190, E190, F190, G190, A190, B190, C191, D191, E191, F191, G191, A191, B191, C192, D192, E192, F192, G192, A192, B192, C193, D193, E193, F193, G193, A193, B193, C194, D194, E194, F194, G194, A194, B194, C195, D195, E195, F195, G195, A195, B195, C196, D196, E196, F196, G196, A196, B196, C197, D197, E197, F197, G197, A197, B197, C198, D198, E198, F198, G198, A198, B198, C199, D199, E199, F199, G199, A199, B199, C200, D200, E200, F200, G200, A200, B200, C201, D201, E201, F201, G201, A201, B201, C202, D202, E202, F202, G202, A202, B202, C203, D203, E203, F203, G203, A203, B203, C204, D204, E204, F204, G204, A204, B204, C205, D205, E205, F205, G205, A205, B205, C206, D206, E206, F206, G206, A206, B206, C207, D207, E207, F207, G207, A207, B207, C208, D208, E208, F208, G208, A208, B208, C209, D209, E209, F209, 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Let Me Dream Again

B. C. STEPHENSON

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Andante espressivo

1. The sun is set - ting and the hour is late, Once more I
 2. The clock is strik - ing in the bel - fry tower, And warns us

stand be - side the wick - et gate, The bells are ring - ing out the
 of the ev - er - fleet - ing hour, But neith - er heeds the time which

dy - ing day, The chil - dren sing - ing on their home - ward way, And
 on - ward glides, For time may pass a - way, but love a - bides! I

cres. he is whisp'ring words of sweet in - tent, While I, half doubting,
 feel his kiss - es on my fev - 'red brow, If we must part, *dim.* *p*

cres. *dim.* *p*

Let Me Dream Again

401

rall. *un poco piu lento* *pp*

whis - per a con-sent. Is this a dream? then
ah! why should it be now? Is this a dream? then

wak - ing would be pain, Oh! do not wake me, let me dream a -

gain. Is this a dream? then wak - ing would be pain,

cres. *cres.*

f *ff* *appassionato ad lib. con forza*

Oh! do not wake me, do not wake me, let me dream a - gain.

f *ff* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The score is divided into four systems. The first system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Sally in Our Alley

HENRY CAREY
Andante

Old English Air

1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty
2. Of all the days with - in the week, I dear - ly love but
3. My mas - ter, and the neigh - bors all, . . Make game of me and

pp

Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our . .
one day; And that's the day that comes be - twixt The Sat - ur - day and
Sal - ly; And but for her I'd rath - er be A slave, and row a

al - ley: There is no la - dy in the land That's half so sweet as
Mon - day: Oh, then I'm dress'd all in my best, To walk a - broad with
gal - ley. But when my seven long years are out, Oh, then I'll mar - ry

p

Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al - ley.
 Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al - ley.
 Sal - ly, And then how hap - pi - ly we'll live! But not in our al - ley.

The Quilting Party

Andante
p

1. In the sky the bright stars glit - tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
 2. On my arm a soft hand rest - ed, Rest - ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
 3. On my lips a whis - per trem - bled, Trem - bled till it dared to come; And 'twas
 4. On my life new hopes were dawn - ing, And those hopes have liv'd and grown; And 'twas

cres. from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home. *dim.*

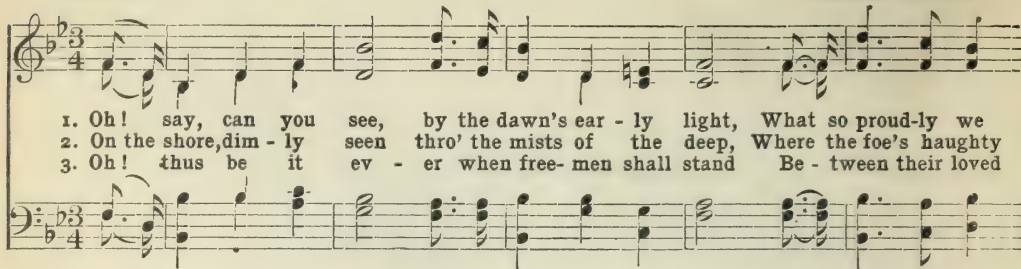
p REFRAIN *cres.*
 I was see - ing Nel - lie home, I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas

dim. e rit.
 from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

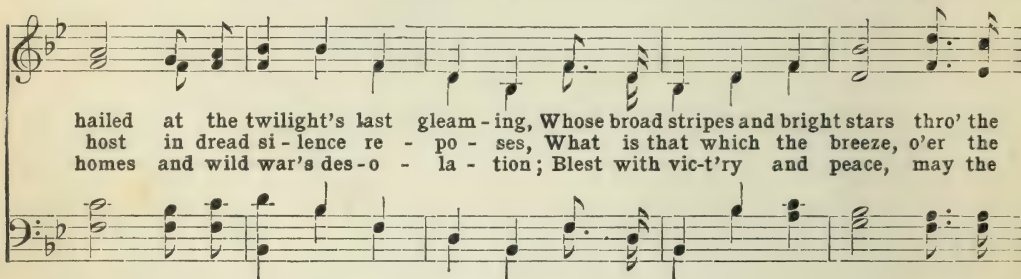
The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

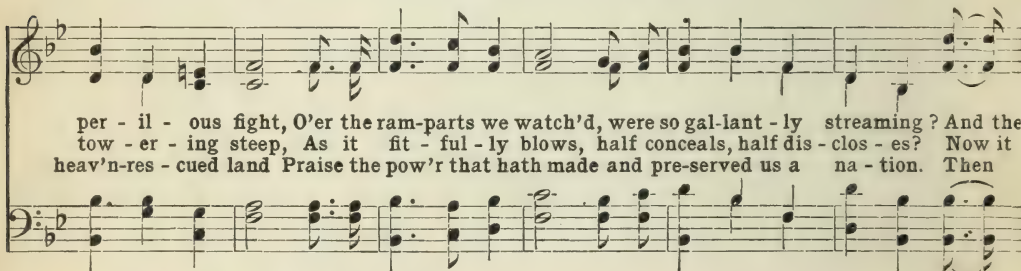
SAMUEL ARNOLD



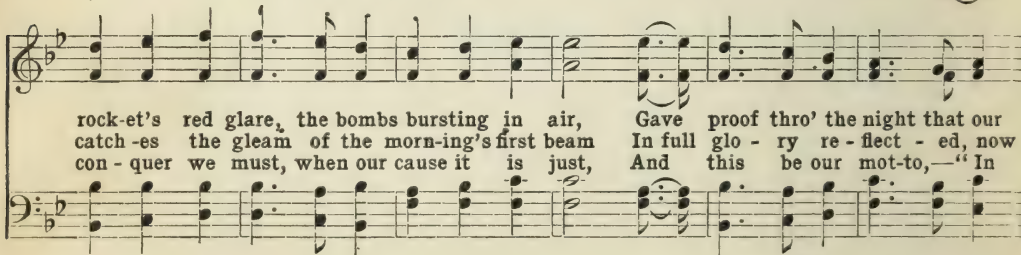
1. Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved



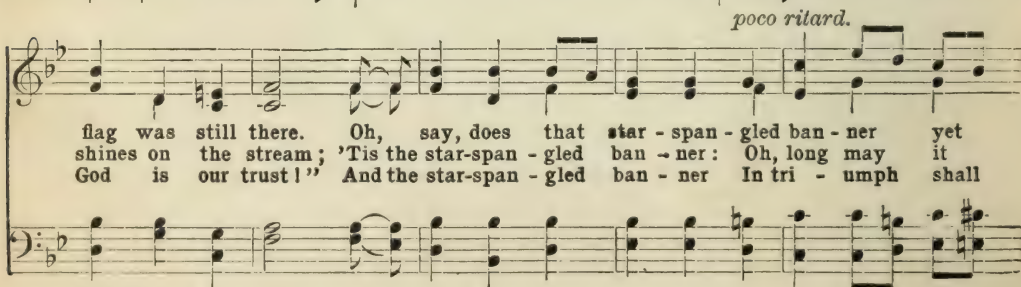
hailed at the twilight's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
homes and wild war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
heav'n - res - cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion. Then



rock - et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our
catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now
con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to, — "In



poco ritard.
flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
shines on the stream; 'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner: Oh, long may it
God is our trust! And the star - span - gled ban - ner In tri - umph shall

The Star-Spangled Banner

405

a tempo *poco ritard.*

wave O'er the land . . of the free, And the home of the brave.

a tempo *poco ritard.*

The musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The tempo markings 'a tempo' and 'poco ritard.' are placed above the staff. The lyrics are written below the melody.

Too Late! Too Late

Miss M. LINDSAY

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill! Late, late, so late! But
2. No light had we: for that we do re-pent, And, learn - ing this, the

we can en-ter still! Too late! too late, ye can-not en-ter
bride-groom will re-sent. Too late! too late, ye can-not en-ter

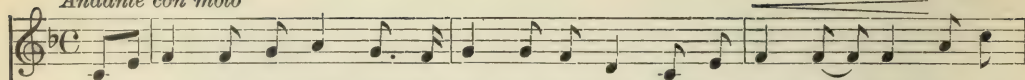
now, Too late! too late, ye cannot en-ter now.

sf *sf*

The musical score for 'Too Late! Too Late' is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The tempo markings 'a tempo' and 'poco ritard.' are placed above the staff. The lyrics are written below the melody. The score includes two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings 'sf' (sforzando) and 'sf' (sforzando).

Loch Lomond

Scotch Folksong

Andante con moto

1. By yon bon-nie banks, and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
 2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben
 3. The wee bir-dies sing and the wild flow-ers spring, And in sun-shine the wa-ters are



Lo - mon', Where me and my true love Were ev - er wont to gae, On the
 Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple hue The Hie-land hills we view, And the
 sleep - in', But the bro-ken heart it kens Nae sec-ond Spring a - gain, Tho' the



bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mon' Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and
 moon com-ing out in the gloam - ing. Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and
 wae-fu' may cease frae their greet - in'. Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and



Loch Lomond

407

cres. *rall.*

I'll tak' the low-road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But me and my true love will

cres. *ril.*

a tempo *ril.*

nev - er meet a - gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond. . .

a tempo *ril.*

Silent Night

Anonymous

German Folksong

1. Si-lent night, peace-ful night! All things sleep, shepherds keep Watch on Bethlehem's silent hill,
 2. Bright the star shines a - far, Guid-ing trav'lers on their way, Who their gold and incense bring,
 3. Light a - round! joyous sound! An - gel voices wake the air; "Glo-ry be to God in heav'n;

And un - seen, while all is still, An - gels watch a - bove, An - gels watch a - bove.
 Of-f'rings to the prom-ised King, Child of Da-vid's line, Child of Da-vid's line.
 Peace on earth to you is giv'n, Christ the Sav-iour's come, Christ the Saviour's come."

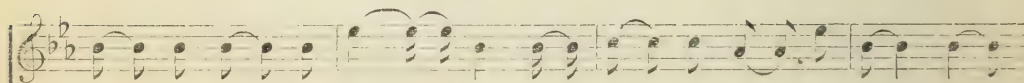
Michael Roy

Allegretto mf

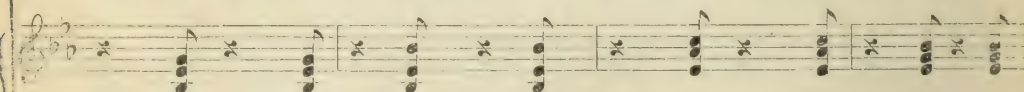
1. In Brook-lyn cit-y there lived a maid, And she was known to fame; Her
2. She fell in love with a char-coal man, Mc-Clos-key, was his name; His
3. Mc-Clos-key shout-ed and hol-lered in vain, For the don-key would-n't stop, And he

*mf*

moth-er's name was Ma-ri Ann, And hers was Ma-ri Jane;— And
 fight-ing weight was sev-en stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma-ri Jane; He
 threw Ma-ri Jane right o-ver his head, Right in-to a pol-i-cy shop; When Mc-



ev-'ry Sat-ur-day morn-ing She used to go o-ver the riv-er, And
 took her to ride in his char-coal cart, On a fine St. Pat-rick's day, But the
 Clos-key saw that ter-ri-ble sight, His heart it was moved with pi-ty, So he

*p*

went to mar-ket where she sold eggs, And sass-a-ges, like-wise liv-er. . .
 don-key took fright at a Jer-sey man, And start-ed and ran a-way. . .
 stabbed the don-key with a bit of char-coal, And start-ed for Salt Lake Cit-y. . .

CHORUS *f* *shouted*

For oh! . . for oh! . . he was my dar-ling boy, . . FOR

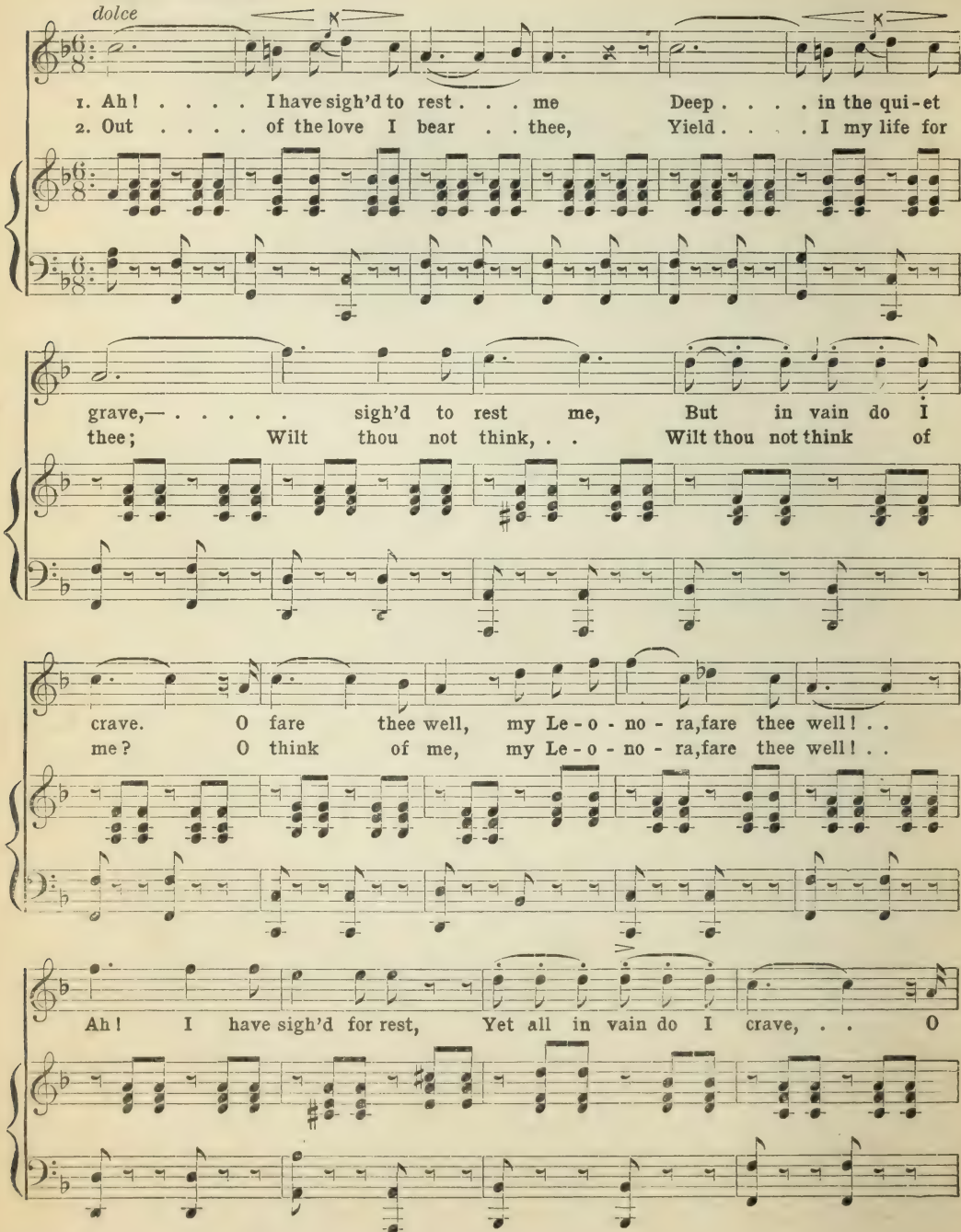
Repeat Chorus pp

he was the lad with the au-burn hair, And his name was Mi-chael Roy. . .

Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest Me

C. JEFFERYS

From VERDI's "Il Trovatore"

*Andante sostenuto
dolce*


1. Ah! I have sigh'd to rest me Deep in the qui-et
2. Out of the love I bear . . . thee, Yield I my life for

grave,— sigh'd to rest me, But in vain do I
thee; Wilt thou not think, . . Wilt thou not think of

crave. O fare thee well, my Le-o-no-ra, fare thee well! . .
me? O think of me, my Le-o-no-ra, fare thee well! . .

Ah! I have sigh'd for rest, Yet all in vain do I crave, . . O

fare . . thee-well, my Le-o - no - ra, fare-thee-well! well!

col canto *a tempo*

Out of the love I bear thee, Yield I my life for thee. Ah! think of
Tho' I no more be - hold thee, Yet is thy name a spell, Yet is thy

me, ah! think of me, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well!
name, yet is thy name a spell,

Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest Me

2 *cres - cen - do*

Cheer-ing my last lone hour, Le - o - no - ra, fare - well! . . .

pp *cres - cen - do* *ff*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a '2' indicating a second ending, followed by the lyrics 'cres - cen - do'. The piano accompaniment begins with a '2' and includes dynamic markings *pp*, *cres - cen - do*, and *ff*. The key signature has one flat, and the time signature is 2/4.

The Two Roses

MALE VOICES

WERNER

Andante
mf *cres.* *p*

1. On a bank two ro - ses fair, Wet with morn-ing show-ers, Fill'd with dew in
2. Thus in leaves of white ar-rayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the
3. Like her cheeks the blush-ing ray, Which the bud en-clos-es. Bright-er far than

mf *cres.* *p*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for male voices, marked 'Andante'. It includes three verses of lyrics. The score features dynamic markings *mf*, *cres.*, and *p*. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 6/8.

fra-grance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gath-ered two sweet flow-ers;
spot-less mind Which a - dorns my spot-less maid, In - no-cen - ce's em - blem.
you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal - ous, ro - ses.

Detailed description: This block contains the middle section of the musical score for 'The Two Roses'. It includes the lyrics for the continuation of the verses. The key signature remains two flats, and the time signature is 6/8.

mf *cres.* *p*

Tell me, ro - ses, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

mf *cres.* *p*

Detailed description: This block contains the final section of the musical score for 'The Two Roses'. It includes the lyrics 'Tell me, ro - ses, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.' and dynamic markings *mf*, *cres.*, and *p*. The key signature remains two flats, and the time signature is 6/8.

Meerschaum Pipe

1. O who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, meerschaum pipe, 0 who will smoke my meerschaum
 2. O who will use my green umbrell', green um-brell', 0 who will use my green um -
 3. O who will wear my cast-off boots, cast-off boots, 0 who will wear my cast - off
 4. O who will go to see my girl, see my girl 0 who will go to see my,
 5. O who will kiss her ru - by lips, ru - by lips, 0 who will kiss her ru - by

pipe, meerschaum pipe, 0 who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, When I am gone a -
 brell', green umbrell', 0 who will use my green um-brell', When I am gone a -
 boots, cast-off boots, 0 who will wear my cast-off boots, When I am gone a -
 girl, see my girl, 0 who will go to see my girl, When I am gone a -
 lips, ru - by lips, 0 who will kiss her ru - by lips, When I am gone a -

way? Al-lie Ba-zan, Pat-sey Mo-ran, Ma-ry Mc-Cann, Cann, Cann!*
 way? Some oth-er man, Some oth-er man, Some oth-er man, man, man!
 way? Al-lie Ba-zan, Pat-sey Mo-ran, Ma-ry Mc-Cann, Cann, Cann!
 way? Al-lie Ba-zan, Pat-sey Mo-ran, Ma-ry Mc-Cann, Cann, Cann!
 way? Al-lie Ba-zan, Pat-sey Mo-ran, Ma-ry Mc-Cann, Cann, Cann!

* Or, on last two notes, any stanza, "Bad Man!"

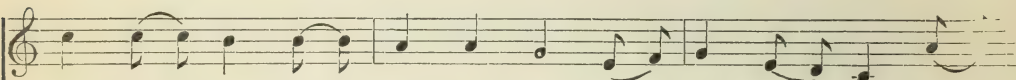
The Midshipmite

FRED. E. WEATHERLY

STEPHEN ADAMS

Con spirito

1. 'Twas in fif - ty - five, on a win-ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd
 2. We launch'd the cut - ter and shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The
 3. "I'm done for now; good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You



got the Roosh - an lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle
 lub - bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, -
 make for the boat, nev - er mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or



Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a - shore to-night," says he, "An'
 lads, put a-bout; Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the guns an' ramm'd 'em tight, But the
 die," says we! Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoisted him in, in a terrible plight, An' we



spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why, bless 'ee, sir, come a-long!" says we,
 mus - ket shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor lit - tle Mid - ship-mite,
 pull'd ev - 'ry man with all his might, An' sav'd the poor lit - tle Mid - ship-mite,

f

Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! . . . With a

rall.

f

rall.

a tempo

long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai - ly, boys, make her go? . . . And we'll

p

rall.

f *voce.*

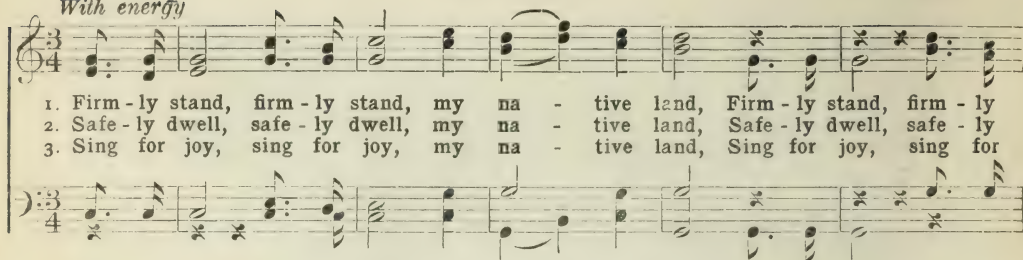
drink to-night To the Mid - ship-mite, Singing cheer-i - ly, lads, yo ho! . . .

ff

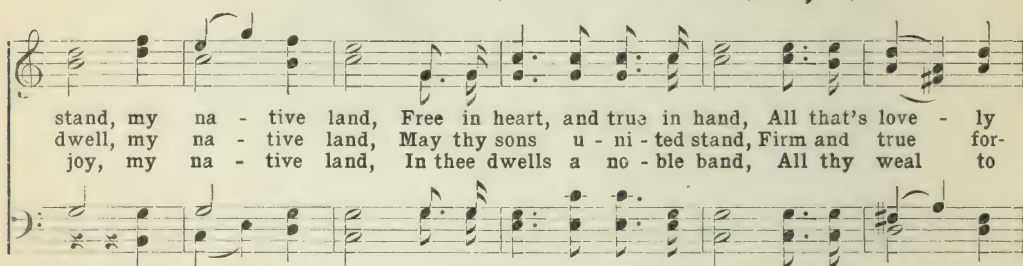
Firmly Stand, My Native Land

(MALE VOICES)

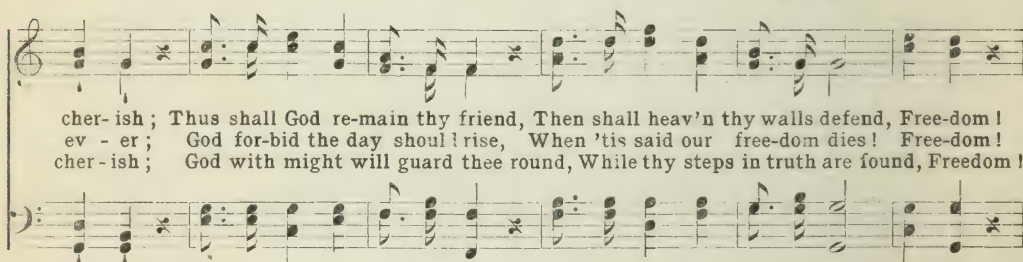
NÄGELI

With energy


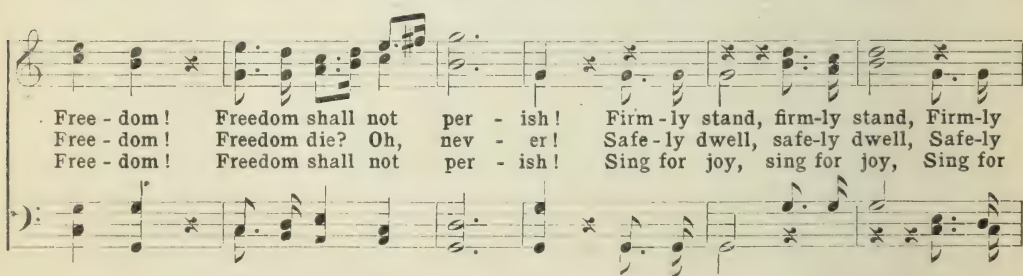
1. Firm - ly stand, firm - ly stand, my na - tive land, Firm - ly stand, firm - ly
 2. Safe - ly dwell, safe - ly dwell, my na - tive land, Safe - ly dwell, safe - ly
 3. Sing for joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, Sing for joy, sing for



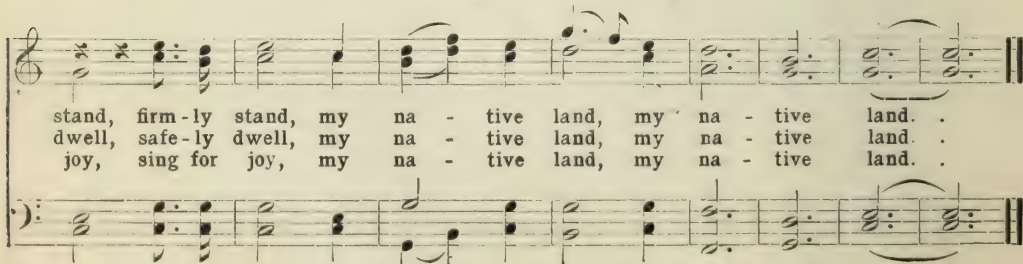
stand, my na - tive land, Free in heart, and true in hand, All that's love - ly
 dwell, my na - tive land, May thy sons u - ni - ted stand, Firm and true for -
 joy, my na - tive land, In thee dwells a no - ble band, All thy weal to



cher - ish ; Thus shall God re - main thy friend, Then shall heav'n thy walls defend, Free - dom !
 ev - er ; God for - bid the day should rise, When 'tis said our free - dom dies ! Free - dom !
 cher - ish ; God with might will guard thee round, While thy steps in truth are found, Freedom !

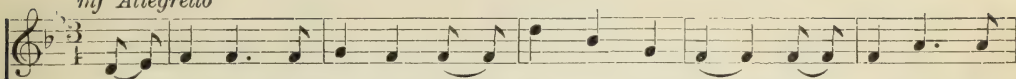


Free - dom ! Freedom shall not per - ish ! Firm - ly stand, firm - ly stand, Firm - ly
 Free - dom ! Freedom die ? Oh, nev - er ! Safe - ly dwell, safe - ly dwell, Safe - ly
 Free - dom ! Freedom shall not per - ish ! Sing for joy, sing for joy, Sing for

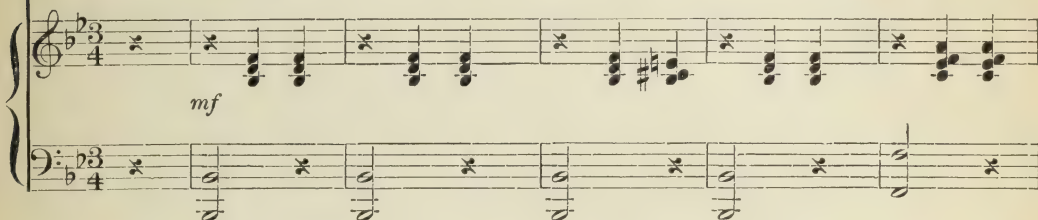


stand, firm - ly stand, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.
 dwell, safe - ly dwell, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.
 joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.

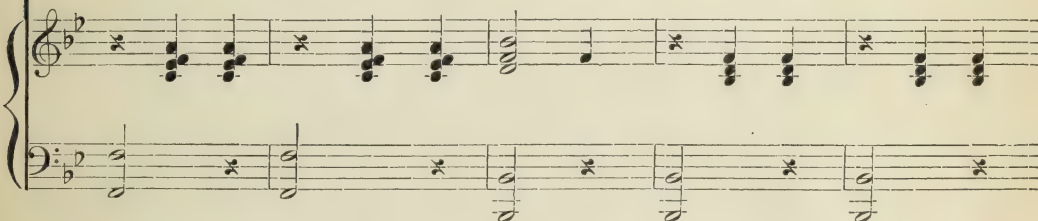
Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina

mf Allegretto

1. Way down in the mead-ow where the lil - y first blows, Where the wind from the
2. She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was
3. Ev - e - li - na and I one fine eve - ning in June Took a walk all a -
4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dol - lar, Ev - e - li - na still



moun-tains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the
 known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hangs her
 lone by the light of the moon; The plan - ets all shone, for the
 lives in that green gras - sy hol - ler; Al - though I am fa - ted to



sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
 ra - ven black hair, And she nev - er re - quires per - fum - er - y there.
 heav - ens were clear, And I felt round the heart tre - men - dous - ly queer.
 mar - ry her nev - er, I've sworn that I'll love her for ev - er and ever.



Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina

CHORUS

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for

thee shall nev - er, nev - er die; nev - er, nev - er die.

Hail! Columbia

J. HOPKINSON

PHYLA

1. Hail! Colum - bia, hap - py land! Hail! ye he - roes, heav'n-born band, Who

2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de-fend your shore; Let

3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash - ing-ton's great name Ring

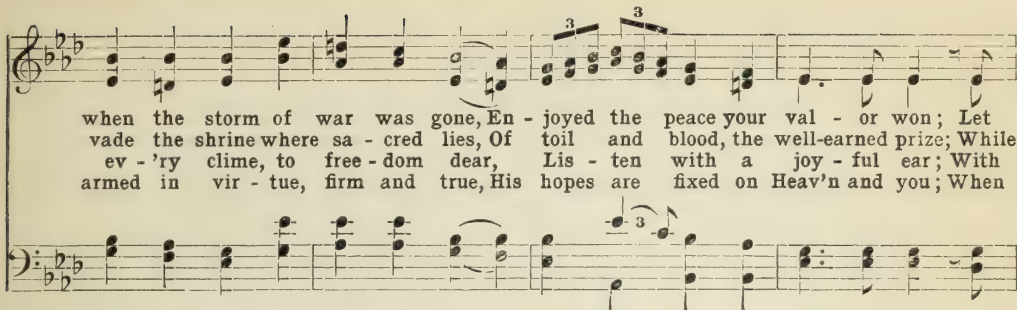
4. Be - hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun - try stands, The

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And

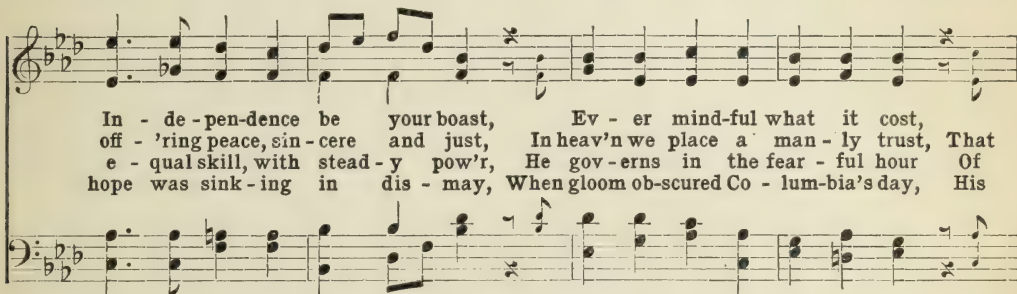
no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand In -

through the world with loud ap - plause! Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Let

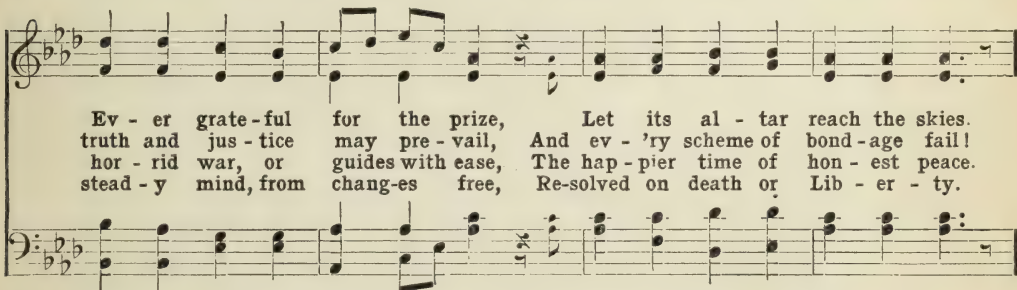
rock on which the storm will beat! The rock on which the storm will beat! But



when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won; Let
vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize; While
ev - 'ry clime, to free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With
armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you; When



In - de-pen-dence be your boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost,
off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
e - qual skill, with stead - y pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour, Of
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His

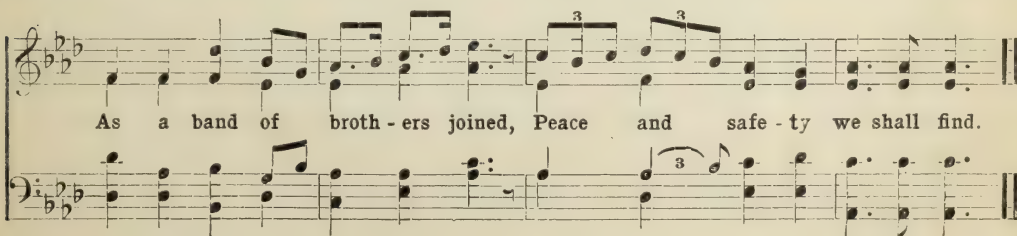


Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail!
hor - rid war, or guides with ease, The hap - pier time of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chang - es free, Re - solved on death or Lib - er - ty.

CHORUS



Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty,



As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

Kitty Tyrrell

CHARLES JEFFERYS

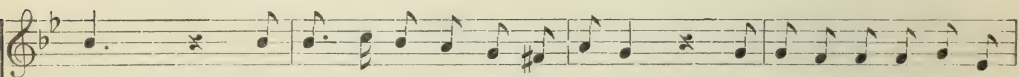
C. W. GLOVER

Andante non troppo

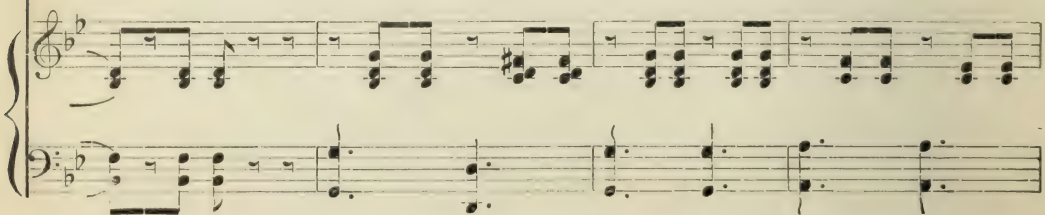
- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. You're look-ing as fresh as the morn, | dar-ling, You're look-ing as bright as the |
| 2. I've built me a neat lit-tle cot, | dar-ling, I've pigs and po-ta-toes in |
| 3. You're smil-ing, and that's a good sign, | dar-ling, Say "yes" and you'll nev-er re- |



- | | | |
|---------|---|------------------------------------|
| day ; | But while on your charms I'm di-lat-ing, | You're steal-ing my poor heart a - |
| store ; | I've twen-ty good pounds in the bank, love, | And may-be a pound or two |
| pent ; | Or if you would rath-er be si-lent, | Your si-lence I'll take for con- |



- | | | |
|--------|---|-----------------------------|
| way : | But keep it and wel-come, ma-vour-neen, | Its loss I'm not go-ing to |
| more : | It's all ve-ry well to have rich-es, | But I'm such a cov-e-tous |
| sent ; | That good-na-tured dim-ple's a tell-tale, | Now all that I have is your |



mourn; Yet one heart's e-nough for a bo-dy, So pray give me yours in re-
elf, I can't help still sigh-ing for some-thing, And, dar-ling, that some-thing's your-
own; This week you may be Kit-ty Tyr-rell, Next week you'll be Mis-tress Ma-

a placere

turn. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, O! pray give me yours in re-turn.
self. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, That some-thing, you know is your-self.
lone. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, You'll be my own Mis-tress Ma-lone.

pp

Rock of Ages

A. M. TOPLADY

THOMAS HASTINGS

FINE

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D.C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
D.C. In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
D.C. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone,
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

My Mother's Bible

GEORGE P. MORRIS

HENRY RUSSELL

With great feeling and expression

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid - den start! . . With
2. Ah, well do I re - mem - ber those Whose names these rec-ords bear! . . Who
3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To broth - ers, sis - ters dear! . . How
4. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew! Thy con - stan - cy I've tried! . . When



fal - t'ring lip and throb - bing brow, I press it to my heart. For
 round the hearth-stone used to close, Af - ter the eve - ning prayer; And
 calm was my poor moth - er's look, Who leaned God's word to hear! Her
 all were false I found thee true, My coun - sel - lor and guide. The



ma - ny gen - er - a - tions passed Here is our fam - 'ly tree! . . My
 speak of what this vol - ume said, In tones my heart would thrill: . . Though
 an - gel face! I see it yet! What throng - ing mem - 'ries come! . . A -
 mines of earth no treas - ures give, From me this book could buy; . . For,



rallentando

moth - er's hands this bi - ble clasped, She dy - ing gave it me. . . .
 they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still. . . .
 gain that lit - tle group is met With - in the halls of home! . . .
 teach - ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die. . . .

Nearer, My God, to Thee

S. F. ADAMS

L. MASON

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send - est me
 4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone, — Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring

W. S. GILBERT

From SULLIVAN'S "Mikado"

1. The flow - ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Breathe prom - ise of mer - ry sun -
 2. The flow - ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Have noth - ing to do with the

shine, As we mer - ri - ly dance and we sing, Tra la, We
 case. I've got to take un - der my wing, Tra la, A

wel - come the hope that they bring, Tra la, Of a sum - mer of ro - ses and
 most un - at - trac - tive old thing, Tra la, With a car - i - ca - ture of a

wine, Of a sum - mer of ro - ses and wine, And that's what we mean when we
 face, With a car - i - ca - ture of a face, And that's what I mean when I

say that a thing Is wel-come as flow-ers that bloom in the spring, Tra
say or I sing, "Oh, both-er the flow-ers that bloom in the spring!" Tra

la la la la, Tra la la la la, The flow-ers that bloom in the spring, Tra

la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la.

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a prominent bass line with a descending eighth-note pattern in the first system and a more active melody in the second and third systems. The vocal line consists of a single melody with lyrics. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Cooper's Song

Allegro deciso

From VON SUPPÉ'S "Boccaccio"

1. From day to day my wife doth scold, it is my fate, And noth-ing else but
2. I tri-umph, for she flies be-fore my ham-mer's sound; And peace to me is

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic and includes a trill (*tr*) in the right hand. The vocal line consists of two stanzas of lyrics. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Cooper's Song

sing-ing, With an-vil loud-ly ring-ing, And jov-ial tra-la-ra-la, . . Can
giv-en, For far a-way she's driv-en, By mer-ry tra-la-ra-la, . . It

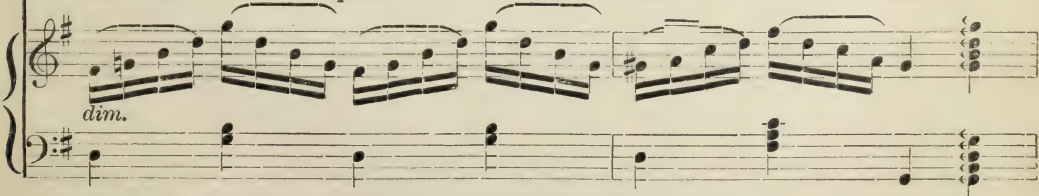
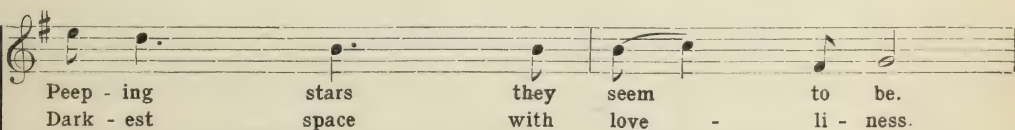
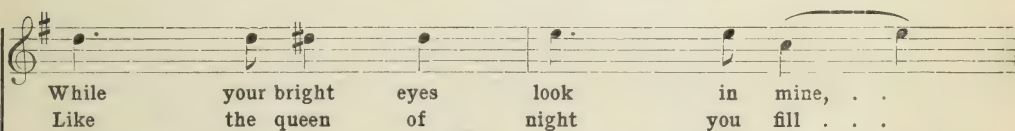
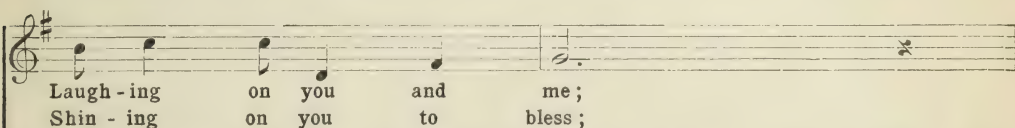
bring her down, tra-la. Tra-la-ra la la la la la oi-a
makes her flee, tra-la. Tra-la-ra la la la la la oi-a

he, oi-a-ha, la la ra la la la la la tra-la-ra-

la tra la la la, la!

Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love

J. P. ORDWAY

Dolce e legato

The Bass Staff alone may be used as an Accompaniment for the first eight measures.

Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love

Trou - bles come and go, love, Bright-est scenes must leave our sight;
 Sil - ver stars how bright, love, Moth - er moon in throne-ly might,

But the star of hope, love, Shines with ra - diant beams to-night.
 Gaze on us to bless, love, Pur - est vows here made to-night.

CHORUS

Twink-ling stars are laugh-ing, love, Laugh-ing on you and me;

dolce e legato

While your bright eyes look in mine, Peep-ing stars they seem to be.

cres. *rall.*

This musical score is for a piano piece. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a melody in the treble and a supporting bass line. The tempo markings 'cres.' and 'rall.' are placed below the bass staff.

Bruce's Address

ROBERT BURNS
Andante maestoso

Scotch Melody

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, whom Bruce has of-ten led, Wel-come to your
2. Wha will be a trai-tor's knave? Wha will fill a cow-ard's grave? Wha sae base as
3. By op-pres-sion's woes and pains, By your sons in ser-vile chains, We will drain our

go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ry! Now's the day, and now's the hour!
be a slave, Let him turn and flee! Wha for Scot-land's king and law,
dear-est veins, But they shall be free! Lay the proud u-surp-ers low,

See the front of bat-tle low'r, See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and slavery!
Free-dom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman stand, or free-man fa'? Let him fol-low me!
Ty-rants fall in ev-'ry foe! Lib-er-ty's in ev-'ry blow! Let us do and die!

This musical score is for a piano piece. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a melody in the treble and a supporting bass line. The tempo marking 'Andante maestoso' is placed below the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the music.

Do They Think of Me at Home

J. E. CARPENTER

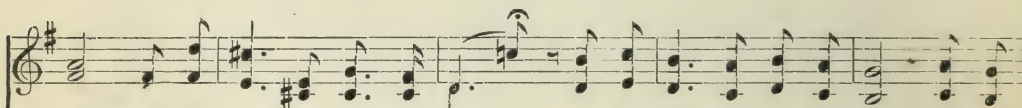
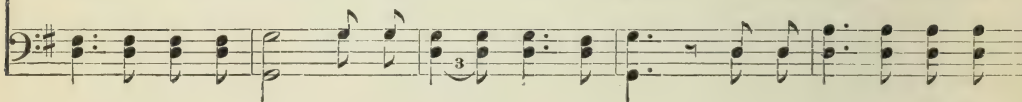
CHAS. W. GLOVER



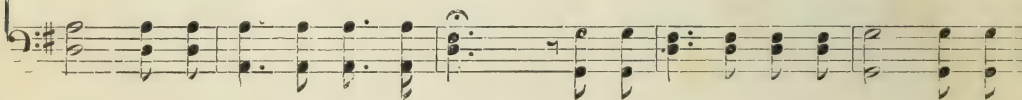
1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who
 2. Do they think of me at eve, Of the songs I used to sing? Is the
 3. Do they think of how I loved In my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they



shared their ev - ry grief, I who mingled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and
 nar - row I struck untouched, Does a stran - ger wake the string? Will no kind, for - giv - ing
 think o' him who came But could nev - er win their praise? I am hap - py by his



strange To be one now doomed to roam? I would give the world to know, "Do they
 word Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they
 side, And from hence he'll nev - er roam, But my heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they



think of me at home? I would give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?"
 think of me at home? "Shall I nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?"
 think of me at home? "But my heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"



A Life on the Ocean Wave

ETES SARGENT

HENRY RUSSELL

1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing deep, Where the
 2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift-glid - ing craft, Set
 3. The land is no longer in view, The clouds have be - gun to frown, But

scat - tered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep:
 sail! fare - well to the land, The gale fol - lows far a - baft.
 with a stout ves - sel and crew We'll say "Let the storm come down!"

Like an ea - gle caged I pine On this dull, un - chang - ing shore; Oh!
 We shoot thro' the sparkling foam, Like an o - cean bird set free; Like the
 And the song of our heart shall be, While the winds and the wa - ters rave, A

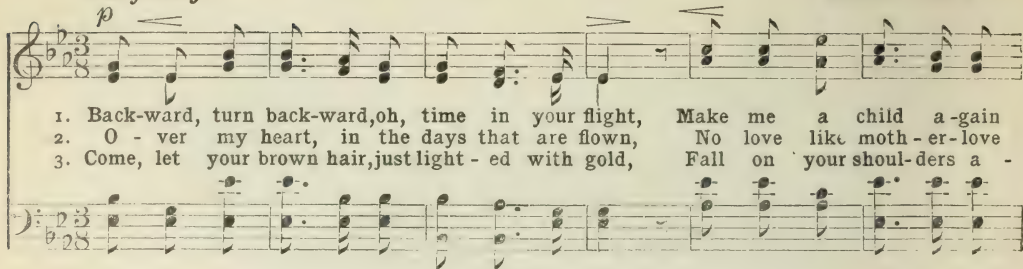
give me the flash - ing brine, The spray and the tem - pest roar!
 o - cean bird, our home We'll find far out on the sea!
 life on the heav - ing sea, A home on the bound - ing wave!

Rock Me to Sleep, Mother

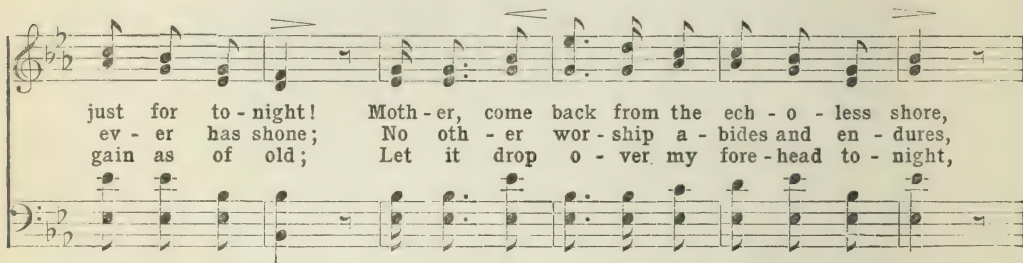
With feeling

ERNEST LESLIE

p

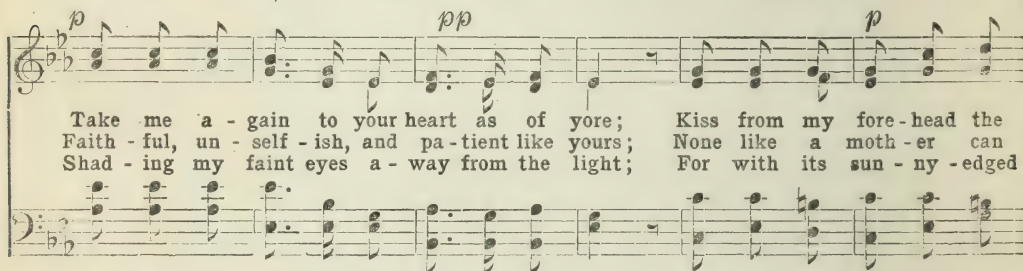


1. Back-ward, turn back-ward, oh, time in your flight, Make me a child a-gain
 2. O - ver my heart, in the days that are flown, No love like moth - er - love
 3. Come, let your brown hair, just light - ed with gold, Fall on your shoul - ders a -



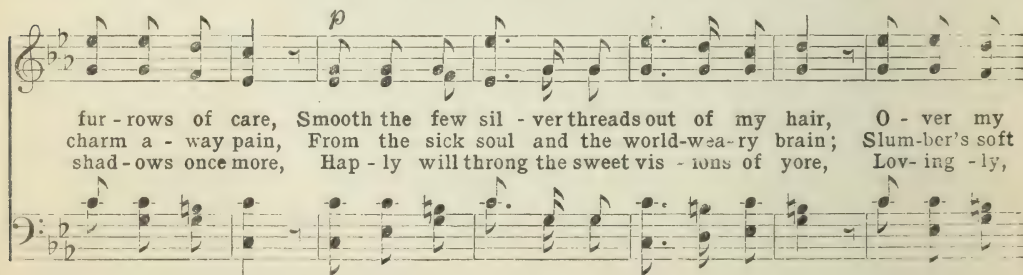
just for to - night! Moth - er, come back from the ech - o - less shore,
 ev - er has shone; No oth - er wor - ship a - bides and en - dures,
 gain as of old; Let it drop o - ver my fore - head to - night,

p *pp* *p*



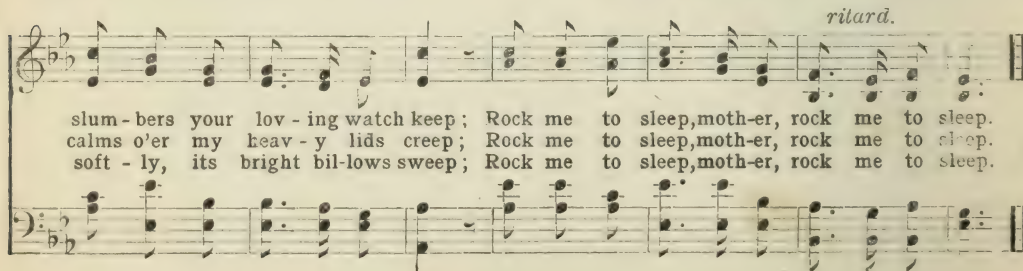
Take me a - gain to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my fore-head the
 Faith - ful, un - self - ish, and pa - tient like yours; None like a moth - er can
 Shad - ing my faint eyes a - way from the light; For with its sun - ny - edged

p



fur - rows of care, Smooth the few sil - ver threads out of my hair, O - ver my
 charm a - way pain, From the sick soul and the world-wea - ry brain; Slum - ber's soft
 shad - ows once more, Hap - ly will throng the sweet vis - ions of yore, Lov - ing - ly,

ritard.



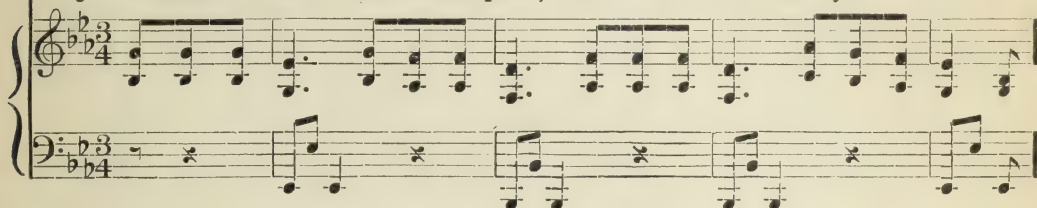
slum - bers your lov - ing watch keep; Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep.
 calms o'er my heav - y lids creep; Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep.
 soft - ly, its bright bil - lows sweep; Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep.

The Lone Fish-ball

SOLO



1. There was a man went up and down To seek a din - ner thro' the town.
 2. What wretch is he who wife for - sakes, Who best of jam and waf - fles makes?
 3. He feels his cash to know his pence, And finds he has but just six cents.



CHORUS



There was a man went up and down, To seek a din - ner thro' the town.
 (*Repeat words of stanza each time*)



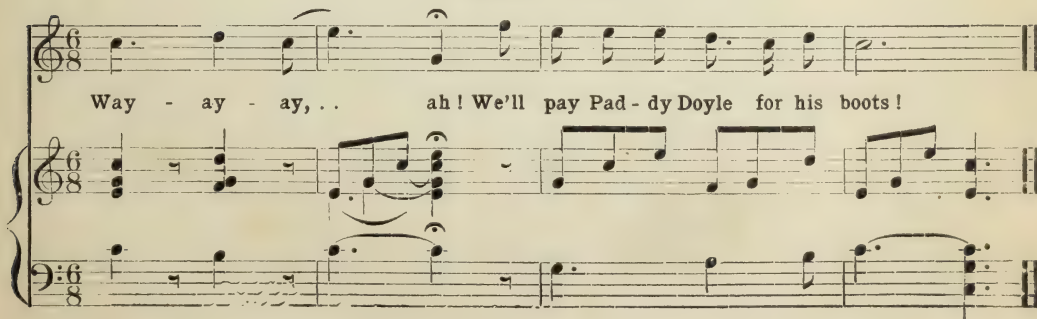
- | | |
|--|---|
| 4 He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face. | 9 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please." |
| 5 The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do. | 10 The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball!" |
| 6 The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-balls." | |
| 7 The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, — "one Fish-ball." | |
| 8 The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "one Fish-ball!" | |

MORAL

- 11 Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.
 12 Who would Fish-ball with fixin's eat,
Must get some friend to stand the treat.

We'll Pay Paddy Doyle

CHANTEY SONG



Go to Sleep, Lena Darling

J. K. EMMET

J. K. EMMET



1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar-ling, While I sing your lul - la - by; Fear thou no
2. Bright be de morn - ing, my dar-ling, Ven you ope your eyes; Sunbeams glow all



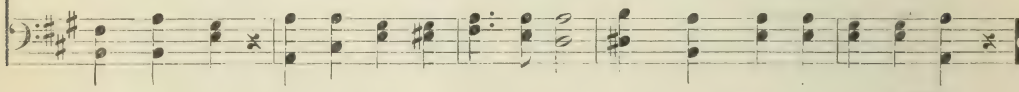
dan-ger, Le - na; Move not, dear Le - na, my dar-ling, For your broo-der watch-es
round you, Le - na, Peace be with thee, love, my dar-ling, Blue and cloudless be the



nigh you, Le - na dear. An-gels guide thee, Le - na dear, my dar - ling, Noth-ing e - vil
sky for Le - na dear. Birds sing their bright songs for thee, my dar - ling, Full of sweet-est



can come near; Brightest flow-ers blow for thee, Dar - ling sis-ter, dear to me.
mel - o - dy; An-gels ev - er hov - er near, Dar - ling sis-ter, dear to me.



CHORUS



Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by;



Go to sleep, my ba - by, ba - by, oh, bye! Go to sleep, Le - na, sleep.

Long, Long Ago

T. H. BAYLY

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
 2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go?
 3. Though by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;

Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 You by more el - o - quent lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,
 Then, to all oth - ers my smile you pre-ferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long ab-sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I lis-ten with pride,

Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Still my heart treas-ures the prais-es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Polly-wolly-doodle

SOLO CHORUS

1. Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the
 2. Ch, my Sal, she am a maid-en fair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the
 3. Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the

SOLO CHORUS

day; My Sal-ly am a spun-ky gal, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the
 day; With cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the
 day; An I jump'd upon a nigger, an' I tho't he was a hoss, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the

CHORUS

day. day. day. Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee well, Fare thee well, Fare thee well, Fare thee well

well, my fair-y fay, For I'm going to Lou'-si-a-na, For to see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
 A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

5 Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
 My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

6 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
 I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.

7 He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,
 He sneezed his head an' his tail right off
And so on, ad infin.

Speed Away! Speed Away

I. B. WOODBURY



1. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! on thine er - rand of light! There's a young heart a -
2. Wilt thou tell her, bright song - ster, the old chief is lone; That he sits all the
3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth - er hath
4. Go, bird of the sil - ver wing! fet - ter - less now; Stoop not thy bright



wait - ing thy com - ing to - night; She will fon - dle thee close, she will ask for the
day by his cheer - less hearth - stone; That his tom - a - hawk lies all un - no - ted the
ev - er a sad song to sing; That she stand - eth a - lone, in the still qui - et
pin - ions on yon moun - tain's brow; But hie thee a - way o'er rock, riv - er and



loved, Who pine up - on earth since the "Day Star" has roved; She will ask if we
while, And his thin lips wreath - ev - er in one sun - less smile; That the old chief - tain
night, And her fond heart goes forth for the be - ing of light, Who had slept in her
glen, And find our young "Day Star" ere night close a - gain. Up! on - ward! let



miss her, so long is her s'ay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
mourns her, and why will she stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
bo - som, but who would not stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
noth - ing thy mis - sion de - lay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!



Come Back to Erin

CLARIBEL

Moderato

1 & D.C. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Come back, A-roon, to the
 2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Long shone the white sail that
 3. Oh, may the an - gels while wak - in' or sleep - in', Watch o'er my bird in the

rit.
 land of thy birth; . . Come with the sham-rocks and spring-time, Ma-vour - neen,
 bore thee a - way; . . Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',
 land far a - way, . . And it's my pray'rs will con-sign to their keep - in',

1
 And its Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure, when you left us, our
 Just like a May-flower a - float on the bay. Oh, but my heart sank when
 Care o' my jew - el by night and by day. When by the fire - side I

beau - ti - ful dar - ling, Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days,
 clouds came between us, Like a grey cur - tain the rain fall - ing down;
 watch the bright em - bers, Then all my heart flies a - way o'er the sea,

Lit - tle we tho't of the hush of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the
 Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my
 Cra - vin' to know if my dar - lin' re - mem - bers, Or if her thot's may be

D.C. 2
 bluffs and the brays! Then And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
 Col - leen had flown. Then
 cross - in' to me. Then
colla voce.

Three Little Kittens

CHANT

TENORS
 1, 2, 3. Once upon a time there were three little kittens who lay in a basket of saw - aw - dust;
 BASSES

After last stanza
 Said the { first
 second } little kitten un-to the { other two } { If you don't get } I must! *That's all.*
 third } little cats, { out of this, then }

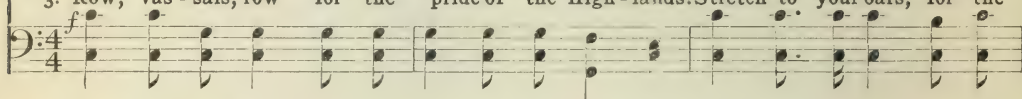
Hail to the Chief

Sir WALTER SCOTT
Maestoso

JAMES SANDERSON



1. Hail to the Chief who in tri-umph ad-van-ces! Hon-or'd and bless'd be the
 2. Ours is no sap-ling, chance-sown by the foun-tain, Bloom-ing at Bel-tane, in
 3. Row, vas-sals, row for the pride of the High-lands! Stretch to your oars, for the



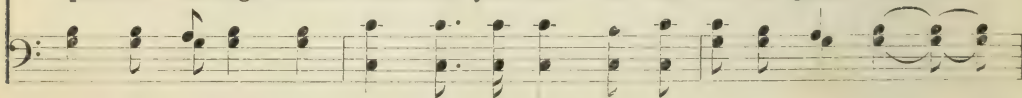
ev-er-green Pine! . . . Long may the tree, in his ban-ner that glan-ces,
 win-ter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd ev-'ry leaf on the moun-tain, The
 ev-er-green Pine! . . . O, that the rose-bud that gra-ces yon is-lands, Were



Flour-ish, the shel-ter and grace of our line! Hail to the Chief who in
 more shall Clan-Al-pine ex-ult in her shade. Ours is no sap-ling, chance-
 wreath'd in a gar-land a-round him to twine! Row, vas-sals, row, for the



tri-umph ad-van-ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev-er-green Pine! . . .
 sown by the foun-tain, Bloom-ing at Bel-tane, in win-ter to fade, When the
 pride of the High-lands! Stretch to your oars for the ev-er-green Pine!



Long may the tree, in his ban-ner that glan-ces, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and
 whirl-wind has stripp'd ev-'ry leaf on the moun-tain, The more shall Clan-Al-pine ex-
 O, that the rose-bud that gra-ces yon is-lands, Were wreath'd in a gar-land a-



f Al egro

grace of our line! Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth lend its sap a - new;
ult in her shade. Moor'd in the rift - ed rock, Proof to the tem - pest shock,
round him to twine! O, that some seed - ling gem, Wor - thy such no - ble stem,

Gai - ly to bour - geon and broadly to grow; While ev - 'ry High - land glen,
Firm - er he roots him, the ru - der it blow; Mentieth and Bread - al - bane, then,
Hon^d or'd and bless'd in their sha - dow might grow! Loud should Clan - Al - pine then

Sends our shout back a - gain, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"
Ech - o his praise a - gain, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"
Ring from the deepest glen, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"

Come, Thou Almighty King

C. WESLEY

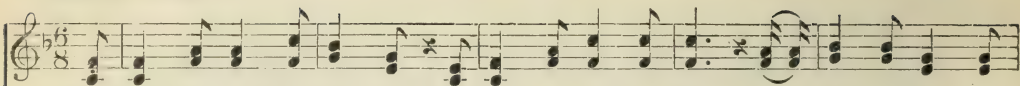
F. GIARDINI

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all -
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al -

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!

The Low-Backed Car

SAMUEL LOVER



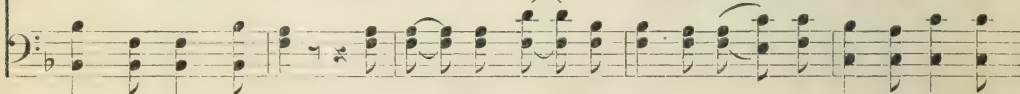
1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A low-back'd car she
2. In bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion, The proud and might-y Mars, With hos-tile scythes, de-
3. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she
4. I'd rath-er own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my side, Than a coach-and-four and



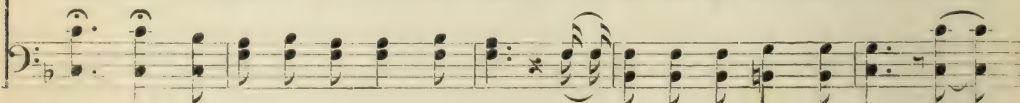
drove, and sot Up-on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And
mands his tithes Of death, In war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peace-ful god-dess, Has
slaugh-ters By far out-num-ber these; While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just
gold ga-lore, And a la-dy for my bride; For the la-dy would sit for-ninst me, On a



deck'd with flowers of spring, No flow'r was there that would com-pare With the blooming girl I
darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the mar-ket-town, As right and left they
like a tur-tle dove, Well worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the bloom-ing god of
cush-ion made with taste, While Peg-gy would sit be-side me With my arm around her



sing, As she sat in her low-back'd car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er
fly, While she sits in her low-back'd car,—Than bat-tles more dan-gerous far, For the
Love! While she sits in her low-back'd car, The lov-ers come near and far And
waist, As we drove in a low-back'd car, To be mar-ried by Fa-ther Mah'r, O, my



The Low-Back'd Car

443

rall. *a tempo* *rall. ad lib.*

ask'd for the toll, But just rubbed his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.
 doc - tor's art Can-not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.
 en - vy the chick-en That Peg-gy is pick-in', As she sits in the low-back'd car.
 heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car.

The Miller of the Dee

CHARLES MACKAY

1. There dwelt a mil - ler, hale and bold, Be-side the riv - er Dee; He wrought and sang from
 2. "Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be; For could my heart be
 3. The mil - ler smiled and doff'd his cap: "I earn my bread" quoth he; "I love my wife, I
 4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sigh'd the while, "Farewell! and happy be; But say no more, if

morn till night, No lark more blithe than he; And this the bur - den of his song For -
 light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee. And tell me now what makes thee sing With
 love my friend, I love my chil-dren three. I owe no debt I can - not pay, I
 thou'dst be true, That no one en - vies thee; Thy meal - y cap is worth my crown; Thy

ev - er used to be, "I en - vy no one, no, not I! And no one en - vies me!"
 voice so loud and free, While I am sad, tho' I'm the King, Be-side the riv - er Dee?"
 thank the riv - er Dee, That turns the mill that grinds the corn To feed my babes and me!"
 mill my king-dom's fee! Such men as thou are Eng-land's boast, O mil-ler of the Dee!"

Farewell

From the German, by H. ZICK

SILCHER

mf Andante *p*

1. Love! so beau - ti - ful and true! I must leave - to - mor - row,
 2. In true friend - ship heart to heart Close - ly clings for - ev - er,
 3. When soft breez - es kiss your cheek, Touch your hands ca - ress - ing,

mf *cres.*

Can no lon - ger be with you, Part - ing caus - es sor - row.
 Sun and moon on high may part, But true friends will nev - er.
 Sighs they are and thee may seek, Sent by me with bless - ing;

p

Ah! I love thee faith - ful - ly, More than words can tell to thee;
 Who the depths of woe can tell, When two lov - ers say fare-well,
 Thou - sands send I day by day, And with thee I bid them stay,

cres. *f*

Yet from thee must wan - der, Yet from thee must wan - der.
 Say fare-well for - ev - er, Say fare-well for - ev - er.
 To re - call me to thee, To re - call me to thee!

Auld Robin Gray

Lady ANN LINDSAY

Old Melody

Larghetto

1. Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride, But
 2. He had na been gone a week but on - ly twa, When my
 3. My fa - ther urged me sair, my mith - er did - na speak, But she

sav - ing a crown he had naeth-ing else be-side; To make that crown a pound, my
 fa-ther brake his arm, and our cow was stown a-wa'; My mith-er she fell sick, and my
 look'd in my face till my heart was like to break; They gied him my hand tho' my

Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
 Ja - mie at the sea, And auld Rob - in Gray cam' a-court - ing me.
 heart was at the sea; And auld Rob - in Gray is gude - man to me.

Rosalie

Tempo di valse

1. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ree, de Pa - ree, I drink my di -
 2. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ree, de Pa - ree, I'm called by les
 3. I go to the fete de Mar-quoise, de Mar-quoise, I go and make

vine eau - de - vie, eau - de - vie. As I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou -
 dames très jo - li; très jo - li; When I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou -
 love at my ease, at my ease. I go to her père and de-mand for my

pé, I tell you I'm some-thing to see. But I care not what
 pé, I tell you I'm some-thing to see. But I care not what
 own The hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie. But I care not what

oth - ers may say, . . . I'm in love with Ro - sa - lie. Charm-ing

Rose, pret-ty Rose, . . . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie.

Abide with Me

H. F. LYTE

W. H. MONK

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens - Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain

com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
 round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

The Laird o' Cockpen

Allegro

1. The Laird o' Cock - pen he's proud an' he's great, His
 2. Doun by the dyke - side a la - dy did dwell, At his
 3. His wig was weel - pouth-er'd, as good as when new, His

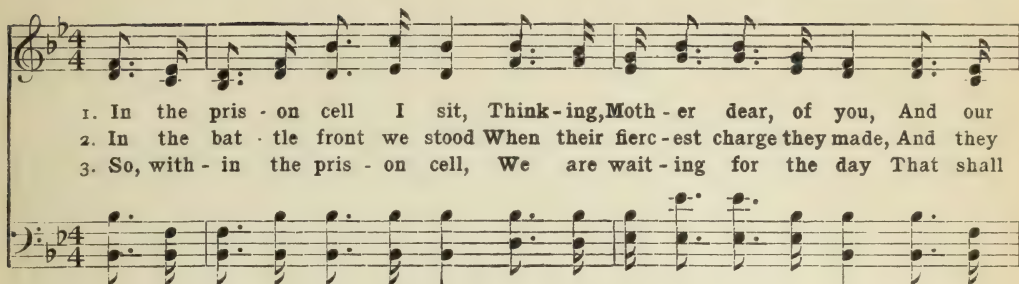
mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He want - ed a wife his
 ta - ble - head he thocht she'd look well; M' - Cle - ish's ae doch - ter a'
 waist-coat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, a

braw house to keep, But fa - vour wi' woo - in' was fash - ious to seek.
 Clav - ers' - ha' Lee, A pen - ni - less lass wi' a lang ped - i - gree.
 sword, and cock'd hat; And wha could re - fuse the Laird wi' a' that?

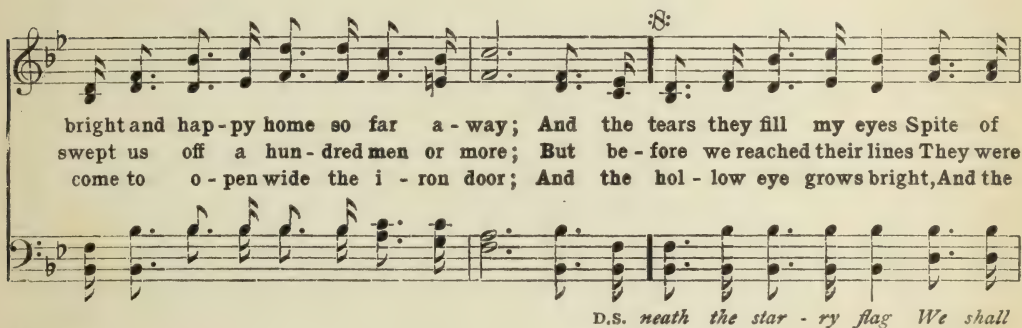
- 4 He mounted his mare, and rade cannillie:
 An' rapped at the yett o' Clavers'-ha' Lee.
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."
- 5 Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine—
 "What brings the Laird here at sic a like time?"
 She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doun.
- 6 An' when she came ben, he bowed fu' low;
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said— "Na."
 An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.
- 7 Dumbfounded was he—but nae sigh did he gie;
 He mounted his mare, and rade cannillie;
 An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,
 "She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp

GEORGE F. ROOT

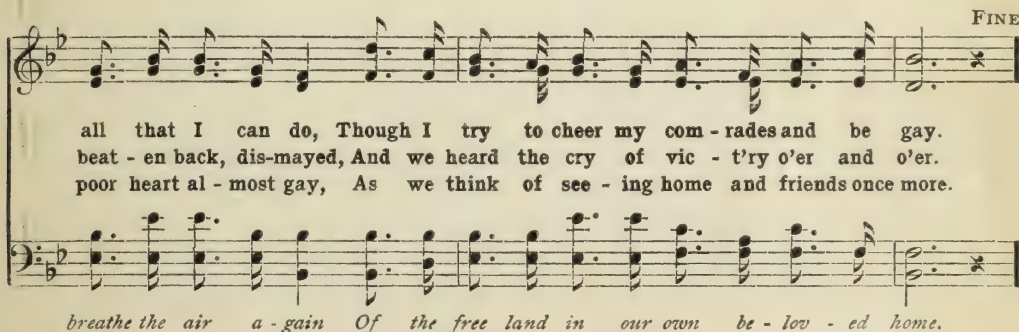


1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
 2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
 3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall



bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
 swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
 come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the

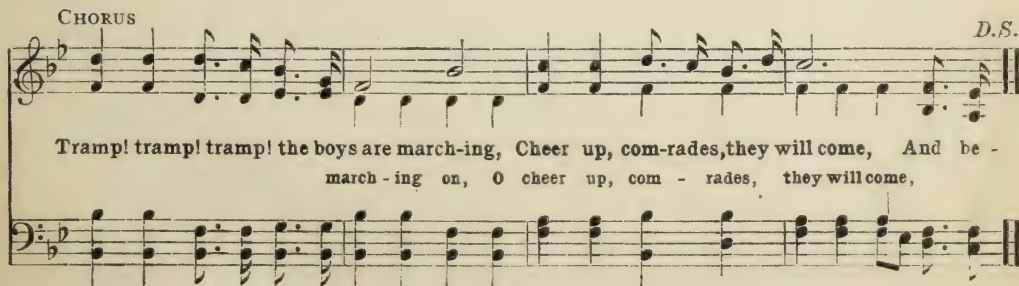
D.S. neath the star - ry flag We shall



all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
 beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
 poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.

breathe the air a - gain Of the free land in our own be - lov - ed home.

FINE



CHORUS

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be -
 march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,

D.S.

Rosa Lee

Allegretto

1. When I lib'd in Ten-nes-see, U - li - a - li o - la - e, I went court-in'
 2. I said "You lub-by gal, dat's plain, U - li - a - li o - la - e, Breff as sweet as

Ro - sa Lee, U - li - a - li o - la - e. Eyes as dark as win - ter night,
 su - gar-cane, U - li - a - li o - la - e. Feet so large and come - ly too, Might

Lips as red as ber - ry bright, When first I did her woo - ing go, She
 make a cra - dle ob each shoe. Ro - sa, take me for your beau, She

said "Now don't be fool - ish, Joe." U - li - a - li o - la - e, Court-in' down in

f

Ten - nes - see, U - li - a - li o - la - e, 'Neath de wild Ba - na - na-tree.

This musical score is for a piece by Rosa Lee. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are 'Ten - nes - see, U - li - a - li o - la - e, 'Neath de wild Ba - na - na-tree.'

Were You Ever in Rio Grand

(A "HEAVE THE ANCHOR" CHANTEY-SONG)

SOLO CHORUS SOLO CHORUS

1. Were you ev-er in Ri - o Grand? Way, Ri-o, O were you ev-er on that strand? We're
 2. Where the Portugee girls can be found, Way, Ri-o, And they are the girls to waltz around, We're

bound for the Ri-o Grand? Way, . . Ri-o, Way, . . Ri-o, Then

fare you well, my pret - ty young girl, we're bound for the Ri-o . . Grand.

This musical score is for a chanty-song titled 'Were You Ever in Rio Grand'. It is divided into four sections: SOLO, CHORUS, SOLO, and CHORUS. The key signature has one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Were you ev-er in Ri - o Grand? Way, Ri-o, O were you ev-er on that strand? We're
 2. Where the Portugee girls can be found, Way, Ri-o, And they are the girls to waltz around, We're

bound for the Ri-o Grand? Way, . . Ri-o, Way, . . Ri-o, Then

fare you well, my pret - ty young girl, we're bound for the Ri-o . . Grand.

Home to Our Mountains

C. JEFFERYS

From VERDI'S "Il Trovatore"

Home to our moun-tains Let us re - turn, love, There in its young days

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Peace had its reign; There shall thy sweet song fall on my slum - bers,

This system contains the next two staves of music, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system.

There shall thy lute make me joy - ous a - gain. Rest thee, my moth - er,

Sra.....
dolciss

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The lyrics continue, and there are performance markings *Sra* and *dolciss* above the piano staff.

kneel - ing be - side thee, I will pour forth my

Sra.....

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The lyrics conclude with 'my', and there is a performance marking *Sra* above the piano staff.

AZUCENA

p trou - ba - dour lay. Oh, sing and wake now thy sweet lute's soft

Sva

p

num - bers, Lull me to rest, charm my sor - rows a - way, Oh, way.

MANRICO

Yes, I will pour forth . . my trou - ba - dour lay. lay.

pp

Now the Day is Over

S. BARING-GOULD

J. BARNBY

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose,
 3. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may we a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

The Rainy Day

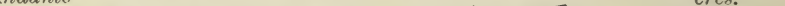
H. W. LONGFELLOW

Andante

WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER

crec.

p Andante *cres.*



1. The day is cold, and dark, and drear-y; It rains, and the
2. My life is cold, and dark, and drear-y; It rains, and the
3. Be still, sad heart! and cease re - pin - ing; Be - hind the

The first system of the musical score for 'The Song of the Lark' is shown. It features a treble and bass staff with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The treble staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

wind is nev - er wea - ry; The vine still clings to the
wind is nev - er wea - ry; My thoughts still cling to the
clouds is the sun still shin - ing; Thy fate is the com - mon

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the lower register, featuring a melody in the left hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the right hand. The voice part is in the upper register, featuring a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The score is written in 2/4 time and includes a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics are marked 'f' (forte). The score is divided into two systems, each with a repeat sign. The first system contains the first two lines of the score, and the second system contains the next two lines. The score is written in a standard musical notation style, with notes, rests, and other musical symbols clearly visible.

moul-der-ing wall, But at ev-'ry gust the dead leaves fall, And the
moul-der-ing past, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast, And the
fate of all, In-to each life some rain must fall, Some

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains six measures of music, primarily featuring chords and some eighth-note patterns. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, containing mostly whole notes and rests. A dynamic marking "dim." appears above the fifth measure of the upper staff, and "pp" appears at the end of the system.

The Rainy Day

45.

day is dark and drear-y, . . . And the day is
 days are dark and drear-y, . . . And the days are
 days must be dark and drear-y, . . . Some days must be
 dark and drear-y, . . . And the day is dark and drear - y.
 dark and drear-y, . . . And the days are dark and drear - y.
 dark and drear-y, . . . Some days must be dark and drear - y.

Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee

E. CASWALL

J. B. DYKES

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee Withsweet-ness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
 3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek!
 But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
 A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man - kind!
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

Maryland! My Maryland

J. R. RANDALL, adapted

1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

Thy gleam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 Tho' thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust,
 Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,
 For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal,
 Come to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long,

And all thy slum - b'ers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 And gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 And ring thy daunte - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

The Old Cabin Home

1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the
 2. I am go - ing to leave this land, With this, our dark - ey band, . . To
 3. When old age . . comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray, . . I'll

Mis - sis - sip - pi val - ley I am go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo,
 trav - el all the wide . . world . . o - ver, And when I get . . tired,
 hang up the ban - jo all a - lone; . . I'll . . sit down by the fire,

And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
 I will set - tle down to rest, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
 And I'll pass the time a - way, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

CHORUS

Here is my Old Cab - in Home, . . Here is my sis - ter and my broth - er,

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.

Looking Back

LOUISA GRAY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

1. I heard a voice long years a-go, A voice so wondrous sweet and low, That
 2. But ere our sum-mer pass'd a-way, That gen-tle voice was hush'd for aye; I

trem-bling tears un-bid-den rose From the depths of love's re- pose. . . . It
 watch'd my love's last smile and knew, How well the angel's lov'd her too. . . . Then

float - ed thro' my dreams at night, And made the dark-est day seem
 si - lent but with blind - ing tears, I gath-er'd all the love of

bright, It whis-per'd to my heart, "My love," And nest-ling there for - got to
 years And laid it with my dreams of old, . . . Where all I lov'd slept white and

rall. *Un poco piu lento e con molto tenerezza*

rove. . cold. . O my love, I lov'd her so, My love that lov'd me

rall. *Ped.* *f* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.*

years a - go, . . O . . . my love, . . . O . . . my love, . . .

f *f* *f*

tres largement

O my love, I lov'd her so, My love . . . that lov'd me years a - go.

cres. *f* *colla voce*

Haul on the Bowlin'

(A SHORT-HAUL CHANTEY-SONG)

Solo

CHORUS

1. Haul on the bow-lin', Our bul - ly ship's a - roll - in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!

2. Haul on the bow-lin', Our cap-tain he's a - growl-in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!

3. Haul on the bow-lin', O Kit - ty, you're my darl-in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!

For You

ARTHUR CHAPMAN
Andante espressivo

SYDNEY SMITH

1. They say the years have swallow's wings, But mine have leaden feet, Since last we stood and
 2. They told me if we linked our lives, That you would rue the day, And when the sor-rows

Bass with octaves

said "good-bye," That eve in June-tide sweet; I read the an-guish in your eyes, As
 gath-ered round, Your love would pass a-way; But had I known what life would be When

f con dolore *dim. e ritard.* *p*
 sad you turn'd a-way, But oh! you guessed not what I bore, The tears I could not stay. For
 ev-'ry hope had fled, Those cru-el words I spoke that night, Had ne'er by me been said. For

dim e ritard

REFRAIN *Lento, e con moto espressivo*

you! for you! my dar - ling, I spoke those words un - true. . . I

left you, tho' I loved you, And broke my heart for you! . . .

rilard.

rilard. *cres.*

This system features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The vocal line begins with a series of eighth notes and a triplet. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The tempo marking *rilard.* (rallentando) appears above the vocal staff and below the piano staff. A crescendo marking *cres.* is placed below the piano staff towards the end of the system.

. . . For you! for you! my dar - ling, I spoke those words un - true, I

f

f *cres.*

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment also features a forte dynamic and a crescendo. The tempo remains *rilard.*

left you, tho' I loved you, And broke my heart for you.

con passione *p* *rall.*

con forza

The final system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a rallentando (*rall.*) marking. The piano accompaniment is marked *con passione* and *con forza* (with force). The tempo marking *rall.* is also present above the vocal staff.

Alice, Where art Thou

J. ASCHER

Andante con espressione

1. The birds sleep - ing gen - tly, Sweet Ly - ra gleam-eth bright, Her
 2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing just as it fall - eth now; And

Bass with octaves

rays tinge the for - est, And all seems glad to-night. The
 all things sleep gen - tly! Ah! Al - ice, where art thou? I've

wind sigh - ing by me, Cool - ing my fev - er'd brow; The
 sought thee by lake - let, I've sought thee on the hill, . . . And

stream flows as ev - er, Yet, Al - ice, where art thou? One
 in the pleas-ant wild - wood, When winds blew cold and chill; I've

year back this e - ven, And thou wert by my side,
sought thee in for - est; I'm look - ing heav'nward now,

And thou wert by my side, Vow - - ing to
I'm look - ing heav'nward now; Oh! there 'mid

love me; One year past this e - ven, And thou wert by my side,
star-shine, - I've sought thee in for - est, I'm look-ing heav'nward now.

Vow - ing to love me, Al - ice, what - e'er might be - tide.
Oh! . . . there a - mid the star-shine, Al - ice. I know, art thou.

No One to Love

A. H. G. RICHARDSON

Arranged by C. EVEREST

*Andante**cres.**f*

1. No one to love, none to ca-ress, Roam-ing a-lonethrough this
 2. In dreams a-lone, loved ones I see, And well-known voi-ces then
 3. No one to love, none to ca-ress, None to re-pond to this

*(For D.C. sing words of first stanza)**p**cres.**f**dim.*

world's wil-der-ness; Sad is my heart, joy is un-known,
 whis-per to me; Sigh-ing I wake, wak-ing I weep;
 heart's ten-der-ness! Trust-ing I wait; God in His love

*dim.**cres.**f**dim.*FINE *p*

For in my sor-row I'm weep-ing a-lone; No gen-tle voice,
 Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep. Oh, bliss-ful rest!
 Prom-is-es rest in His man-sions a-bove; Oh, bliss in store,

*cres.**dim.**p*

rit. *D.C.*

no ten - der smile Makes me re - joice, or cares be - guile. . .
 what heart would stay, Un - loved, un - bless'd, from heaven a - way? . . .
 oh, joy mine own, There nev - er - more to weep a - lone! . . .

mf rit. *D.C.*

Blow, Boys, Blow

(A HOISTING CHANTEY-SONG)

Solo **CHORUS** **Solo**

1. Blow, my bul - lies, I long to hear you, Blow, boys, blow
 2. A Yan - kee ship's gone down the riv - er, Blow, boys, blow! And
 3. Dan - dy - funk and don - key's liv - er, Blow, boys, blow! Then

CHORUS

Blow, my bul - lies, I come to cheer you, Blow, my bul - ly boys, blow!
 what do you think they got for din - ner? Blow, my bul - ly boys, blow!
 blow, my boys, for bet - ter wea - ther, Blow, my bul - ly boys, blow!

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

PHOEBE CAREY

R. S. AMBROSE

One sweet-ly sol- emn thought

Comes to me o'er and o'er,

I am near-er home to-day Than I've ev-er been be-fore.

Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where the man-y man-sions be,

Near-er the great white throne, ..

Near-er the crys-tal sea.

Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are 'Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,'.

Near - er leav - ing the cross, . . . Near - er gain - ing the crown.

This system contains the second line of music. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Near - er leav - ing the cross, . . . Near - er gain - ing the crown.'.

But ly - ing darkly be - tween, . . . Wind - ing a - down thro' the night, . . .

This system contains the third line of music. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'But ly - ing darkly be - tween, . . . Wind - ing a - down thro' the night, . . .'. The piano part features a dense texture of chords.

Is the si - lent, un - known stream, That leads at last to the light.

This system contains the fourth line of music. It concludes the piece. The lyrics are 'Is the si - lent, un - known stream, That leads at last to the light.'.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Fa - ther, be near when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink, For it

may be I am near - er home, Near - er now than I think.

Blow the Man Down

(A HOISTING CHANTEY-SONG)

SOLO

CHORUS

SOLO

1. As I was a-walking down Para-dise Street, (Way! Hey! Blow the man down!) A
 2. Says she to me, "Will you stand treat?" (Way! Hey! Blow the man down!) "De-

CHORUS

pret - ty young dam-sel I chanced for to meet. (Give me some time to blow the man down.)
 lighted," says I, "for a charm-er so sweet." (Give me some time to blow the man down.)

The Red, White and Blue

D. T. SHAW

THOMAS A. BECKET

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean,
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion,
 3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er,

The home of the brave and the
 And threat-en'd the land to de-
 O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it

free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-ers hom-age to
 form, The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the
 wave; May the wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the

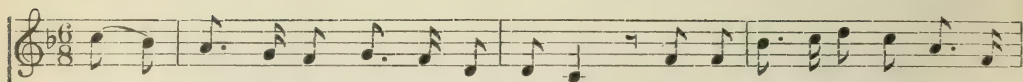
thee; Thy man-dates make he-ros as-sem-ble, When lib-er-ty's form stands in
 storm; With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave
 brave; May the ser-vice u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so

view; Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-n-y trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue,
 crew, With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue,
 true; The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue,

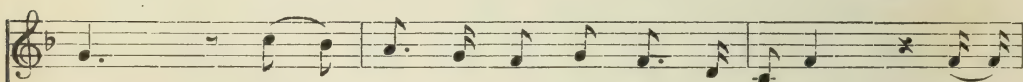
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

Nora O'Neal

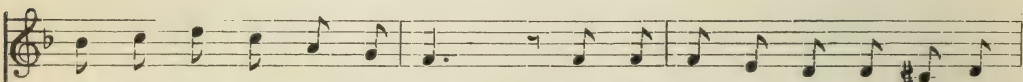
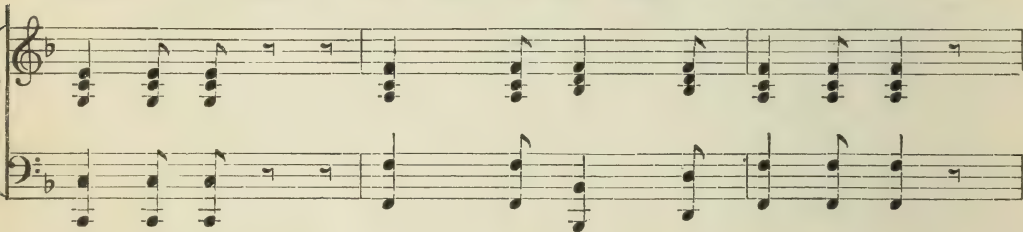
WILL S. HAYS



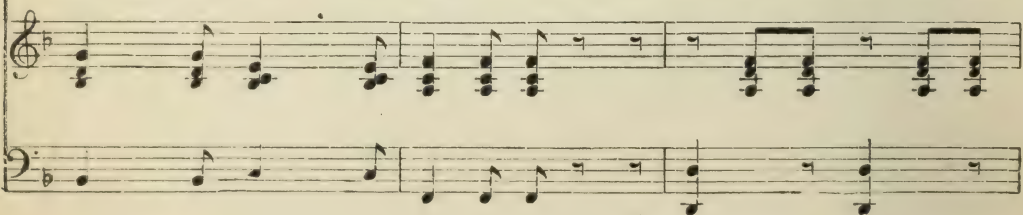
1. Oh! I'm lone - ly to - night, love, with - out you, And I sigh for one glance of your
 2. Oh! the night - in - gale sings in the wild - wood, As if ev - er - y note that he
 3. Oh! why should I weep tears of sor - row? Or why does my hope lose its



eye; For sure there's a charm, love, a - bout you, When
 knew Was learned from your sweet voice in child - hood, To re -
 place? Won't I meet you, my dar - ling, to - mor - row, And



ev - er I know you are nigh. Like the beam of the star when 'tis
 mind me, sweet No - ra, of you. But I think, love, so of - ten a -
 smile on your beau - ti - ful face? Will you meet me? Oh, say, will you



smil - ing, Is the glance which your eye can't con - ceal, And your
 bout you, And you don't know how hap - py I feel, But I'm
 meet me With a kiss, at the foot of the lane? And I'll

voice is so sweet and be - guil - ing That I love you, sweet No - ra O' - Neal. Oh!
 lone - ly to - night, love, without you, My dar - ling, sweet No - ra O' - Neal. Oh!
 prom - ise when - ev - er you greet me, That I'll nev - er be lone - ly a - gain. Oh!

don't think that ev - er I'll doubt you, My love I will nev - er con - ceal; Oh! I'm

lone - ly to - night, love, with - out you, My dar - ling, sweet No - ra O' Neal.

Kind Words are Dear to All

NELLY E. ELWELL
Andante con moto

P. E. VAN NOORDEN

1. Speak gen - tly, there's e-nough of care! Be-neath the bright-est smile, . . . The
 2. Speak gen - tly, kind words bless the lips From whence they sweet-ly fall . . . Like

lips may ut - ter mer - ry words, The heart be sad the while, . . . The
 dew - drops to the droop-ing flow'rs, Kind words are dear to all, . . . Kind

heart be sad the while. A kind word is a lit - tle thing, But
 words are dear to all. The heart grows strong be - neath their light, Dark

oh! how great its pow'r To light us on to no - ble deeds, In
 vis - ions fade a - way, We wake as from a trou - bled dream, To

colla voce. *p* *f*

some sad, si - lent hour, In some sad, si - lent hour, To
wel - come hope's bright ray, To wel - come hope's bright ray, We

pp

light us on to no - ble deeds, In some sad, si - lent hour.
wake as from a trou - bled dream, To wel - come hope's bright ray.

rall.

rall.

8

The Promised Land

1. I have a Fa-ther in the prom-ised land, I have a Fa-ther in the prom-ised land,
2. I have a Sav-iour in the prom-ised land, I have a Sav-iour in the prom-ised land,
3. I have a crown in the prom-ised land, I have a crown in the prom-ised land,
4. I hope to meet you in the prom-ised land, I hope to meet you in the prom-ised land,
D.C. I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the prom-ised land, I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the prom-ised land,

D.C.

My Fa-ther calls me, I must go To meet Him in the prom-ised land.
My Sav-iour calls me, I must go To meet Him in the prom-ised land.
When Je - sus calls me, I must go To wear it in the prom-ised land.
At Je - sus' feet a joy - ous band; We'll praise Him in the prom-ised land.
My Fa-ther calls me I must go To meet Him in the prom-ised land.

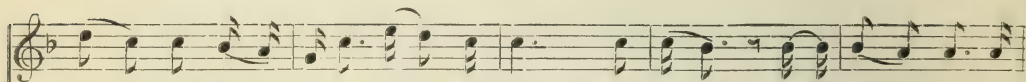
The Soldier's Tear

ALEXANDER LEE

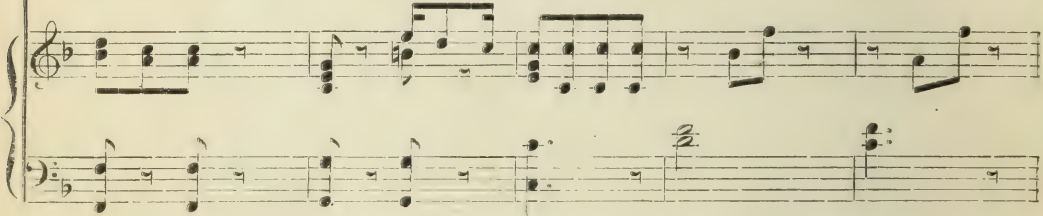
T. H. BAYLE

Larghetto

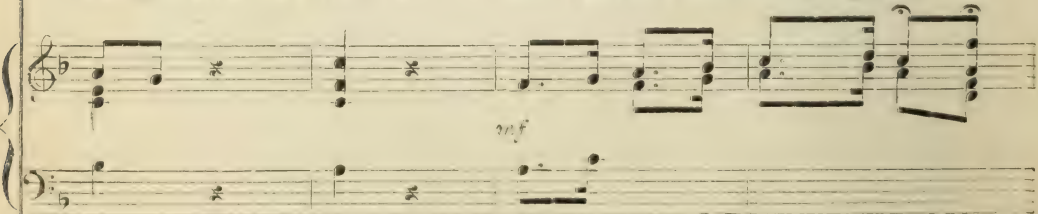
- | | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| 1. Up - on the hill he turned | To take a last fond look Of the val - ley and the |
| 2. Be - side that cot-tage porch | A girl had knelt in pray'r; She held a - loft a |
| 3. He turn'd and left the spot, | Oh, do not think him weak, For dauntless was the |



village church, And the cot-tage by	the brook.	He list-ened	to the sounds so fa -
snow - y scarf Which flut-tered in	the air;	She breathed	a sigh for him, A
sol-dier's heart, Tho' tears were on	his cheek.	Go watch	the foremost ranks in



mil - iar to his ear,	And the sol - dier leant up - on	his sword, And
pray'r he could not hear,	But he paused to bless her as	she knelt, And
dan - ger's dark ca - reer,	Be	sure the hand most dar - ing there Has



The Soldier's Tear

475

wiped . . a - way a tear.

f

This musical score is for the song 'The Soldier's Tear'. It features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The first line of music includes a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking in the second measure.

When to Thy Vision

From GOUNOD's "Faust"

1. When to thy vis - ion life ap - pears sweet - ly smil - ing, Then all a -
2. As two fond flow'r - ets on one stem u - nit - ed, So link'd by

bout me seems to smile on me, But if sad tears come and naught seems life be -
des - ti - ny our hearts are bound, Should ev - er sor - rows come, or hopes be

guil - ing, Then, O my lov'd one, then, O my lov'd one, then I will weep for thee, will weep for thee.
blight - ed, Then ev - er faith - ful, then ev - er faith - ful, I shall be faithful, ev - er faithful found.

This musical score is for the song 'When to Thy Vision' from Gounod's 'Faust'. It is in D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The score is presented in two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the song, with two verses of lyrics. The second system contains the next two lines of the song. The piano accompaniment is written for both hands, with various chords and melodic lines. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with some words hyphenated across lines.

Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer

LURDINE

Largamente

WM. VINCENT WALLACE

1. Oh! Thou, to whom this heart ne'er yet Turned in an-guish or re-gret, The
 2. Oh! Thou, to whom my thot's are known, Calm, oh! calm these trembling fears; Ah!

past for-give, the fu-ture spare; Sweet Spir-it, hear my pray'r! Ch!
 turn a-way the world's cold frown, And dry my fall-ing tears! Oh!

leave me not a-lone in grief, Send this blight-ed heart re-lief! Send this

blight-ed heart re-lief! Make Thou my life thy fu-ture care, Sweet

Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer

477

con espressione

Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Ah! make . . my life thy fu - ture care, Sweet

p

rall.

Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Hear, oh! hear my pray'r! Ah! hear . . my pray'r!

pp

The musical score for 'Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer' is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood is marked 'con espressione'. The first line of music features a vocal melody with lyrics 'Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Ah! make . . my life thy fu - ture care, Sweet'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The second line of music continues the vocal melody with lyrics 'Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Hear, oh! hear my pray'r! Ah! hear . . my pray'r!'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'pp' (pianissimo) marking and a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking. The score ends with a double bar line.

Softly Now the Light of Day

G. W. DOANE

C. M. VON WEBER

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way ;
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
 3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way ;
 4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty ;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
 Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

The musical score for 'Softly Now the Light of Day' is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into four stanzas of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The score ends with a double bar line.

When You and I Were Young

Geo. W. JOHNSON

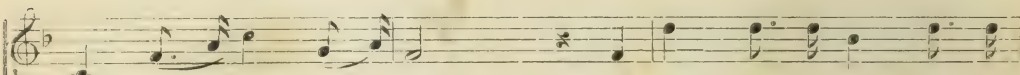
J. A. BUTTERFIELD



1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be -
 2. A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the
 3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright-ly than

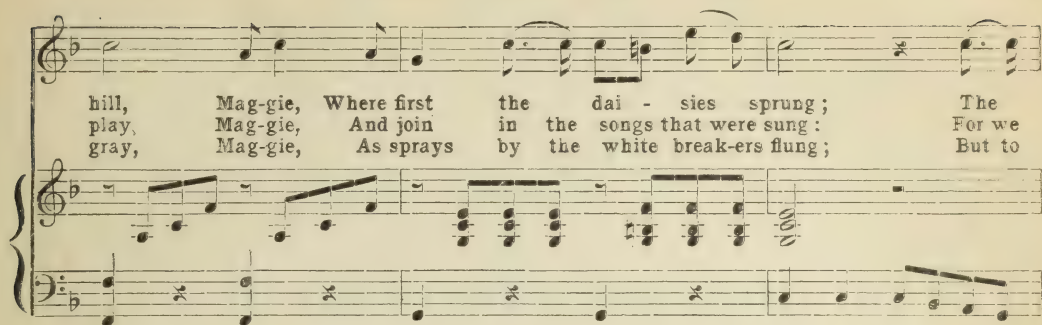


low; The creek and the creek - ing old mill, Mag-gie, As
 best, In pol - ished white man - sions of stone, Mag-gie, Have
 then, My face is a well - writ - ten page, Mag-gie, But

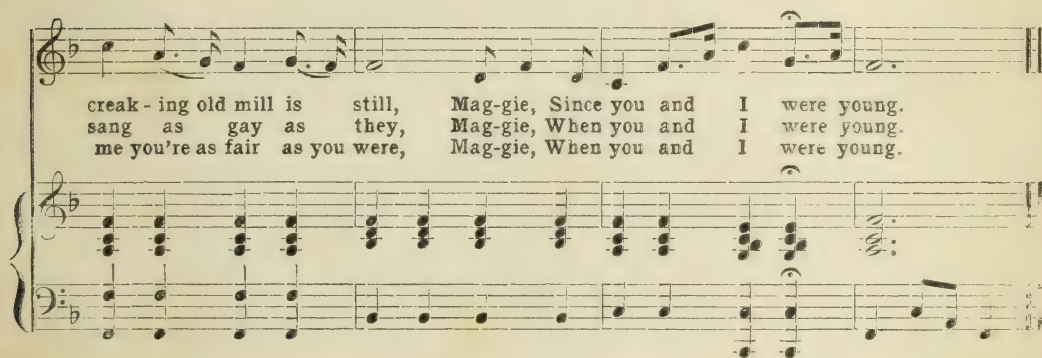


we used to long a - go. The green grove is gone from the
 each found a place of rest, Is built where the birds used to
 time a - lone was the pen. They say we are a - ged and





hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The
play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung: For we
gray, Mag-gie, As sprays by the white break-ers flung; But to

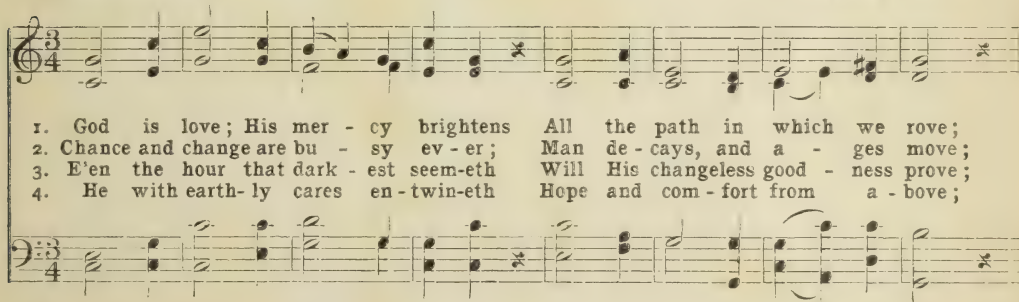


creak - ing old mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
sang as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

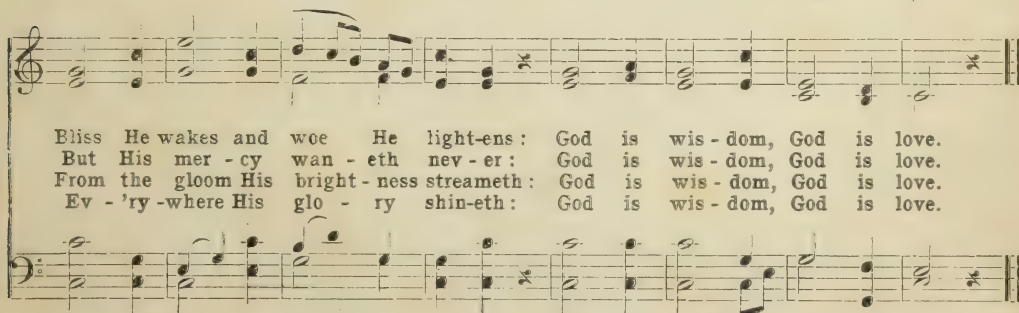
God is Love, His Mercy Brightens

JOHN BOWRING

ITHAMAR CONKEY



1. God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem-eth Will His changeless good - ness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin-eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;



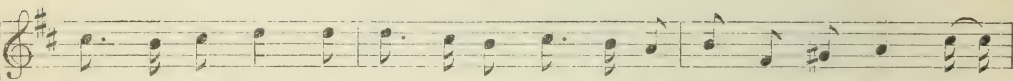
Bliss He wakes and woe He light-ens: God is wis - dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er: God is wis - dom, God is love.
From the gloom His bright - ness streameth: God is wis - dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry - where His glo - ry shin-eth: God is wis - dom, God is love.

Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby

Andantino



1. Oh, hush thee, my ba-by! thy sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy so
2. Oh, rest thee, my dar-ling, the time soon will come, When sleep shall be brok-en by
3. Oh, fear not the bu-gle tho' loud - ly it blows, It calls but the ward-ers that



love - ly and bright; The woods and the glens from these tow'rs which we see, They
trum - pet and drum; Then rest thee, my dar - ling, oh sleep while you may, For
guard thy re - pose; Their bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the



all are be - long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee. Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,
strife comes with man-hood, as light comes with day. Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,
step of a foe - man drew near to thy bed. Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,



sleep on till day! Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may!

The musical score for 'Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby' is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It features a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The melody is simple and lullaby-like, with a final cadence. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic background.

The Three Little Pigs

A. S. GATTY

1. A jol - ly old sow once lived in a sty, And three lit - tle pig-gies had she,
2. "My dear lit - le brothers," said one of the brats, "My dear lit - tle pig-gies," said he,
3. Then these three lit - tle pig-gies grew skin - ny and lean, And lean they might ver - y well be,

The musical score for 'The Three Little Pigs' is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 8/8 time. It features a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The melody is simple and lullaby-like, with a final cadence. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic background.

And she wad-dled a - bout, say - ing "Umph, Umph, Umph," While the lit - tle ones said "Wee, Wee,"
"Let us all for the fu - ture say Umph, Umph, Umph," 'Tis so child - ish to say Wee, Wee;"
For some - how they could - n't say "Umph, Umph, Umph," And they wouldn't say "Wee, Wee, Wee,"

The musical score for 'The Three Little Pigs' continues with a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The melody is simple and lullaby-like, with a final cadence. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic background.

MORAL

4 So after a time these little pigs died,
They all died of *felo de se*,
From trying too hard to say "Umph, Umph,
Umph,"
When they only could say "Wee, Wee."

5 A moral there is to this little song,
A moral that's easy to see,
Don't try when you're young to say "Umph,
Umph, Umph,"
For you only can say "Wee, Wee."

Mary of Argyle

Alliegretto con delicatezza

1. I have heard the ma - vis sing - ing His love song to the morn, I have
 2. Though thy voice may lose its sweet - ness, And thine eye its bright - ness too, Though thy

seen the dew - drop cling - ing, To the rose just new - ly born; But a
 step may lack its fleet - ness, And thy hair its sun - ny hue, Still to

sweet - er song has cheer'd me At the eve - ning's gen - tle close, And I've
 me wilt thou be dear - er Than all the world shall own; I have

cres.

seen an eye still bright - er Than the dew - drop on the rose; 'Twas thy
 loved thee for thy beau - ty, But not for that a - lone; I have

mf

Mary of Argyle

480

a tempo

voice, my gen - tle Ma - ry, And thine art - less win - ning smile, That
watch'd thy heart, dear Ma - ry, And its good - ness was the wile That has

a tempo

ad lib.

made this world an E - den, Bon - ny Ma - ry of Ar - gyle.
made thee mine for ev - er, Bon - ny Ma - ry of Ar - gyle.

ad lib.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

REV. RAY PALMER

LOWELL MASON

1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,

while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray, From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

With spirit

SOLO

CHORUS

SOLO

LOUIS LAMBERT

1. When Johnny comes marching home a-gain, Hur-rah, hur - rah! We'll give him a heart-y
 2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah, hur - rah! To wel - come home our
 3. Get rea - dy for the Ju - bi - lee, Hur-rah, hur - rah! We'll give the he - ro

CHORUS

SOLO

wel-come then, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
 dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With
 three times three; Hur - rah, hur - rah! The lau - rel wreath is rea - dy now To

CHORUS *Repeat ad lib.*

la - dies, they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
 ro - ses they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
 place up-on his loy-al brow; And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.

There Were Three Crows

(TUNE: "WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME")

1 ||: There were three crows sat on a tree,

O Billy McGee, McGaw :||

There were three crows sat on a tree,

And they were black as crows could be,

Ref. And they all flapped their wings and cried

(Spoken: Caw! Caw! Caw!) Billy McGee, McGaw.

(Repeat last two lines without "Caw.")

2 ||: Said one old crow unto his mate, etc.:||

"What shall we do for grub to eat?" Ref.

3 ||: "There lies a horse on yonder plain, etc.:||

Who's by some cruel butcher slain. Ref.

4 ||: We'll perch upon his bare back-bone, etc.:||

And pick his eyes out, one by one." Ref.

Sweet By-and-By

JOSEPH F. WEBSTER

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day,
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove,

And by faith we can see it a-far;
The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest,
We will of-fer our trib-ute of praise,

For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way,
And our spir-its shall sor-row no more,
For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love,

To pre-pare us a dwell-ing-place there.
Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
And the bless-ings that hal-low our days.

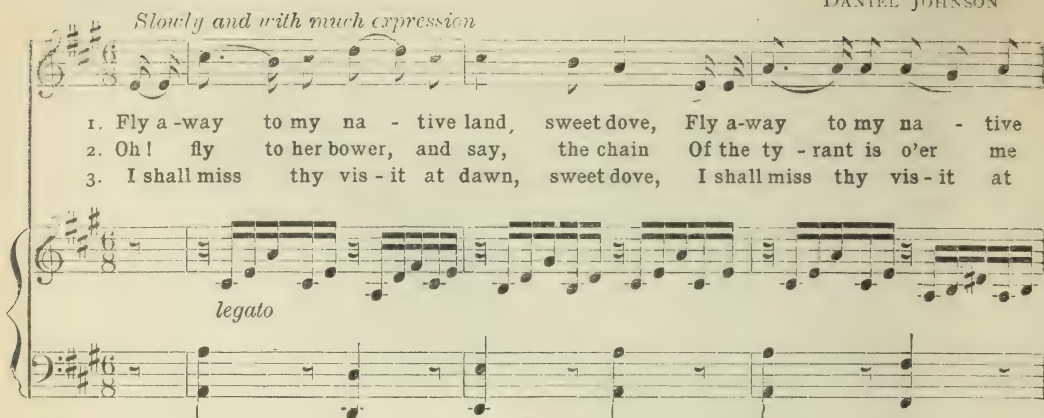
CHORUS

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore,
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-by,

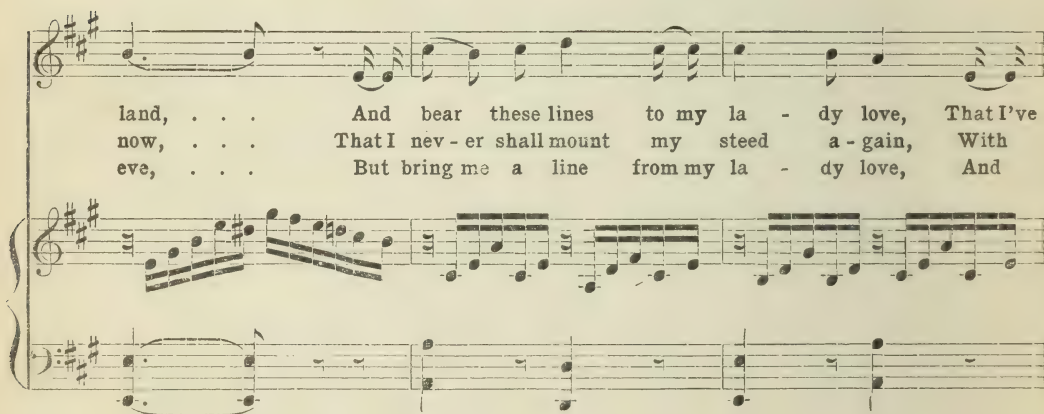
The Carrier Dove

DANIEL JOHNSON

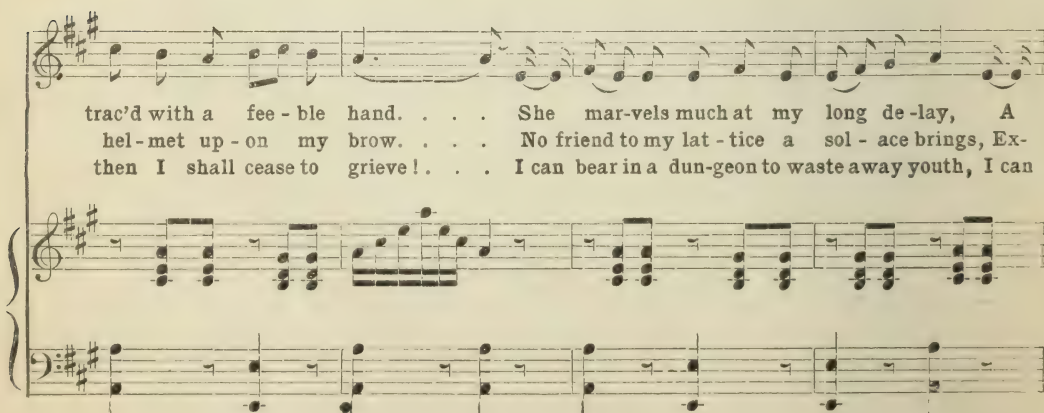
Slowly and with much expression


1. Fly a-way to my na - tive land, sweet dove, Fly a-way to my na - tive
 2. Oh! fly to her bower, and say, the chain Of the ty - rant is o'er me
 3. I shall miss thy vis - it at dawn, sweet dove, I shall miss thy vis - it at

legato



land, . . . And bear these lines to my la - dy love, That I've
 now, . . . That I nev - er shall mount my steed a - gain, With
 eve, . . . But bring me a line from my la - dy love, And



trac'd with a fee - ble hand. . . . She mar - vels much at my long de - lay, A
 hel - met up - on my brow. . . . No friend to my lat - tice a sol - ace brings, Ex -
 then I shall cease to grieve! . . . I can bear in a dun - geon to waste away youth, I can

ru - mor of death she has heard, Or she thinks per-haps I
 cept when your voice is heard, When you beat the bars with your
 fall by the con-quer-or's sword, But I can-not en-dure she should

ad lib.

false - ly stray,— Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.
 snow - y wings,— Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.
 doubt my truth,— Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.

Sun of My Soul

J. KEBLE

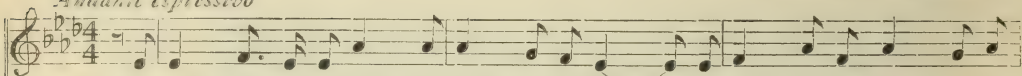
W. H. MONK

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

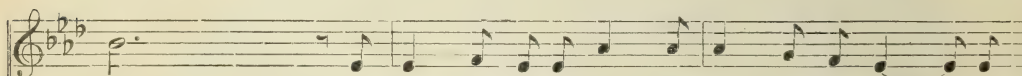
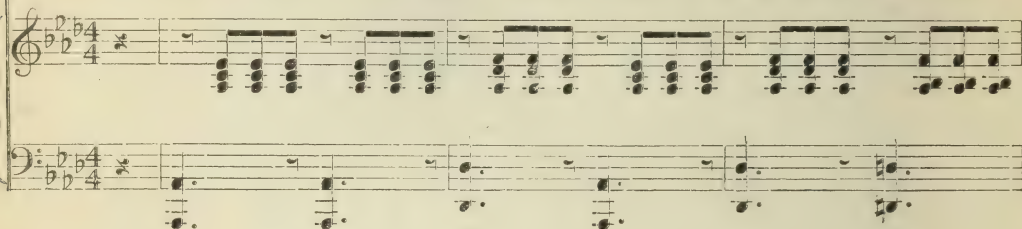
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Till in the o-cean of Thy love We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.

Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

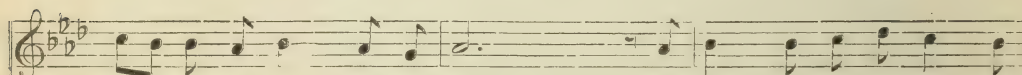
Andante espressivo

1. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for when thou wert young, Who lov'd thee so fond - ly as
2. Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow May tra - ces of sor - row be
3. Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth, If the smile of thy joy be with-
4. Be kind to thy sis-ter, not man - y may know The depth of true sis - ter - ly



he?
seen;
drawn;
love;

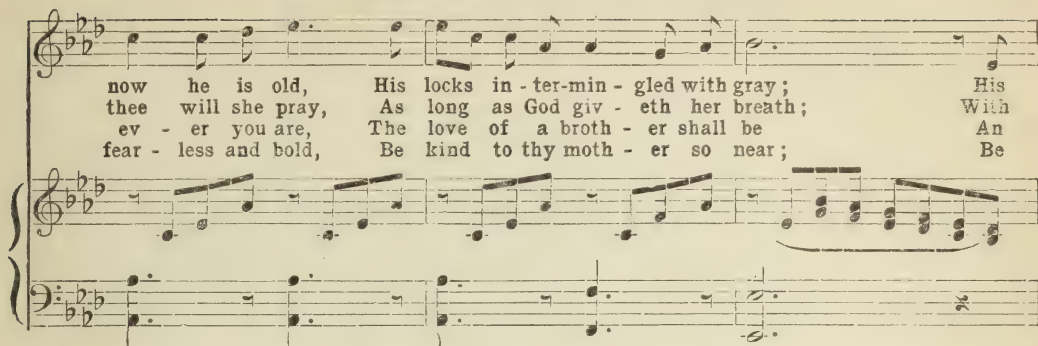
He caught the first ac-cents that fell from thy tongue, And
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and com - fort her now, For
The flow - ers of feel-ing will fade at their birth, If the
The wealth of the o - cean lies fa - thoms be - low The



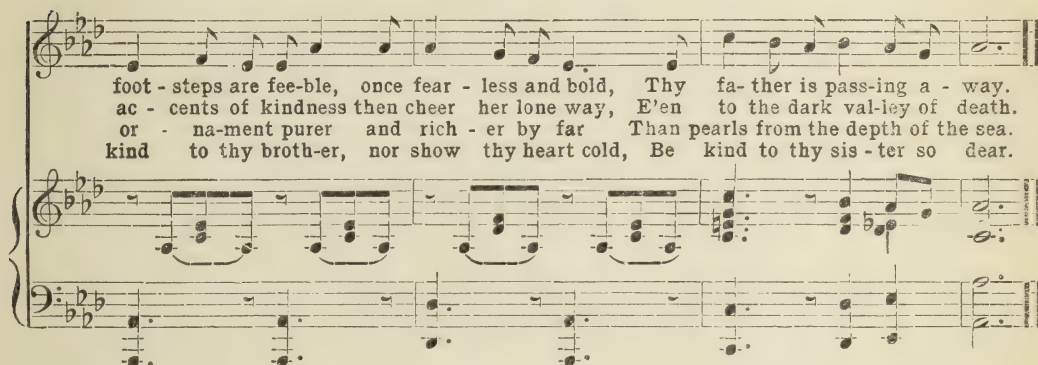
joined in thy . . . no-cent glee.
lov - ing and . . . path she been.
dew of af - . . . tion be gone.
sur - face that spark - les a - bove.

Be kind to thy fa-ther, for
Re-mem - ber thy mother, for
Be kind to thy brother wher-
Be kind to thy fa-ther, once





now he is old, His locks in - ter - min - gled with gray; His
thee will she pray, As long as God giv - eth her breath; With
ev - er you are, The love of a broth - er shall be An
fear - less and bold, Be kind to thy moth - er so near; Be

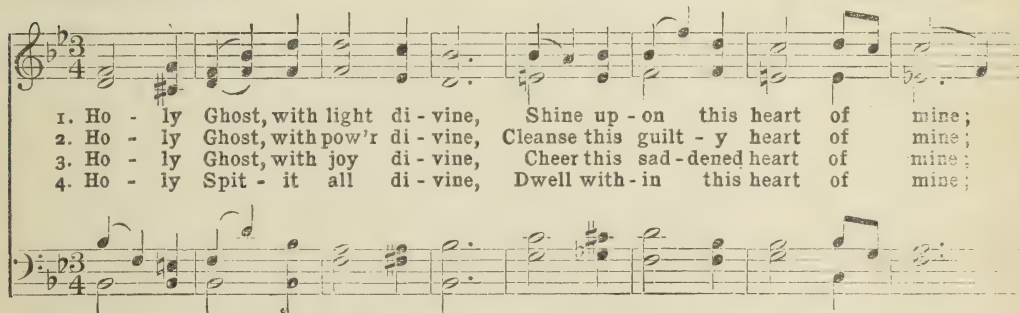


foot - steps are fee - ble, once fear - less and bold, Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a - way.
ac - cents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.
or - na - ment purer and rich - er by far Than pearls from the depth of the sea.
kind to thy broth - er, nor show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis - ter so dear.

Holy Ghost, with Light Divine

ANDREW REED

L. M. GOTTSCHALK



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spit - it all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme and reign a - lone.

By the Sad Sea Waves

J. BENEDICT

Andante

1. By the sad sea waves I lis - ten while they moan A la - ment o'er graves of
 2. From my care last night, by ho - ly sleep be - guil'd, In the fair dream - light, my

hope and pleas - ure gone; I was young, I was fair, I had
 home up - on me smil'd. O how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev - 'ry

once not a care, From the ris - ing of the morn to the set - ting of the sun; Yet I
 flow'r that I knew Breath'd a gen - tle wel - come back to the worn and wea - ry child. I a -

pine like a slave, by the sad sea wave. Come a - gain, bright days of
 wake in my grave by the sad sea wave. Come a - gain, dear dream, so

f *cres.* *f* *dim.* *pp* *espress.*

ad lib.

hope and pleasure gone, Come a - gain, bright days, Come a - gain, come a - gain.
 peace-ful-ly that smil'd, Come a - gain, dear dream, Come a - gain, come a - gain.

pp

This block contains the musical score for the song 'By the Sad Sea Waves'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the instruction 'ad lib.' and includes the lyrics: 'hope and pleasure gone, Come a - gain, bright days, Come a - gain, come a - gain. peace-ful-ly that smil'd, Come a - gain, dear dream, Come a - gain, come a - gain.' The piano accompaniment starts with a soft dynamic marking 'pp'.

The Glorious Fourth

Old Colonial Melody

1. We'll march and shout hur - rah! With flags and ban-ners gay! For is it not the
 2. Co - lum-bia's free-men brave Re - joice to do and dare! This day the winds ex -
 3. Our land is broad and fair, Sweet free-dom ev - 'ry-where. We wel-come oth-ers

glo - rious Fourth We cel - e - brate to - day? This day gave Free-dom birth, Its
 ult to wave The stars and stripes in air! 'Tis North and South no more; One
 to our shores, This home with us to share. Though wealth in goods we own, True

fame now fills the earth. For this th'embat-tled he - roes stood To serve their country's good.
 Coun-try we a - dore. No stars have from our ban-ner fled,—What glorious light they shed!
 free-men prize a - lone The laws up - held by ev - 'ry one—The peace our fa-thers won.

This block contains the musical score for 'The Glorious Fourth', an Old Colonial Melody. It includes three verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Afterwards

MARY MARK LEMON

JOHN MULLEN

p

1. Af - ter the day has sung its song of sor - row, And one by one the
 2. Some - times my heart grows wea - ry of its sad - ness, Some - times my life grows

p

gold - en stars appear, I lin - ger yet, where once we met, be - lov - ed,
 wea - ry of its pain, Then, love, I wait and lis - ten for your whis - per,

p *poco rit.* *dolce*

And seem to feel thy spir - it still is near. The flow'rs have fled that
 Till fears de - part and sunshine comes again. It can - not be that

colla voce

sf

blossom'd in that spring - tide, The birds are mute that sang their songs a - bove,
 we should part for - ev - er, That love's sweet song is hush'd for us al - way;

And tho' the years have drifted us asun - der, Time can-not break the golden chain of love.
I hear it yet, al-tho' its theme be al-ter'd, 'Twill reach thy heart and bring thee back some day.

rit.

dolce

Still we can love al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er, Still we can hope, un -
Love, we can love al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er, Still we can hope, un -

a tempo

cres.

til the clouds be past: Come to my heart and whisper thro' the silence, "Hope on, dear heart, our

cres. *ff*

1 rit. *2* *rit.*

lives shall meet at last." lives shall meet at last. Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last!"

rit. *rit.*

Marseillaise Hymn

ROUGET DE LISLE

Con spirito

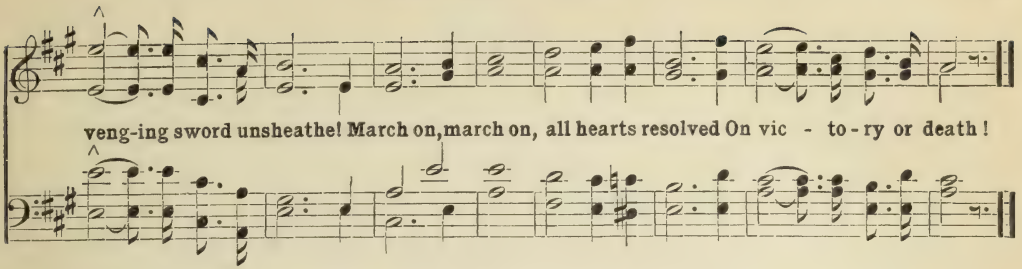
1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what myr-iads bid you
2. O, lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen-'rous

rise! Your chil-dren, wives, and grand-sires ho - ry: Be-hold their tears, and hear their
flame? Can dun-geons, bolts, and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it

cries, Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty - rants, mis - chief
tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept be -

breed - ing, With hire-ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af-fright and des - o - late the
wail - ing That falsehood's dag - ger ty - rants wield; But free - dom is our sword and

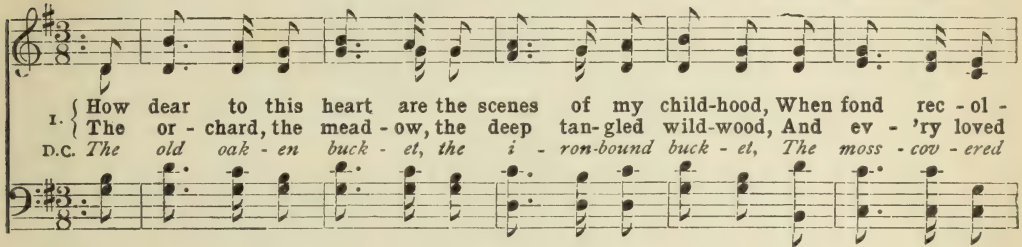
land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-
shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail-ing; To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-



veng-ing sword unsheathe! March on, march on, all hearts resolved On vic - to - ry or death!

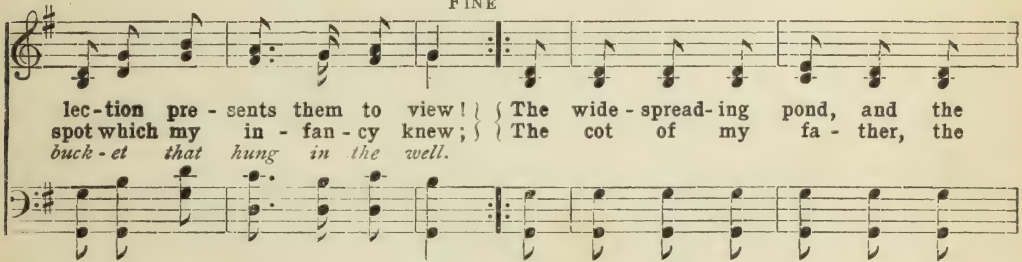
The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH



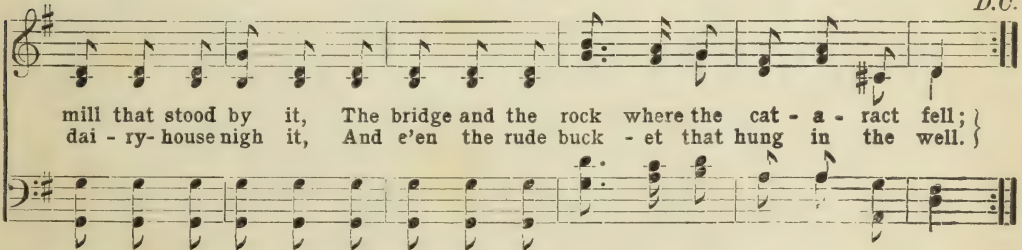
1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol -
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep tan - gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved
D.C. The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov - ered

FINE



lec - tion pre - sents them to view! { The wide - spread - ing pond, and the
spot which my in - fan - cy knew; } The cot of my fa - ther, the
buck - et that hung in the well.

D.C.



mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; }
dai - ry - house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. }

- 2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflow-
ing, [well]
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.
- 3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive
it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave
it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the
well.

Toyland

GLEN MACDONOUGH

VICTOR HERBERT

Very slow and dreamily

1. When you've grown up, my dears, And are as old as I, . . . You'll oft - en pon - der
 2. When you've grown up, my dears, There comes a drear - y day . . . When 'mid the locks of

legato

on the years That roll so swift - ly by, My dears, that roll so swift - ly
 black ap - pears The first pale gleam of gray. My dears, the first pale gleam of

poco animato

by . . . And of the man - y lands You will have jour - neyed through, You'll
 gray . . . Then of the past you'll dream As gray-haired grown-ups do, . . . And

p animato e cres.

oft re - call The best of all The land your child - hood knew! Your
 seek once more Its phan - tom shore, The land your child - hood knew! Your

molto rit. *pp*

molto rit.

child - hood knew. Toy - land! Toy - land! Lit - tle girl and

molto rit. e dim. p — *pp dolcissimo*

boy - land, While you dwell with - in it, You are ev - er hap - py

then. Child - hood's joy - land, Mys - tic mer - ry Toy - land!

Once you pass its bor - ders you can ne'er re - turn a - gain. . gain.

*rit.**rit.**pp*

Because You're You

HENRY BLOSSOM
Molto moderato
BERTHA

VICTOR HERBERT

GOVERNOR

Love is a queer lit-tle el-fin sprite, Blest with the dead-li-est aim!

BERTHA

Shooting his ar-rows to left and right, Bagging the rar-est game.

BERTHA

GOVERNOR

BERTHA

Fill-ing our hearts with a glad sur-prise, Al-most too good to be true! And

GOVERNOR

rit.

still can you tell me why do you love me? On-ly be-cause you are you, dear!

poco rit.

REFRAIN.

Not that you are fair, dear, Not that you are true. Not your gold-en

GOVERNOR.

Not that I am fair, dear, Not that I am true.

Slower.

hair, dear, Not your eyes of blue. When we ask the rea - son,

i my gold-en hair dear, Not my eyes of blue. . . When we ask the

Words are all too few! So I know I love you, dear, be - cause you're you.

rea - son, Words are all too few! I love you, dear, because you're you.

rit.

All is Quiet

Andante
VIOLINA. H. ROSEWIG
tr

1. All is qui - et, all is still, Sleep, my child, and fear not ill,
 2. Let thy lit - tle eye - lids close, Like the pet - als of the rose;

Win - try winds blow chill and drear, Lul - la - by, my ba - by dear,
 When the morn - ing sun shall glow, They shall in - to blos - som blow,

Win - try winds blow chill and drear, Lul - la - by, my ba - by dear.
 They shall in - to blos - som blow, When the morn - ing sun shall glow.

colla voce.

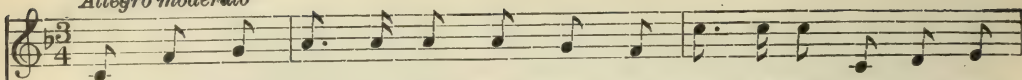
Con spirito

3. Then the lit - tle flow'rs I'll prize, Then I'll kiss those lit - tle eyes,

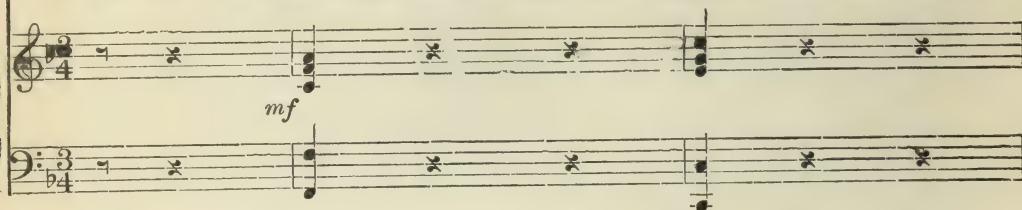
And thy moth - er will not care, If 'tis spring or win - ter drear,

And thy moth - er will not care, If 'tis spring or win - ter drear.

The Long, Long, Weary Day

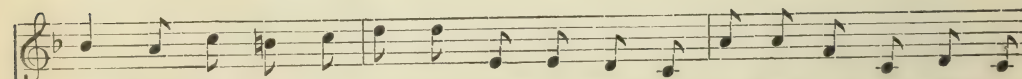
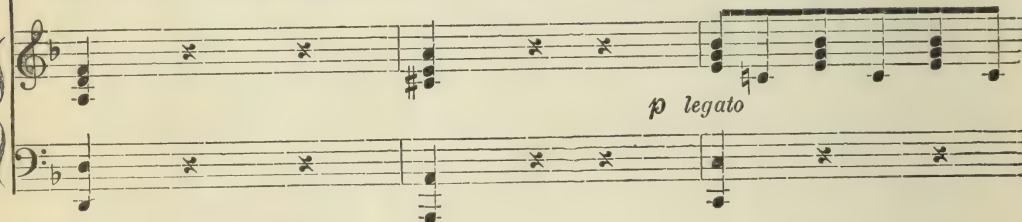
Allegro moderato

1. The long, long, wea - ry day Is pass'd in tears a-way, The long, long,
2. When I, his truth to prove, Would tri - fle with my love, When I, his
3. A - las! if land or sea Had part - ed him from me, A - las! if
4. But he is dead and gone! Who's heart was mine a-lone, But he is



wea - ry day Is pass'd in tears a-way,
truth to prove, Would tri - fle with my love,
land or sea Had part - ed him from me,
dead and gone! Whose heart was mine a-lone,

And still at eve - ning, I am
He'd say, "For me thou shalt be
I would not these sad tears be
And now for him I'm ev - er



weep - ing, When from my win-dow's height, I look out on the night, I still am
weep - ing, When at some fu - ture day, I shall be far a - way, Thou shalt be
weep - ing, But hope he'd come once more, And love me as be - fore, And say, "Cease
weep - ing. His face I ne'er shall see, And nought is left to me But bit - ter



The Long, Long, Weary Day

503

cres.

weep - ing, My lone watch keep-ing. When from my win-dew's height, I look out
 weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing. When at some fu - ture day, I shall be
 weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing." But hope he'd come once more, And love me
 weep - ing, My lone watch keep-ing! His face I ne'er shall see, And naught is

cres.

deces. rit.

on the night, I still am weep - ing, My lone watch keep - ing.
 far a - way, Thou shalt be weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing."
 as be - fore And say "Cease weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing."
 left to me, But bit - ter weep - ing, My lone watch keep-ing!

deces. dim.

Blanche Alpen

CHARLES JEFFERYS

STEPHEN GLOVER

moderato

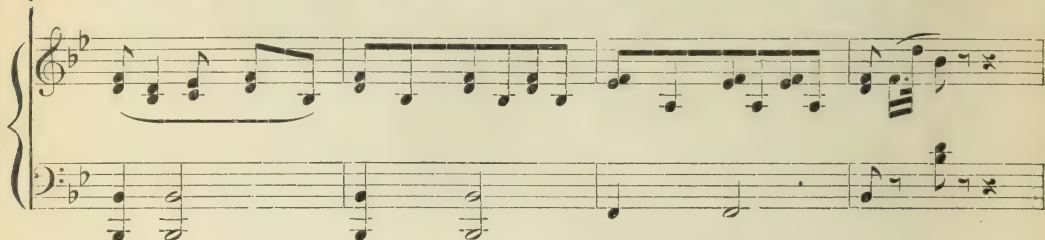
1. You speak of sun - ny skies to me, Of or - ange grove and bower; Of
 2. You tell me oft of riv - ers bright, Where gold - en gal - leys float, But
 3. Had you been rear'd by Al - pine hills, Or lov'd in Al - pine dells, You'd

p

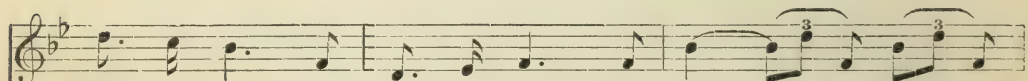
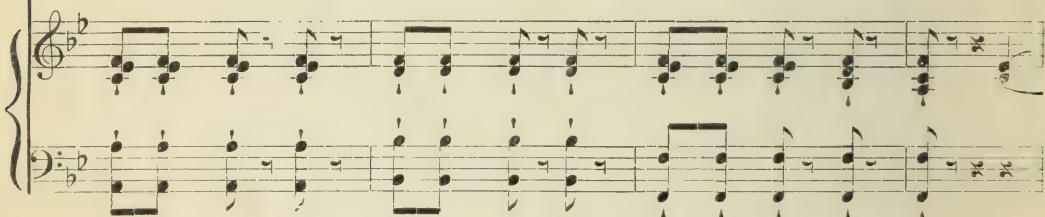
Blanche Alpen

rall.

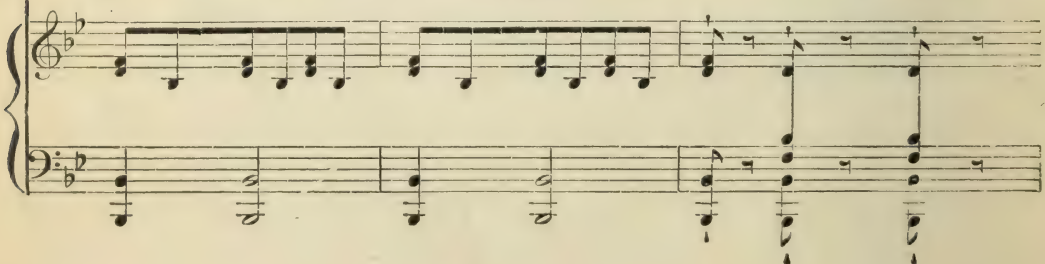
winds that wake soft mel - o - dy From leaf and bloom - ing flow'r ; And
 have you seen our lakes by night, Or sail'd in Al - pine boat ? You
 prize, like me, our moun - tain rills, Nor fear the tor - rent swells. It

*a tempo*

you may prize those far - off skies, But tempt not me to roam. In
 speak of lands where hearts and hands Will greet me as I come, But
 mat - ters not how drear the spot, How proud or poor the dome,—Love



sweet con - tent my days are spent— Then where - fore leave my
 tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kind - er still at
 still re - tains some death - less chains, That bind . . . the heart to



home? In sweet con-tent my days are spent—Then wherefore leave my home?
 home. But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kind-er still at home.
 home. Love still re-tains some death-less chains, That bind the heart to home.

Shining Shore

G. F. Root

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger, Would not de-tain them
 2. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing; That per-fect rest naught
 3. Let sorrow's rud-est tem-pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev-er, Our King says, Come, and

CHORUS

as they fly,—Those hours of toil and dan-ger. For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our
 can mo-lest Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
 there's our home, For - ev - er! Oh, for - ev - er!

friends are pass-ing o-ver; And just be-fore the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

ROBERT ROBINSON

JOHN WYETH

1. Come Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of
 2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come; And I
 3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be! Let Thy

mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. Teach me some me-lo-dic-us son-net,
 hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home. Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger,
 good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee: Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it,

Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount (I'm fixed upon it) Mount of Thy redeeming love.
 Wan-d'ring from the fold of God; He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, Interposed His precious blood.
 Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

Happy Land

Hindoostan Air

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
 2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will ye doubt-ing stand.
 3. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Fa-ther's hand,

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our
 Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and
 Love can-not die. Oh, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and

Sav-iour King, Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
 sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, We reign for aye.

God Be with You

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings pro-TECT-ing hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick con-found you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban-nal float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms ur-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet,

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Come, Oh! Come with Me, the Moon is Beaming

B. S. BARCLAY

Italian Melody

1. Oh! come, oh! come with me, the moon is beam - ing; Come, oh! come with
 2. My skiff is by the shore; she's light and free: To ply the feath-er'd

me, the stars are gleam - ing; All a-round, a-bove with beau - ty teem - ing,
 oar is joy to me; And while we glide a-long, my song shall be: My

Moon - light hours are meet for love. Tra la la la la la
 dear - est maid, I love but thee. Tra la la la la la

la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la.

tr *D. C. al fine*

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DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

A

A Ballata. In ballad style.
A Battuta. In exact beat; true time.
A Capella. In church or chapel style; for chorus, without accompaniment.
A Capriccio. As you please.
A Deux Temps. Two crotchets or beats in a bar
A Due. For two voices or instruments; separately or in unison.
A Piacere. At the performer's pleasure as to time.
A Quatre Mains. For four hands, as a pianoforte duet.
A Tempo. In regular time.
A Tre. For three voices or instruments.
Accelerando. Gradually quickening the movement.
Acciacatura. A species of grace-note.
Accolade. The brace that binds all parts of a score.
Accompagnate. Parts joined by a brace.
Adagio. Slow and sustained.
Adagio Assai. Very slow and sustained.
Affetto. Emotion, feeling.
Afflizione. Sorrow, mournfulness.
Air Ecosseais. A Scotch air.
Alla Polacca. In style of a Polish dance.
Alla Siciliana. In style of Sicilian shepherd's dance.
Alla Zoppa. In constrained, halting, syncopated style.
Allegro. Quick, lively.
Allegro Assai. Very quick.
Allegro ma non Troppo. Quick, but not too much so.
Allegretto. Cheerful, but not so quick as Allegro.
Allegretto Scherzando. Moderately vivacious, playfully but without haste.
Al Segno, dal Segno. To return to the similar preceding sign and play thence to the word *Fine*.
Alternativo. Proceeding alternately from one to another movement.
Andante. Slow, gentle, soothing.
Andante con Moto. Slow, but with movement, not dragging.
Arie Buffa. Comic song.
Arie d'Abilita. Song of difficult execution.
Arpeggio. Passages formed of the notes of regular chords, played in succession.

B

Ben Marcato. Render passage or air in a clear, distinct and strongly accented manner.
Bis. Twice. Passage marked by a curved line under or over it to be played or sung twice.

Bravura. Boldness, spirit, dash, brilliancy.
Brillante. Brilliant, showy, sparkling.
Brio. Brilliancy, spirit.
Brise. Split into arpeggios; in violin playing, short, detached strokes of the bow.
Buffo, Buffa. Humorous, comic, especially as applied to an air or a singer.
Burden. A return of the theme of a song at the end of each verse.
Burletta. A musical farce

C

Calore. Warmth, animation.
Cantabile. In singing style.
Cantando, Cantante. In singing style, smooth and flowing.
Cantata. A vocal composition consisting of an intermixture of recitative, air and chorus.
Capriccio. Fanciful, irregular composition; caprice.
Che. Than, that.
Coda. A "tail-piece," or concluding passage
Col Arco. With the bow.
Colla Parte. Accompanist must accommodate his tempo to the leading part.
Colla piu gran Forza e Prestezza. As loud and quick as possible.
Come. As, like.
Come Primo. As at first.
Come Tempo del Tema. Same movement as the theme.
Commodo, Comodo. Quietly, with composure.
Con Amore. Tenderly, with affection.
Con Brio ed Animato. Brilliant and animated.
Con Diligenza. In studied manner.
Con Espressione. With expression.
Con Fuoco. With fire, with intense animation.
Con Gusto. With taste.
Con Impetuosità. With impetuosity.
Con Energia. With much energy.
Con Moto. With motion, actively, not dragging.
Con Spirito. With quickness, with spirit.
Con Variazioni. With variations.
Con Velocita. In swift time.
Con Vivacita. With animation.
Contrapuntal. In the style of counterpoint, fugal, with rich and varied parts or voices.
Counterpoint. The science of writing parts or melodies in combination.
Crescendo. Gradually increasing the tone-volume.

D

Da Capo. From the beginning, repeat from the beginning.
Dal Segno. From the sign, or mark of repetition.
Decrescendo. Gradual decreasing the tone-volume.
Delicato, Delicatamente. Delicately.
Destra. Right, right hand.
Dito. The finger
Divertissement. Short, light composition; also airs introduced between the acts of Italian opera.
Divoto. In solemn style.
Dolente. Pathetically.
Doloroso. In a soft, sorrowful style.

E

Energico. With energy, force.
Espressivo. With expression.

F

Fine. End.
Flebile. In mournful style, weepingly.
Forfe. Loud.
Fortissimo. Very loud.
Forza. With force, energy.
Fresco. Fresh, quick, lively.
Furioso. Furiously, with fire, energy, intense animation.

G

Giusto. Exact, precise.
Glissando. In gliding manner, sweeping across the keys.
Grazioso. Gracefully.
Gregorian Music. Sacred compositions, after the style introduced into the Roman Catholic Service by Pope Gregory (about 600 A.D.).
Gusto. Taste.

H

Harmonic Triad. A common chord, like C-E-G, F-A-C, G-B-D
Hauptsatz. The principal section of an extended movement.
Hauptstimme. The most prominent voice, or part; the voice or part which has the theme.
Haut-contre. Counter-tenor, high tenor, alto.
Haut-dessus. First treble, high soprano.
Hinrich. An up-bow.
Holding-note. A note that is sustained or continued, while others are in motion.

1. **Ponticello.** In singing, where the natural tone forms a junction with the falsetto; the "break" in a voice.
Impetuoso. With impetuosity.
Impromptu. Without study or preparation.
Innocent. Innocent, natural, unaffected, ingenuous.
Instrumentation. The art of arranging music for the various instruments of an orchestra or band.

I

L. H. The left hand.
Largamente. Sustaining or broadening the chords or tones, ponderously, with breadth.
Larghetto. Time less slow than Largo.
Larghissimo. Very slowly and broadly.
Largo. A very slow, stately movement.
Legato. Smooth, connected, the opposite of *staccato*.
Leggiero. With lightness.
Lento. Slow.
Lentando. With increasing slowness.

M

Main Droit. The right hand.
Main Gauche. The left hand.
Meno Mosso. Slower movement.
Mesto. Pensive, sad, melancholy.
Mezza Voce. With moderate strength of tone.
Mezzo. Half, middle.
Mezzo Forte. Moderately loud.
Mezzo Piano. Moderately soft.
Mit Begleitung. With accompaniment.
Moderato. With moderation, as *Allegro Moderato*, moderately fast, not too fast.
Molto Adagio. Very slow.
Molto Allegro. Very fast.
Mordent. A quick trill, with but a single stroke of the grace-note (side-note).
Morendo. Dying away, gradually growing softer.
Mormorando. With a gentle, murmuring sound.
Motet. Composition of a sacred character in several parts: an unaccompanied anthem.
Motive, Motiv. Leading theme of a composition; a brief and characteristic theme.

Musica di Camera. Chamber-music; music in serious style, intended for performance in a house or small hall—such as string-quartets, violin sonatas, piano trios, etc.

N

Nachspiel. A postlude.
Non Troppo Presto. Not too fast.

O

Obligato. Voices or instruments indispensable to the proper performance of a piece; also a part added for ornament or display.
Opera Buffa. A comic opera.
Ottava. An octave.
Ottava Alta. An octave higher.
Ottava Bassa. An octave lower.

P

Parte Cantante. The singing part, the voice or part which has the sustained melody.
Pastorale. In rustic or pastoral style.
Perdendo or Perdendosi. Gradually decreasing in speed and volume to the last note, which is nearly, if not quite, lost on the ear.
Piu Forte. Louder
Piu Lento. Slower
Piu Mosso. With more movement.
Piu Piano. Softer
Piu Presto. Quicker
Pizzicato. Plucked played with the finger, not with the bow
Poco a Poco. Gradually By degrees.
Poco Meno. Slightly less.
Poco Piano. Rather soft.
Poco Piu. Somewhat more
Poco Presto. Rather quick
Portamento. Gliding from one to another note.
Premiere. A first performance.
Prestissimo. The most rapid possible movement.
Primo. The first.

R

Rallentando, Ritardando, Ritenente. Slackening the speed
Rondino, Rondiletta, Rondinetto, or Rondoletto. A short *Rondo*.
Rondo. A composition of several strains, with frequent return to first theme.

S

Scherzando. In a light, breezy manner.
Scherzo. A joke or jest; the quick movement of a sonata or symphony.
Seconda Volta Molto Crescendo. Much louder the second time
Segue il Coro. Here follows the chorus.
Segue la Finale. Here follows the Finale.
Segue Senza Interruzione. Go on; do not stop.
Sempre Forte. Continuing loud, without decreasing the force.
Sempre Piu Forte. Steadily increasing in force.
Senza Replica. Without repetition. *Da capo senza replica*, play from the beginning, but disregard repeat-marks.
Sin' al Fine. To the end.
Slentando. Reducing the speed.
Sostenuto. Sustained.
Sotto Voce. In an undertone.
Spiritoso. With spirit, animation, energy.
Staccato. Short, pointed, detached; the opposite of *Legato*.
Stark. Loud.
Syncopation. A displacement of accent, either by having a rest on a strong beat, or by tying a strongly accented tone to a weaker.

T

Tasto Solo. Played without chords.
Tempo Giusto. In exact time.
Tempo Primo. In the first or original time.
Tenete Sino Alla Fin del Suono. Keep keys down as long as sound lasts.
Tenuto. Sustained; held for the full time-value.
Tutti. All voices or instruments, or both.

V

Variazioni. Variations of an air or theme.
Veloce. In rapid time.
Vivace. With animation.
Volta. Time, turn; as *prima volta*, the first time; *una volta*, once.
Volti Subito. Turn the leaf quickly.

CLASSIFIED INDEX

Under this head will be found the songs in the alphabetical index, which precedes this. In this index the same song will often appear in two or more classes; because in its history it has been found popular under circumstances not originally contemplated by its composer. Thus Dixie appeared originally as a negro minstrel song, became popular as dance music, and eventually was played by military bands North and South during the great Civil War. Bonny Eloise, a sweet little ballad, mingled its strains with the rhythm of dancing feet all through the winter of 1860-61, and then (like "The Girl I Left Behind Me" in the English Army) became the last greeting of hundreds of volunteers to the loving hearts they left forever. Other compositions have been accepted by fraternal and collegiate singers for so long that they are also a part of the recognized melodies, sung at fraternal and collegiate gatherings.

It has been also considered best to recognize this fact, because some have sent songs in in one class and others the same in another, in either of which its popularity has been recognized.

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